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WHAT IS THE OUTLOOK FOR OUR COLLEGES?

1. *The University of Cambridge from the Earliest Time to the Royal Injunctions of 1535.* By J. B. Mullinger. Cambridge University Press, 1873.
2. *A History of Eton College, 1440-1875.* By H. C. Maxwell Lyte, M.A. London, 1877.
3. *History of the Burgh Schools of Scotland.* By James Grant. 1876.

I.

ALL three of these works are instructive and scholarly productions, and amply repay perusal. They are written from a Protestant standpoint, but they are written by fair-minded men who intend to be just. Still, the authors lack that sympathy for the old order of things which colors the page and makes it glow with the old life that reigned in the institutions they describe. Not being familiar with the Church and her teachings they occasionally misconstrue the habits and practices of mediæval days. The motives imputed are not always the correct ones, nor are the causes assigned either adequate or free from error. Mr. Mullinger, for instance, scarcely gives sufficient reason for the decline of the University of Paris in the fifteenth century, when he tells us that it was due to the failure of the "Councils of Pisa, Constance, and Basle," to establish "the absolute authority of such assemblies over the fiat of the Pope himself;"¹ whilst his words would leave the erroneous impression that the shadow of that fiat deterred intellectual expansion. Nor does he understand the asceticism and de-

¹ University of Cambridge, p. 281.

votion of the monks whose lives and energies were spent in the noble cause of education. In the same sense and with the same reserve, may we commend the work of Mr. Maxwell Lyte on Eton College. It is painstaking and full of information which every educator ought to know. Mr. Grant also writes in good faith. His testimony is so strong in favor of general education throughout Scotland, prior to the Reformation, that we cannot refrain from bringing it into evidence. He says: "With church-schools and burgh-schools in all parts of the country, we may be sure that they did something to 'teach the poor for God's sake, and the rich for reason, and nothing to pay except they be profited.'"¹ Again, in summing up his researches on this period, he pays the following ungrudging tribute to the Church: "The scattered jottings collected in this chapter show our obligation to the ancient Church for having so diligently promoted our national education—an education placed within the reach of *all* classes."² Such testimony is deserving of record; but such testimony is always given by witnesses who place truth above prejudice or bigotry.

Refreshing and instructive is it to go back to mediæval school-life as these works reveal it. It was a life tempered with few material comforts and made severe by many hardships. The fare was not dainty. That of Oxford was considered superior; and yet, when Sir Thomas More found himself in reduced circumstances, and spoke of retrenching expenses, in his own witty way he made it the extreme limit of poor living: "My counsel is, that we fall not to the lowest fare first, we will not therefore descend to the Oxford fare."³ The discipline was strict, and its slightest breach was atoned by severe bodily punishment. "If convicted of any infringement of the college rules they were soundly birched in the hall of the court."⁴ When a vacation was given every student was obliged to return without fail on the day appointed. "Anybody who failed to return by bedtime that day received a flogging, while any who absented themselves beyond the next day, were deprived of their scholarships."⁵ It is no surprise to meet among the items for which there was a regular charge, the birch. We are told: "A curious charge of 6d. occurs every term as 'quarterydge in penne and ynke, brome and birch.'"⁶ The rooms were damp and uncomfortable. Only in the large halls were fires allowed, and even there very sparingly. Lever, the Master of St. John's, Cambridge, in a well-known sermon delivered in 1550, tells how the students, being without fire, "are fain to walk or run up and down half an hour, to

¹ History of Burgh Schools in Scotland, p. 70.

³ University of Cambridge, p. 371.

⁵ A History of Eton College, p. 153.

² Ibid., p. 72.

⁴ Ibid., p. 369.

⁶ Ibid., p. 161.

get a heat in their feet when they go to bed.”¹ Even a bench or seat in school was considered a luxury the enjoyment of which students might forfeit. A statute of Pope Urban V. bearing date of 1366 forbids the use of either.² But as an offset to this, we must remember that discipline in the family was also severe. The will of the father was law beyond appeal. The ancient Roman tradition of his power for life or death still lingered around the hearthstone. Children were betrothed as soon as born; they were placed in monasteries or convents at the tenderest age. The oldest son followed the calling of the father from generation to generation without a thought of change. In every direction the lines were rigidly drawn. Therefore, in spite of all the inconveniences, and the positive hardships which frequently cost youth their lives, the halls of all these colleges were thronged. Eager youths and grown-up men still more eager, endured the cold and the hunger, the hardships and the privations, with cheerful heart and hopeful spirit, for the sake of the education they received; nay, they prized their education all the more because of the difficulties under which it was acquired.

These mediæval schools have passed into other hands. They have, to a great extent, been diverted from the purposes for which they were founded and endowed. Still, in England especially, they have retained many of the old traditions and even something of the old spirit. “Nor is it too much to say,” says Cardinal Newman, “that the colleges in the English Universities may be considered in matters of fact to be the lineal descendants or heirs of Charlemagne.”³ This fact reveals the sources whence they have drawn whatever power or influence they have wielded. An institution, if it would live and thrive, must imbibe its spirit from the soil in which it is rooted; its vitality must come from the traditions in which it is planted. They supply the sap that circulates through it, giving it life and being. Now, it devolves on our Catholic colleges to carry out the traditions and intentions of those venerable establishments that are the growth of Catholic piety and Catholic charity. And though our Catholic colleges are only the work of yesterday, still, the principle that inspired their erection is as old as reason, as unchanging as truth, and as lasting as the Church. It is the same principle out of which grew the beautiful structures of Oxford and Cambridge. Let us not forget the fact. The work left undone by those institutions has fallen to our share; and that is no less a work than the noble and responsible mission of con-

¹ Lever's Sermons, Arber's Reprints, p. 122.

² *Sedeant in terra coram Magistro et non in scamnis aut sedibus elevatis a terra.* See Peacock on the Statutes, App. A., p. xlv.

³ Historical Sketches, vol. ii., p. 466.

tinuing to transmit the boon of Catholic education. We inherit the faith, and with the faith we inherit the duty of spreading it, teaching it, explaining it, and showing in its light the true and the false in the science of the day. To be recreant to this mission were an injustice to generations still unborn. It is important that we note how far we are fulfilling our duty in this respect. With the increase of home-comforts and home-accommodations our colleges have kept pace. We have dispensed with the birch; our rooms are heated according to the most approved systems; our benches and desks are comfortable and not unfrequently elegant; at least in some of our schools the fare is far from being inferior; in a word, the most poorly equipped among our schools far surpasses those of the Middle Ages, both in comfort and convenience. The opportunities for education have become numerous and easy, and as a consequence its advantages have come to be undervalued. That which is easily procured is cheaply prized. Still, this does not explain altogether the small attendance at our best colleges. Back of it are other causes which we propose touching upon in the course of the present article.

II.

And first we will note the fact that incidental drawbacks or occasional checks in the advancement of our educational establishments need not cause any grave misapprehension that their mission is going to be a failure. Ultimately they will become all the more robust for having gone through so many hardships in their younger days. Everything lasting experiences at one time or other a struggle for its existence. The past decade has been very trying upon our colleges, and convents, and high schools. The smaller and weaker ones have been driven to the wall. The larger ones have barely kept themselves afloat, and many of them have been so far tided over upon debts in which they are still threatened to be swamped. These financial embarrassments must needs keep our colleges at a low ebb. Nor are we alone in this respect. Financial embarrassments stare the larger and better non-Catholic institutions in the face, and they begin to grow alarmed at their large annual expenses. More is implied than has been expressed in this assertion of a recent writer: "Though the income of the richer American colleges is larger than the revenue of the English, many colleges on these shores are much poorer than the poorest of the English."¹ True, money is not the end for which we educate; but withal money is an essential element in the running and working of our establishments of education. Being so regarded, money is

¹ Mr. Charles F. Thwing, in the *International Review* for April, 1882.

to be procured and managed as an indispensable means. Père Didon has well said: "If faith is the chief power in the land, money is its head-slave."¹ It is as essential for the well-being of institutions of learning as for that of individuals, families, and even nations. And as our Catholic schools lack endowment, it is only by judicious management of receipts and expenses that they can be sustained and put in condition to do the good for which they have been called into existence.

But wise and experienced heads find the problem of economic management so difficult that for this and other reasons they forecast a dark future for our colleges. They tell us that the day for boarding-schools is past; that everywhere these schools are dwindling down; that the tendency among parents is to keep children at home, and that it is only as day-schools that our colleges can succeed. Nor are their forebodings without ground. The land is strewn with the wrecks of what were once flourishing establishments. Still, in the face of it all, we entertain bright hopes for the future. We hold that our Catholic colleges have not yet begun their real work. We perceive vast and fertile fields of labor looming up and presenting themselves to their industry; it rests with them only to take advantage of the favorable season, put their hands to the plough, and cultivate a soil that promises abundant harvests. And let it be said with emphasis, no richer soil exists in the whole domain of humanity than the active brain, the clear intellect, and the open heart of our American youth. And we are so hopeful of our colleges for the following reasons:

In the first place, our Catholic colleges are the cherished objects of the Church. She is always interested in their welfare; she has ever kept a vigilant eye on them, and guarded their rights and privileges against all encroachments of outside influence, be it from governments or individuals. The depositary of supernatural truth, she is anxious that the natural truths be so taught that the higher teachings of faith shall work into their texture and give complexion to the whole. She teaches the natural truths that thereby those of faith may be better understood. For this reason is she jealous of her commission as teacher. She transfers it to no sect or coterie. Certainly, not to the State. But she fosters religious teaching-bodies and bestows upon them special favors, and blesses their work with a special blessing, in order that they may the more efficiently carry out her designs. Now, our Catholic colleges are under the care and management of the clergy or of one or other of the numerous teaching orders that abound.

¹ Si la foi est la première puissance de la terre, l'argent est son premier esclave. (l'Enseignement Supérieur et les Universités Catholiques, p. 159.)

And the Church expects that they shall not only foster vocations for the priesthood and for religious life, but that they shall also strengthen youths to be good and useful citizens in the world. Parents place implicit confidence in their methods, and are no less sanguine in their expectations. They have too near at heart the best interests of their children not to consult those interests on such a vital issue as that of moulding their souls for time and eternity. They know that in placing their children under the protection of men whose lives are devoted to the general good, they are giving them a safe shelter from the snares that beset the tender period of youth. The secular spirit of the age may cry out for State-schools, and may hold it good in theory that education be divorced from religion, but when it comes to the practice, the enlightened parent will rather listen to the advice of Quintilian, and choose the school in which the master is most saintly and the discipline severest.¹ And the pagan Pliny the Younger was of the same opinion. He tells a Roman mother to send her son to the school in which good discipline, great modesty, and purity of morals exist.² And, no doubt, both Quintilian and Pliny, in giving this advice, were remembering those golden words of Cicero: "All our thoughts, and every emotion of our minds, should be devoted either to the forming of plans for virtuous actions, and such as belong to a good and happy life, or else to the pursuit of science and knowledge."³ For who can impart the habit of correct thinking and pure desires better than the teacher whose life is devoted to that sole purpose? Here is a standard established by pagans. Where is it more likely to be realized than in our Catholic colleges and Catholic convents? Thus it is that even upon grounds recognized by respectable pagans, we find a *raison d'être* for our Catholic colleges.

Again, the very exigencies of the times require boarding-schools to fill what without them would be an embarrassing want; and if boarding schools, then, in a special manner, Catholic boarding-schools. Now as in the remote past, is there a demand for public institutions of learning, in which youth, away from the distractions of home-life, may give themselves more exclusively to study, and acquire the intellectual force and the robustness of character which are the outcome of the healthy training of large numbers together, and which insure a complete development of each one's energies.

¹ Præceptorem eligere sanctissimum quemque . . . et disciplinam quæ maximè severa fuerit. (Inst. Orat., lib. i., cap. 3.)

² Jam studia ejus extra limen proferenda sunt; jam circumspectendus rhetor latinus, cujus scholæ severitas, pudor imprimis, castitas constet. (Lib. iii., ep. 3.)

³ Omnis autem cogitatio motusque animi aut in consiliis capiendis de rebus honestis et pertinentibus ad bene beateque vivendum aut in studiis scientiæ cognitionisque versabitur. (De Officiis, lib. i., cap. 6.)

Sometimes it is the nature of the parent's occupation that necessitates the sending of the child from home; or it is the death of a father or mother or natural guardian; or the child grows up beyond parental control; or he is exposed to be ruined by bad companions; or his future sphere of usefulness calls for a more thorough education than he can acquire in his own neighborhood: each and all of these reasons call for boarding-schools in which the youth finds whatever was lacking at his home.

Moreover, State-schools abound and bid fair to increase for some time longer. But State-schools are not the schools for our Catholic youth, even though they be taught by Catholic teachers. There is a vast difference between a Catholic school and a school having Catholic teachers. We should not lose sight of the distinction. Later in the course of our remarks we shall lay stress on this; suffice it to say here that the more attractive and plausible State-institutions are made, the greater need is there that Catholic parents keep their children away from them; the greater need also is there that in our Catholic academies and colleges the student finds in a higher degree the instruction and education these institutions pretend to give. Nor is there any reason why our schools should not be superior to all others. We have a fair field and no other hindrance than wholesome competition. If we cannot hold our own we scarcely deserve to live. Our religious teaching bodies are vowed to education; their whole lives are spent in that great work; all their studies are made, all their methods acquired for that sole purpose. They seclude themselves from the world, and permit neither ties of family and friends nor external occupations to interfere with that object to which they have consecrated their very existence. When such bodies labor in the spirit of their institution they must needs succeed.

Finally, the very nature of the work done by a well-disciplined college, and the outcome of that work, are such as always make it a desirable resort for a large class of youths. There, they are trained into the habit of giving serious attention to duty; they are taught to be regular and methodical in their daily life; they acquire a spirit of work and mental application; they learn to do things with order; they are compelled to keep at a subject till it is mastered, and in this manner are they learning that lesson which is also the great secret of all success,—the lesson of perseverance. But all this cannot be done without discipline. And it is an admitted fact throughout the length and breadth of the land, that only in our Catholic colleges is this discipline made an object of earnest study and solicitude. The disgraceful and frequently sad scenes enacted from time to time in our secular and non-Catholic colleges bespeak the necessity of firm and judicious discipline.

But the tendency of these institutions is to abolish all restraints and exact from their students account neither of studies nor behavior. This is the proper course to pursue with men of mature judgments. But it will never do for youths ranging in years from sixteen to twenty. Their characters are still unformed, their good habits are not yet confirmed; they are not penetrated with that overmastering sense of duty; away from the wholesomely restraining influence of their families they do not feel the sense of responsibility; they imagine they may for the moment lose their self-respect without compromising relatives, and led on by a few reckless spirits they rush headlong into habits of vice and self-indulgence that drag them down to ruin. This is no fancy sketch. A prominent public man, in presence of the writer, told off on his fingers' ends youth after youth whom he had known and seen return to their homes from one of our leading universities, blighted—wrecks in body and soul—from habits of excess, and all sinking into a premature grave. Lines of wholesome restraint must be drawn somewhere. Thoughtful non-Catholic fathers have long ago consulted the best interests of their daughters and sent them to convent-schools; they now feel forced to send their sons to our Catholic colleges, where they are convinced that their hearts will be cultivated as well as their intellects.¹

But it is objected that the discipline of our colleges is too severe. Now, we should distinguish between discipline and discipline. The discipline that keeps students in a constant purgatory, either by that espionage that seems to dare them to do wrong or those petty persecutions that irritate; the discipline that sees in human nature nothing but total depravity, that is always suspecting, that knows only coercive measures, such discipline is unworthy of the name and of the manhood of him who exercises it, as it is unjust to those who are its victims. But there is a discipline that works upon the student's finer feelings; it appeals to his honor; it speaks to his sense of self-respect; it stirs up within him a laudable pride; it regulates his ambition and wins his love. It is the discipline that is exercised by the judicious mind, just in its rulings, fair towards all, and prudent in its dealings; that is mild yet firm; that seeks to bring home to the student the conviction of right-doing rather than the makeshift method of doing right then and then only. This is the discipline that begets methodical habits, exactness, and precision in work, promptness in meeting engagements, and close attention to study. This is the discipline that moulds the character into complete manhood. Under such, there need be no apprehension that the student shall be carried into opposite excesses. The student so carried would indulge in excesses still more ex-

¹ The writer knows several instances.

travagant if raised without any discipline. There are youths with characters so weak that they possess no self-control; any the least breath of temptation carries them away; they are their own greatest enemies, and to be saved at all they must be saved from themselves. Without some restraining influence they are carried straight to destruction. It is certainly a great charity to extend to them a helping hand, to teach them how to control themselves, to weaken their predominant passions and to subject them to a rule and discipline till they come to find both rule and discipline no longer a burden. All may not profit by this charity; but if only a few, is not good done?

And now, seeing that our colleges have still a noble mission, let us throw out a few remarks on the leading lines we should follow in order that they best attain the object of their existence, incidentally hinting at such drawbacks and checks as retard our progress. And if, in alluding to shortcomings or abuses in the course of this article, we should happen to wound anybody's feelings, we here and now disclaim any such intention. We write without personal motive, solely for the general good, and in all charity.

III.

We cannot complain about the number of our colleges; there is room enough for all. Nor can we find fault with the custom of giving every little boarding-school the misleading title of college. This is one of the outcomes of our liberty in matters pertaining to education. Public opinion and public patronage decide in the long run which is the college in reality, and which in name only. Still, even public opinion and public patronage are sometimes deceived as to the relative grades of our institutions of learning, and a mutual understanding on the subject would be a great convenience all around. The smaller boarding-schools would find it every way to their advantage were they to fit and announce themselves as preparatory to some one or other of our leading colleges, making use of the text-books and giving the instructions requisite for entrance to their Freshman Class or course in the humanities. In this manner would both the preparatory school and the college be the gainer. The course in the lower school would be limited to the essentials, and these would be acquired in a given time. The student, having passed a satisfactory examination, would pass on to the collegiate course with renewed ardor. But to detain him in the elementary school, going over the same ground year after year, or getting the merest smattering of things at an expense both of time and money not at all proportionate to the knowledge acquired, is doing him a great injustice. It is to give him a disgust for all higher studies. For this reason it should never be said of

those schools that they retained a boy a day longer than was really for his advantage, through fear of losing his patronage or any other mercenary motive. Any boarding-school, getting a good name for sending up well-prepared youth to our best colleges, will not lack patronage.

But whilst our educational establishments must not be mercenary neither need they be improvident or extravagant. In order to do all the good it is within the sphere of their mission to do they ought to be self-supporting, and therefore managed on a sound financial basis. Some parents are very thoughtless on this point. They do not calculate the large outlays of a college in good standing. They regard it simply in the light of a boarding-house. They know one can board for so much a week, and they also know that one needs pay only so much a quarter for tuition in a day-school, and putting this and that together they do not see why our colleges should charge so much more. They imagine some deduction ought to be made from the published prices. It does not occur to them that a large household of servants has to be maintained; that professors and tutors are salaried; that expensive apparatus for experiment in chemistry and philosophy need to be procured; that a library has to be increased and preserved; that every year calls for improvements on buildings and premises; that the wear and tear in the furniture of schoolrooms, dormitories, parlors, have to be made good; that kitchen utensils, delft and table articles need to be renewed, not to speak of bedding, fuel or provisions. When these and many other all-devouring means of expending money are considered, what becomes of the stipend paid half-yearly for the student? Glancing over the advertising columns of our Catholic weeklies we find that the average charge of our leading colleges is three hundred dollars a year. Where there are no endowments every dollar of this amount is required in order to keep those colleges, with their comparatively small numbers, abreast of the times. But it is the experience of all our colleges that they do not get every dollar of that amount; that thousands of the income are lost in unpaid debts, and thousands more are cancelled on the entrance of students by reductions made on the regular fees. In consequence our institutions are cramped in their action and find themselves reduced to the alternative of narrowing the sphere of their activity or rushing into debt. There is only one remedy for this evil; it is that our schools hold by their published prices and make no abatement except in extreme cases. It is injurious to our best colleges to place them on a level with cheap boarding-schools. It introduces into them a large class of students who are possessed of neither means nor inclination to make the full course, and who, in consequence, keep the upper

classes sparsely supplied. There are, and always will be, exceptions to the general rule. There are cases daily arising in college life in which charity and peculiar circumstances call for reductions. And such charity brings a blessing on the whole school. But by all such exceptions no principle is violated, as would occur, for instance, were a school to make abatement as a matter of barter or with a view of underbidding a rival establishment. Such conduct is demoralizing to the institution that would practice it. A parent is unable to pay the full charge; be it so; is there not a cheaper establishment to which he may with all safety be recommended? After all, provided good is done, it matters little by what instrument it is done. In localities in which provisions are cheap and the soil is fertile and labor plentiful, institutions may be established,—and such the writer knows to exist,—that can receive younger boys at a comparatively low rate. In these institutions commercial classes might be formed for those desiring a business education, whilst those aiming at a professional career might be well-grounded in the rudiments of Latin and Greek, and afterwards sent to the colleges. Thus would a good understanding between the two classes of institutions lead to mutual encouragement and support. In the course of time, with a network of preparatory schools as so many feeders, the college would be enabled to dispense altogether with its own preparatory department. And this would be a great boon. For where the preparatory department is in immediate contact with the college proper the tendency is to lower its grade, and it is only by great effort that the college can raise itself above the level of the best English public schools, as Eton, Harrow, or Rugby. Under present arrangements very few of our colleges are prepared to dispense with their preparatory departments. Could the preparatory school be placed in a separate building, at some distance from the college, and under a *régime* entirely distinct from that of the college, the advantages would be very great. Then would it enjoy the prestige of the college without interfering with its autonomy as a college. The writer remembers such an arrangement at Stonyhurst.¹ For this and like improvements our colleges require endowment.

And why not endowment? Among whom has the idea of endowment been better understood in the past than among Catholics? In every land may be seen monuments of learning that bear wit-

¹ In the earlier college foundations a preparatory school was generally established in connection with the college. Thus, Henry VI. founded Eton at the same time that he established King's College. "The annexation," says Wolcott, "of a college in the university to a dependent school was followed by Wolsey in his foundation of Cardinal College and Ipswich School; by Sir Thomas White at St. John's College and Merchant Taylors' School; and by Queen Elizabeth at Westminster and Christ Church." —William of Wykeham and his Colleges, pp. 276, 277.

ness to the zeal, the piety, and the enlightened spirit of Catholics. Let us for the present confine ourselves to those of England. A Catholic king—Henry VI.—endowed Eton and King's College, Cambridge; a Cardinal of the Catholic Church—Wolsey—erected Christ Church, Oxford; a Catholic prelate—William of Wykeham—founded New College, Oxford; a Catholic association or guild established the College of Corpus Christi at Cambridge. Catholic ladies were not less generous. Elizabeth de Burgh endowed Clare Hall, Cambridge; Margaret of Anjou and Elizabeth Woodville founded 'Queens' College. But the whole list is a long one; everywhere it tells the same story; everywhere it speaks of Catholic faith and Catholic piety inspiring acts of the noblest generosity, "that the pearl of science, which they have through study and learning discovered and acquired, may not lie under a bushel, but be extended farther and wider, and when extended give light to them that walk in the dark paths of ignorance."¹ Is not the faith that inspired these sentiments and embodied them in such noble works a living faith still? It is both living and active, and the results of its life and activity will be no less striking in the future than they have been in the past. The number of our wealthy Catholics is increasing daily. They have yet to be educated up to the conviction that the endowment of Catholic high schools and Catholic colleges is a necessity both for the preservation of the faith of their sons and the intelligent promotion of religious truth only little less urgent than the establishment of parochial schools. With time this conviction will come home to them: we shall yet see them rival the Girards, the Astors, and the Coopers. Last year, at the commencements of two of our colleges, before large and respectable audiences, the Right Reverend Bernard J. McQuaid, the zealous Bishop of Rochester, threw out a thought-spark which we would gladly see burn into the business and bosoms of our wealthy Catholics. With an eloquence peculiarly his own, which we cannot attempt to reproduce in a hastily-sketched article, he called attention to the fact that if our asylums, our hospitals, our schools and convents and colleges exist and flourish, it is not due to the wealth of our wealthy Catholics. They have had no hand or part in the work. Something more precious than their gold has been wrought into these institutions. The talents, the energy, the zeal, the very lives of the religious men and women, who sacrificed themselves and denied themselves that these buildings might grace the land, have gone for their erection. Priceless treasures, these; only in heaven can their just value be estimated. Surely, since men and women are found who

¹ Preamble to the Statutes of Elizabeth de Burgh, quoted in *University of Cambridge*, p. 251.

give their lives that the good may be done, why may not men and women be found who shall give their dollars for the same noble object? It is an efficacious means for our wealthy Catholics thus to bring a blessing upon themselves and their children for generations. Let us hope that this timely suggestion of the eloquent Bishop may yet prove to be the rod of Moses that will strike the Horeb of Catholic wealth and draw therefrom the living waters of an active faith and an ardent charity.¹

Finally, the good odor of our colleges must, so to speak, be diffused throughout the land. Each institution must cultivate an *esprit de corps* amongst its members; then will every student feel proud of the school in which he received his education, and sound its praises far and wide. Especially should this be the spirit animating the alumni who have received its benefits in full share even to overflowing. And we must say that it is seldom one meets with an ungrateful alumnus. Such a phenomenon would reveal more clearly the baseness of his character than any shortcomings of the foster-mother that fed him with the milk and the meats of science and letters till he was able to walk forth a man. We would regard him with the same loathing with which we would regard a bad son or a treacherous friend. A sinister vein streaks his nature. Voltaire ridiculed and maligned his Jesuit teachers before he spat in the face of our Lord. Every student must feel that the college in which he is receiving his education is for him the best. This entirely depends upon the president and faculty. They must work in accord. Any discordant element should be removed. Not that each professor should not have the liberty of his opinion, or that the prevalent opinion of the faculty should domineer over that of one or two in a minority; as if, on matters of opinion and purely speculative for example, one professor should hold Homer to be a mere eponym, and the *Iliad* to be a series of ballads strung together, and the others, believing him a great poet, should refuse him of the Wolffian theory to air his views before his classes; or in the face of all recent research and discovery Ninus or Parthololan or Romulus should still be considered a conqueror rather than a myth, and the professor of history be compelled so to regard one

¹ Within the past year there has been an awakening. Mount St. Mary's College has been greatly relieved from its embarrassments by contributions reaching about \$40,000. Georgetown College received two donations of \$10,000 each. Both institutions are deserving of this encouragement. They both have won for themselves such a name and prestige that it would not be to the credit of Catholics in the United States if either should fail for want of funds. A beautiful feature connected with the financial trouble at Mount St. Mary's was the promptness with which sister institutions of learning contributed their mites. Jesuits and Christian Brothers, Sulpicians and other secular clergy, Sisters of Charity, and Madams of the Sacred Heart, all showed their good will in a substantial manner. But their moral support was of greater value than the material.

and all of them; or any open question in science or letters. In this freedom of discussion interest is excited and intellect quickened. And wherever professors are well up in their subjects there must needs be differences. But above the clash of opinion should reign the harmony of principle and purpose, the unity of effort, and the earnestness that brings with it conviction. Each teacher should feel that he was giving out the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth; each pupil should be convinced that his teacher was speaking to him with the authority of one knowing whereof he spoke. Given such a body of men, with a unity of plan and a unity of method in following out that plan, and a central thought inspiring both plan and method, and you have all that is requisite to create a school whose influence must needs be felt. And this influence spreads abroad, reaches the people, and produces confidence in the school so governed. Such a school need never resort to the modern system of canvassing all over the country.

This is a system very degrading to our Catholic education. In whatever light it is viewed it looks odious. That the friends of a school should say a good word for the school; that they should recommend it on all occasions; that they should even interest themselves in procuring it pupils is natural and proper, as has been seen, it is even desirable. But that men should run around, snapping up all who come in their way, inducing students to leave schools in which they are well cared for, and are making reasonable progress, by underbidding or sometimes even at the cost of charity and truth, is an act demoralizing as it is unjust. Such men assume a terrible responsibility. They take on themselves the changing of a student's whole career. Are they going to better it? And if not, why bring about an action so serious in its consequences? Should the student be wrecked by vicious or intemperate habits contracted in the school of their suggestion what an awful account they shall have to render if, for the sake of a few dollars, they have occasioned the removal of that student from a school in which he was doing well! We feel that we have touched on a delicate point, and we would not be misunderstood. There are often sufficient reasons for changing a school; by all means, in such cases, suggest one better suited for the boy; suggest the one with which you are connected, or in which you feel greatest interest; always, however, be careful to leave well enough alone. To this we place no objection.

If parents choose to send their sons to schools so recommended it is their affair. But does it never occur to them that an institution resorting to such means must have something radically wrong in its system? If it were well managed think you it would need

all these eloquent appeals and glowing representations? A well-equipped and thoroughly organized school cannot hide its light under a bushel. Neither the remoteness of its location, nor difficulty of access, will prevent its being known and frequented. Students seek the school and not the school the students. This is a law to which we recognize no exception. We must add that it is only with a class of simple-minded parents that these methods succeed. Their credulity is exercised. They believe all that is said to them. And so, when certain of these drummers will forget themselves and their cloth and the dictates of Christian charity so far, and stoop so low as to disparage another institution, or even a whole teaching body, it does not open the eyes of the unsuspecting parents. It fails to strike them that the man who can malign his neighbor is not the man to give their child an elevated moral tone. This thing is all wrong. It is disreputable. It destroys our dignity as Christian educators. It makes of our education a species of low barter. We gain nothing and we lose much by its prevalence. There is room enough for us all, if each of us only keeps his place and works within his proper sphere. Then there will be no clashing of interests, no necessity of resorting to degrading measures in order to fill vacant seats and replenish empty purses. Let us seek before all and above all the Kingdom of God and His justice, and we shall lack in naught else. This is the promise of Truth Himself, and the promise has never been belied.

IV.

But the means by which our colleges can best continue the work of the mediæval schools is that they become more Catholic. No fault is to be found with our secular instruction. It is thorough as far as it goes. Our students are well-grounded, and our alumni hold their own in every calling and profession. But might we not make them more Catholic? Our teachers should feel that theirs is, in the words of His Holiness, Leo XIII., a most holy ministry,—*sanctissimum docendi ministerium*,¹—and our schools accordingly should be regarded as sanctuaries, which they are in very deed. Everything in the Catholic class-room ought to be stamped with the seal of Catholicity. The professors must be Catholic; the text-books Catholic; the very atmosphere Catholic. Everything must speak to the student of the greatness, the honor, the glory of that name till he comes to regard it as his grandest title and noblest heritage. Consistency must reign in everything. The better to understand what we mean let us enter a Protestant school. Examine the text-books. They all possess a decidedly Protestant

¹ Apostolical Constitution, May 8th, 1881.

coloring. The eloquence of Protestant divines, the inspiration of Protestant poets, and the versions of Protestant historians fill the pages of their literary works; their histories give such a narration of facts as tends to laud Luther and glorify the Reformation; their geographies go out of their way to malign Catholic countries and Catholic peoples, and praise all belonging to Protestant countries and Protestant peoples. Listen to their lessons. They are charged with Protestant prejudices. Is the theory of terrestrial gravity explained? The Professor of Physics goes out of his way to dwell upon the imaginary or implied tortures of Galileo and the wickedness of his persecutors. Are Kepler's laws discussed? The Professor of Astronomy will step aside to say that Kepler was a conscientious Protestant, careful, however, to conceal the fact that the only asylum in which he found refuge from his Protestant persecutors was a Jesuit college. And so on through the whole course. Here is consistency at least. Not only is the school Protestant, but professor and student glory in the fact. They believe in their convictions; they are proud of them; and let us say that so far as they are earnest and consistent are they to be commended. Our Catholic schools should be equally stanch in their Catholicity. Their text-books should breathe throughout respect for religion and love for the holy Church. Mere colorless text-books, that possess no other merit than that of being silent concerning the nature and the work of that Church, do not suffice; still less tolerated should be any book reflecting on her doctrine or her children. That would indeed be a terrible farce which would give place in a Catholic school to books hostile to the Catholic religion simply with a view of conciliating the non-Catholic element in attendance. It were a mockery to call a school Catholic and use books in that school, whether as readers, histories, or literatures, from which passages are hourly read assailing all that is dearest to the Catholic heart; and this under the pretext of not wounding the susceptibilities of Protestant patrons. It is all wrong. It is a scandal. The two or three feeble dilutions of catechetical instructions given each week are only so much sugar coating the poisonous pill, and causing it to be swallowed with all the greater relish. Should such a state of things exist or come to exist, of what earthly benefit would our Catholic schools be? How may children glory in a faith so trampled on? How take pride in a creed so slighted? How feel honored in a name which their teachers seem disposed to sink into oblivion? It is based on a foolish and a false notion. Every Protestant parent sending his child to a Catholic school expects to find the instruction thoroughly Catholic, and, far from being pleased with the reverse, he becomes shocked to find that even in the Catholic school he meets with men

who trim their very principles. Such behavior justly brings contempt upon the men practicing it; unjustly, also, it places the Church in a false light. We do not lose sight of the fact that our modern English literature is in great measure Protestant. Nor would we exclude classical Protestant authors from our Catholic youths. The wiser plan is to have these authors read and commented upon in the light of Catholic doctrine. It prepares young men to be enabled afterwards to discuss them with discrimination. They have learned in the light of truth how to regard whatever is brilliant or fascinating in those authors; tinsel and false ornament and shallow argument and weak assertion; the half-told truth and the misrepresented fact; the rhetorical glitter that concealed the hollow and misleading statement, have one and all been laid bare in that light; having once beheld them as they really are young men are no longer dazzled by them, and henceforth take them for their real worth.¹ In the white light of Catholic truth all human lights are bedimmed or dwindle down to their natural insignificance.

For this reason Catholics need never dread the light. They are born into the light; they are created for the light; they should live in the light. The rays of reason and faith,—the natural and the supernatural light,—both proceeding from the same Uncreated Sun, flood every Catholic intellect. Oculists now teach that it is not excess of light, but rather a want of it that injures the eye. Be that as it may, it holds true of the intellectual vision that it is the darkness of ignorance or the haze of imperfect knowledge, rather than the full light of truth, that leads it to error. Occasionally a lukewarm Catholic will complain of his having had too much religious teaching in his youth, and will lay upon that fact the blame of his present indifference. Such a statement seems to contradict what we have advanced. But it is not true. Coming to examine it for what it is worth we find that perhaps he is not willing to practice the dictates of his religion, and he makes this an excuse for throwing off its wholesome restraints; or if his mind is unusually active, he has become disgusted with the insignificant instructions that he received; he craved for robust logical teaching, with a starting-point and a connecting link, and he received only a few crumbs of sentiment and assertion. Disgust followed,

¹ In the matter of Catholic text-books we are still in the background. True, in English literature we have Jenkins's Handbook, the second edition of which is very full and respectable, and for advanced students Mr. Thomas Arnold's fourth edition of his Manual of English Literature, which the author has partially re-written from a Catholic standpoint. But Fredet's Ancient History does not compare favorably with Canon Rawlinson's. Then Schlegel's Philosophy of History requires to be re-written in the light of the historical investigations and discoveries of the last half century.

and hence his present attitude. Man is created for religious truth ; to live in its light is as natural to his intellect as it is to his lungs to breathe the air. Religion should be the all-pervading, all-inspiring element in his thinking. And, in being such, it perfects both thought and life. Men speak of religion oppressing, embarrassing, interfering. We are told that this atmosphere of ours presses upon our bodies with the enormous pressure of fifteen pounds to every square inch of surface. We do not cry out against it; we do not find it to interfere with motion or action. Nature's laws have fitted us for the burden. We feel oppressed if it becomes too rarefied, or if we breathe it in an impure state. So it is with religion. Whilst it remains wholesome it imparts vigor and energy. Milton did not find his religious teachings to prevent his poetical imagination from soaring into the sublimest regions, and where his poetry is deficient his theological training is also found deficient. Dante did not soar any the less high because of his thorough religious and scholastic discipline. Copernicus was no less the great astronomer for having been the pious priest.

Man's religious nature is a sequence of his rational nature. Being intelligent he recognizes a Creator; having a moral sense he recognizes in that Creator a judge to whom he is accountable; who is infinitely holy and infinitely just, the arbiter of his life and the discernor of his every thought, word, and deed; in whom he lives, moves, and has his being; on whom he depends, to whom he looks for light in his doubts, strength in his weakness, assistance in his helplessness; and, recognizing this dependence, he is led to be devout towards that Creator and to offer Him prayer and sacrifice. Passion may weaken in him this religious sense, or worldly affairs may partially suppress it, or secular habits of thought may for the time lead to forgetfulness of it, but for all that the religious element does not cease to act in his nature. Even Strauss admits that atheism requires its religion.¹ A consequence of the utmost importance follows from this truth. It is that intellectual development, as such, far from being incompatible with deep religious belief, aids and confirms it. The loftiest intellects in all ages have had the deepest religious convictions. It is deficiency of reason or want of thorough, rigid, logical exercise of reason, or tampering with the primary operations of reason, or confounding fancy and imagination with reason, or allowing prejudices, avowed or secret, to interfere with the plain conclusions of reason, that induces habits of superficial thinking. Superficial thought leads to contempt for every issue not easily grasped; it precludes all

¹ The Old Faith and the New.

seriousness. Thence follows that inert, half paralyzed condition of mind that refuses to probe any question to its foundation, and ends in being content with a shrug of the shoulders and a *que sais-je*. This is the intellectually death-in-life state of the skeptic. And this sterility of the mind in its highest operations is soon followed, if it is not already accompanied, by a drying up of all the nobler impulses and emotions of the heart.

The profound and rational study of our holy religion can alone preserve our Catholic students from this deplorable state. The Little Catechism and its accompanying explanations do not suffice. They are simply the foundation on which to erect something grand and imposing. After the youthful intellect has been well-grounded in the Little Catechism, a larger and more developed work is placed in his hands; the Catechism of Perseverance or Perry's Instructions, for instance; this gives rise to fuller explanations of the principles and dogmas of our faith; in connection with these are discussed the rise and progress of the various heresies, especially those that led to the definitions of faith; the refutation of these heresies in clear and succinct statements is also given; after which the history of the Church is outlined; her various attitudes towards the temporal powers of Europe are explained, her policies defined, and her position in mediæval and modern times clearly laid down; the student being constantly reminded that whilst the Church is divine in her origin, divine in her doctrine, divine in her authority, the instruments with which she works are weak human mortals. Hence the scandals he reads of, the blunderings, the short-sighted policies in temporal affairs. But from them all he learns still more clearly the divine nature of an institution that remains untarnished in her moral code, unchanging in her dogmas in the midst of so much corruption. He learns the historical origin of Protestantism, the value and importance of man's free will, the enormity of sin, and the distinction between God's knowing and God's willing; he learns how God must have established a definite Church to dispense His graces, and, therefore, why every Church bearing the name of Christian cannot be the true one; he learns how to distinguish and apply the notes of the true Church, and to find them all realized as in the Holy, Roman, Catholic and Apostolic Church; he learns the nature and scope of infallibility, and how to distinguish it from the impeccability so falsely attributed in ignorance to the Pope. He is thus enabled to meet the false religious tenets of the day. But this is not enough. The irreligious teachings must be met as well. And this calls for a superior course of religious instruction in our colleges.

The superior course is placed on a philosophical basis. History and literature and science and art are all converged to this focus,

and discussed, and when necessary reconstructed in its light. It draws out the evidences of religion, natural and revealed; it develops the proofs for the existence of God; for the immortality and spirituality of the soul; for the necessity of a revealed religion in the present order of things; it explains the inspiration of Holy Writ; it dwells upon the harmony and unity of the Church in her doctrine, her dogma, and her ritual; it defines the relations of faith to science and of reason to faith; it traces the limits of the human intelligence in dealing with religious and theological questions; it teaches how to distinguish between facts and theory, speculation and truth, certitude and opinions. All these fundamental issues are discussed with a view to the Atheism, Positivism, and Agnosticism of the day. And those theories are refuted in their principles and premises rather than in their general conclusions or casual statements. Only in this manner are they eradicated root and branch. Due regard is also had to their methods. Scientific method is met with scientific method, and by scientific reasoning. Not with prejudice, or presumption, or the mere dogmatism that asserts without knowledge. An ignorant scoffer may be covered with ridicule to some purpose, one's presumption may be snubbed with effect, but ignorance or error, when it is earnest and well-meaning, and open to conviction, should be met with fact and solid argument in the same spirit in which it betrays itself.

Different periods have different intellectual characteristics. Controversy in the sixteenth century was violent even to vulgarity; in the seventeenth it expressed itself in ponderous tomes and the citations of overwhelming authority; in the eighteenth it indulged in flippancy and mocking. In the beginning of the present century the superficial spirit was predominant. In consequence we find the magic pen of Chateaubriand charming France into respect and love for the Church and her ceremonies by holding up to her view in beautiful style the poetry of her teachings, her ritual, and her sacraments. But the spirit of the present time is deeper. It is more serious, more truth-loving, more earnest in research, more scientific in its methods; it must be treated accordingly. Darwin and Herbert Spencer are not buffoons or charlatans or noisy brawlers like Voltaire and the Cyclopædists. If Littré were not an earnest disciple of Comte do you suppose for a moment that in the last hours of his life our Lord would have admitted him to the grace of His sacrament and a fellowship with His followers? The high intellectual attainments of these men, their respectable social standing, their earnestness, their devotion to science, all deserve the consideration due to gentlemen and scholars. They cannot be pooh-poohed, nor can they be passed over in silence. We have the truth with us, and the truth shall prevail. But in order to pre-

vail it must be properly presented. And if our colleges cannot present it properly then indeed are they sad failures; and far from carrying out the intentions for which nearly all the colleges and universities in Europe were originally founded and endowed, they become things of stunted growth without the robust energy of secular institutions, and therefore without a *raison d'être*. They are Catholic or nothing.

There is a painful lack of proper text-books bearing on these burning issues of the day. On the one hand there is badly needed a life of our Lord, written with a view of refuting the dangerous works of Renan and Strauss. Such a life should be written with the loving unction of a Bonaventura, by one more deeply versed in Oriental lore than Renan himself, and capable of coping with the rationalizing Biblical criticism of Strauss. It should be written in such a spirit as to show the Godhead shining forth in the manhood of our Lord, and encircling his every act with the halo of His divinity.¹ Again we need a work that will take up all the stray beams of truth coursing through the various philosophical and social theories and systems of the day, and converge them all into a single focus. Such a work requires the mental grasp of an Aquinas. It would gather up and harmonize all the conclusions and facts of the various sciences in the light of clearly defined and universally admitted principles, and with a method the rigidity of which no scientist could object to; it would in the light of those principles show wherein lies the fallacy of this author or that opposed to revelation; it would reconstruct his theory and place it in harmony with the truths of faith. We have a few attempts of this kind especially on the continent of Europe; but the weak point with the majority of them is, that instead of going down into the arena of science, and fighting scientists with their own weapons, they plant themselves on the serene heights of religion, and read their opponents lectures on their stupidity, ignorance, or malice. Surely, no man is likely to be convinced of the erroneousness of his opinion by being told that he is a blockhead. No good can come of this mode of dealing with the issues of the day. All along the line experiment must be met by experiment, fact by fact, argument by fact and argument combined. It does not suffice to pick a flaw in this incidental statement or that, to prove the falsity of this side or that, to show the fallacy of this line of argument or that. Such a process is calculated to lead the attention off the main question. It is mere skirmishing. It is caviare to the general. It may construct a brilliant magazine article; but it

¹ Had circumstances permitted the late Bishop Lynch to undertake such a book he would have done it justice. See his articles on the Divinity of our Lord, in early numbers of this REVIEW.

cannot make a student's handbook. Mr. Mallock is a free-lance who follows this desultory mode. He takes the surface expressions of Positivist teachers in letters and science; he picks flaws in them; he shows the absurdity of their conclusions; here and there he exposes a fallacy. In a charming style he seeks to convince his readers that they may judge of the structure of Positivist houses from the specimen of rotten wood and broken brick that he hands around. His book¹ is devoured with relish; men are so well pleased to find the life-studies of eminent scientists and philosophers brought within the reach of their comprehension with little or no effort on their part. Mr. Mallock is hailed as a new light. But no sooner has the first ripple of novelty passed away than it is found that Mr. Mallock has inconsistencies in his reasoning, that he sometimes begs the question, and that the correctness of his conclusions is due more to the shrewdness of his judgment than the logic of his deductions. He deals with burning questions, not because they press him for an immediate answer, but because he finds amusement in their solution. Whether that solution be a Yes or a No, is a matter of small moment to him; it will interfere neither with the digestion of his dinner nor with the rounds of his pleasures. If Mr. Mallock desires to do much good, he must first school himself into earnestness.

The promiscuous reading of such a book as Mr. Mallock's, or of stray articles in the reviews, or of an occasional lecture on these living issues, will not suffice. Such reading is without method, without thought, without aim, and is at the very least worthless, frequently dangerous, for advanced students. It has value only when carried on under the guidance of an older and more experienced head, who has co-ordinated, arranged, methodized these promiscuous works, and who by his explanations leads the student up to each book, showing what may be expected from the reading of such a book, wherein it makes a point and wherein it fails to refute. In this manner only would a student's reading be profitable. "Whatever students read in the province of religion," says Cardinal Newman, "they read, and would read from the very nature of the case, under the superintendence and with the explanations of those who are older and more experienced than themselves."² And when the student has been thus followed up, his religious instruction gaining in robustness and extent as his intellectual faculties quicken, he learns to revere the religion that can suggest to him the complete solution to so many life-problems; he feels proud of it; he proclaims its beauties and its truths wherever an occasion offers. He is prepared to fight the battles of his faith

¹ *Is Life Worth Living?*

² *Idea of a University*, p. 380.

when he goes out into the world. His education has been in deed as well as in name, thoroughly Catholic. These results have been produced from time to time by our Catholic institutions of learning. These results will be more frequent when our Catholic institutions of learning shall have become convinced that neither worldly policy nor worldly expediency can ever supplant Catholic principles.

KING JAMES I. OF ENGLAND.

"Great and manifold were the blessings, most dread Sovereign, which Almighty God, the Father of all mercies, bestowed upon us the people of England, when first He sent Your Majesty's Royal Person to rule and reign over us. For whereas it was the expectation of many, who wished not well unto our Zion, that upon the setting of that bright Occidental Star, Queen Elizabeth of most happy memory, some thick and palpable cloud of darkness would so have overshadowed this land, that men should have been in doubt which way they were to walk, and that it should hardly be known who was to direct the unsettled State; the appearance of Your Majesty, as of the Sun in his strength, instantly dispelled those supposed and surmised mists, and gave unto all that were well-affected exceeding cause of comfort, especially when we beheld the government established in Your Highness and your hopeful seed, by an undoubted Title, and this also accompanied with peace and tranquillity at home and abroad."

TO a Catholic convert the memory of the veneration with which, during childhood and early youth, he regarded the first of the Stuart kings, is, in spite of the ignorance and innocent credulity of those periods, an inexplicable wonder. Not that such veneration was very much less among adults, men and women, at least in country sections, wherein, forty years ago, a Catholic priest had not been as much as seen by the oldest inhabitants. Republicans though all were, young and old, yet they conceded that in those benighted times, when the word of God was kept locked within dead languages, and mankind were perishing in need of the bread of life it contained, it was well for one mighty, valiant, inspired monarch to be invested with crown, and sceptre, and armed with sword, in order to prevail against the arch-enemy of whatever name or sex, whether Man of Sin or Whore of Babylon. How serious, sometimes how awful, our little heart felt, intent on pious thoughts, when spelling through the long strange words we read as well as we could the paragraph above quoted and the rest of that famous dedication on the fly-leaf of our family Bible. Ignorant of all history except what was to be found in the precious Book, and

a few legends of the war of the Revolution, it seemed a dutiful exercise of the mind to associate this puissant sovereign with the great Solomon. Such association seemed the more becoming when we were told that it was common among the divines of his generation. Too young and simple to realize the full meaning and value of "that bright Occidental Star," yet our tongue had already grown fond of the "good Queen Bess," and our mind wondered how two sisters could have been so dissimilar as herself and Mary the Bloody.

Ah, how long it does require for a man, even when most desirous to avoid doing injustice to men and principles, and when yearning for religious truth, to be delivered from influences exerted upon his childhood in the midst of solemn and most important studies! To read language of exalted compliment prefixed to the very word of God, resting within the same lids with the records of the ancient saints, of the Saviour and His disciples, and when arrived at young manhood to find it repeated in the published works of courtiers, divines, and poets, after all these, the wonder ought to be less, we admit, that such influences should remain long upon so many minds, and throughout life upon so many more. It was a long, a too long time even when grown to full manhood, and having read over and over again the histories of her times, before we could part from the veneration first, and afterwards the admiration, of Elizabeth, one beginning with the child with the Bible in our lap, and subdued later into the other by the magical verse of Spenser and Shakspeare.

As we grow older we recognize more and more the value of early instruction upon themes whereon it is most important not to be mistaken. The Greeks were right,—even the heathen Greeks who knew God as the Unknown,—they were wiser than the moderns in putting religious in the foreground of all education of the young. Such teachings in that docile period, if they be of the truth, are almost fully secure from being forgotten and abandoned; if of error, deliverance from them, except by some especial grace from heaven, is beset with difficulties which sometimes appear only second to those in whose category are the change of the leopard's spots and the skin of the Æthiopian. But the purpose of this article is not to dwell upon the career of Elizabeth, but only to consider it as it may serve to aid in a brief contemplation of that of him who, when that "Occidental Star" had set, rose upon our ancestors as "the Sun in his strength."

Of all the sorrows of Mary Stuart, the sorest and most despairing was perhaps the sense of the unnatural conduct of her only son. But that to a mother's heart such a thing always seems impossible, she must have foreseen that the begotten of Henry Darn-

ley, the incarnation of all revolting grossnesses, avaricious, drunken, a coward, an assassin, must be like his father. Piteous beyond any in history the fate of this princess. The disappointment of Henry VIII. in obtaining her espousal for his son Edward could be appeased only by her removal when a prattling child of six years from her native land. Afterwards, when the husband of her girlhood had deceased, there was another exile from the country she had grown to love as her home. Called to the throne of her ancestors while yet almost a child in years, her religion proscribed by her Parliament, without husband, without brother, except the illegitimate son of Margaret Erskine, who, like all his kind, hated the offspring of his father born in wedlock, watched and harassed by the powerful lords and the bigoted divines of her kingdom, in evil hour she was led to the altar by the son of Lennox. The annals of courts for a thousand years, long and crimson as is their list, contain nothing so unmanly as the conduct of that man when, having introduced his ruffians by back stairs to the chamber where sat the wife of his bosom in expectation of maternity, he pinioned her arms within his own, and made her behold the poor Italian shed the last drop of his blood. The child that was almost ready to be born, when he was born, though devoid of all beauty of face, of form, or of mind; was quick in the development of characteristics which discovered that side of his origin which alone he was destined to inherit and perpetuate.

He made an early beginning. They crowned him when a year old, acting upon an abdication wrung by the ruthless Lindsay from his mother when a prisoner in Lochleven. Outraged by her husband, insulted by bigots, confiding, only to be continuously betrayed, in her kindred, her subjects, the Queen of England, ever delayed in hope of assistance from European sovereigns, the saddest, most sorrowful of all was to befall her as soon as her son should grow old enough to know what it was to be unnatural and base, and follow without scruple or remorse the instincts he had inherited. The same Margaret Erskine, the destruction of whose honor when a maid she claimed to have been repaired by her intermarriage with the Douglas, had been her keeper. Under Murray, her bastard son, this child, so ductile to evil influences, was early taught to think of his mother, languishing in a foreign prison, as a rival, heretical and dangerous. Yet he was scarcely in his teens when, in spite of his religious trainings, her heresy pleased rather than disturbed him, because even then he recognized how it diminished the danger. His religious principles then and ever afterwards were such as he considered best adapted to secure the possession of what he had and meant to keep, and provide that of what he had not and desired to obtain. At the age of fifteen

years, during thirteen of which his mother had been in captivity, he might have been seen at Holyrood, with what grace his ungainly person could command, entertaining the Catholic priests who had been sent, at the instigation of D'Aubigny, taking lessons in the Italian language from one, lolling his great tongue in avowals of filial affection and commiseration, vaguely agreeing, or pleading his inability to co-operate in efforts for her deliverance, and then begging for presents and money, which already, next to his crown, he had learned to love with his whole heart. Yet when, a few weeks later, the Pope and the French and Spanish courts had arranged for the joint occupation of the Scottish throne by his mother and himself, he turned angry and alarmed from the proposal until assured that, within the realm, his mother would agree to abstain from all exercise of royal authority. The captive Queen let her mother's heart bound with gladness at this pretended condescension. Happy it was for her that she never did know the full depth of his baseness, and that while thus professing to the Catholic powers his desire to return to the Church and reign jointly with her, and was receiving the money which he begged at their hands, his own trusted agent, Marr, was secretly betraying these schemes to Elizabeth, proposing a marriage between her and his master, and getting other moneys from the English treasury. Not the deepest depth, we mean. She must have died of a broken heart outright had her eyes penetrated to the bottom of that black abyss. Not far from that condition she was indeed, when being told of a portion of this treachery, and tenderly remonstrating with her son for the employment of such a man in important service, the ingrate answered her remonstrance by bidding her remember that not she but himself was sovereign of Scotland, and that treachery to her and treachery to himself were things widely distinct. Except remorse for great, inexpressible crime, there is, perhaps, no form of anguish so intensely and perpetually agonizing as that which a parent, especially a mother, suffers from such abandonment. He was then nineteen years of age, with full competence to understand a duty which the Creator recognizes as being akin and next to that due to Himself. A year had not elapsed when he had concluded a treaty with the Queen of England, in which he bound himself to co-operate with her in maintaining the cause of Protestantism, and extend aid in the resistance of all possible invasions of other powers for any purpose. In the negotiations for this treaty, not only was the release of the Queen of Scots not stipulated, but her son did not ask for it nor so much as make any mention of her name.

And now, twenty years were passed. Youth, health, hope were gone. Elizabeth had hoped that her prisoner would have died of

confinement, of grief, or by assassination. The hatred she felt towards her had sprung from the sense of how she was aware that others regarded the inferiority of her own comparative beauty and graces, the more honorable birth of her rival, and the thought, more repugnant to her than all others, more horrible than death and the last judgment, that upon her dying without issue, this gifted rival would succeed to the vacant throne. This persistent tenacity to life in the midst of so many persecutions disappointed and incensed her in the extreme. Like her Plantagenet ancestor, when railing against the great prelate of Canterbury, she had been wont to curse and swear, and cursing and swearing ask if none among the recipients of her favor could be found to rid her of this arch-enemy to her peace. When no answer came, and when Paulet, the jailer, turned with horror from a direct appeal for assassination, she determined to prolong the struggle no longer. The commissioners appointed for the trial made their final judgment, and the populace shouted with cruel joy when the bells of London rang out its announcement. The outside world was aghast. But Spain was embarrassed by the affairs of the Low Countries, and must withhold the aid she longed to extend. Henry of France, whatever cause he may have felt that he had to hate the blood of the Guises, yet conscious of the promptings both of compassion and knighthood, and remembering that the condemned had once been Queen of France, remonstrated in terms that made known, that but for engrossment with domestic dissensions he would have hindered or resented the atrocity at the peril of all his resources and of his crown. These impulsions were well known to Elizabeth, and the impossibility of their execution. The time so long delayed was ripe and must be availed. The unhappy captive, thus friendless, at least thus unbefriended, was abandoned to the fate that was the more merciless because the event, so long determined, had been so long delayed. In the literature of the tragic muse there is nothing more eloquently pathetic than when, with a courage fired by just indignation at the last of a thousand insults of her jailer, and a confident appealing to heaven, she said to him: "There still remain two things, sir, which you cannot take from me,—the royal blood which gives me right to the succession, and the attachment which binds me to the faith of my fathers."

In such an emergency all mankind justly supposed that her only son, who was a man fully grown and a crowned king, would have risked crown and life. What he did, rather what he pretended to do, in the line of his mother's relief was done partly from fear that her assassination would further weaken his claim to succession, and partly at the instigation of the Scottish nobles who, for very shame, protested against the execution, as a malefactor, of a de-

scendant of the blood royal of their country. This was to send that same Marr, who, at his instance, years before, had been false to her interests, and who, while announcing with his colleagues the threatening words of his master, in private assured the English ministry that they had been sent only to save appearances, and that James would be found, on the payment of a reasonable sum, speedily accessible to pacification. The threats were laughed at in council and in public, and the end came. Considering the circumstances of that long captivity, its alternations of hopes and disappointments, of promises and betrayals, the insults, at its close, to her religion and her sex, it was piteous in the extreme. Even now, after three hundred years, it seems incredible that a churchman, high in office, Fletcher, Dean of Peterborough, destined, for this day's work, to be made Bishop of London, after denial of the consolations of her faith, walked around and around the scaffold, following her, as trying to fix her thoughts wholly on eternal things in the article of death, she turned from his gaze and his railing. Taking these circumstances all in all, and adding yet the blundering butchery of the headsman, it is a tragedy most to be pitied among the chronicles of Christian times. It was enough to lead the merciful of every faith and every condition to cry out to heaven with the prophet, "How long, O Lord! how long!"

What was the effect in old Holyrood, where sat a young monarch in whose veins ran the blood of the Malcolms and the Guises and Duncans, of many a brave ancestor, who had risked their blood, some of whom had shed their last drop in battling for their country's and their own honor? It is said that he rose up in wrath and swore a great oath. And then he sat down and let his tears flow. He was angry and he was grieved. The coming of a present of money, and the artfulness of Elizabeth in a temporary pretended preference of Arabella Stuart for the succession, appeased his ire, and subdued, at least diverted, a part of his grief. The courts of Europe looked with disgust, painful, sickening, upon this unnatural son and this coward of a sovereign prince. His pusillanimity would not have been less unworthy even if he had believed, as he did not, her complicity in the murder of his father, and had resented, when arrived to thoughtful years, her marriage with Bothwell, although the highest tribunal of the realm had solemnly pronounced him not guilty. It was not for these that she had suffered and died at the hands of a Queen to whom she had fled for temporary asylum, who in return had ruthlessly violated what in all recorded times sovereigns, even among barbarous nations, have regarded sacred,—the behests of hospitality and protection to the suppliant. James of Scotland was just fully grown to manhood. Accustomed to the study of books, he well knew the histories of his ancestors

and the brave kings of other peoples than that of Scotland. Here was an opportunity to retrieve at last something of what he could not fail to know himself to have lost in the opinions of mankind by failing to intervene in behalf of his imprisoned mother. He might have pleaded his youthful age, too weak to control the lords whose hostility had first driven her to seek protection of her who had compassed her ruin. For now these lords, overwhelmed with shame, were ready to indorse a conduct that every behest of courage, justice, family, and national honor made appeals to be undertaken. Surely no other than he would have failed to press forward to the glory with which a combat in such a cause, whether successful or unfortunate, would have crowned him. As it was, he cursed his curse, he swore his oath, he made his eyes and his cheeks wet with weeping, and then he grew calm, he dried his tears, he looked fondly on the bags of gold for which he sold himself out, and though he could never get from Elizabeth a recognition of his claims to the succession, he was thankful during the remaining sixteen years of her life that he was not formally and avowedly excluded.

It is curious to study what sacrifices of the things which God and this world have pronounced to be of most binding obligation, this young King was led to make during the years wherein his eyes, mean, envious, hungry, and longing, were never turned from that fair inheritance in the south. To a mind honest, even in the main addicted to serious contemplations, there is a sort of humorousness sometimes in observing the uneasy conduct of a covetous young man, the reluctant though abject court which, in recognition of its necessity, he pays to an aged life-tenant of an estate that he hopes to inherit. One can but smile to see his puny enjoyment of occasional advancements, his clumsy shifts to conceal his disappointment and hate of a prolonged existence, to the termination of which even his contingent remainder must be postponed. Low though this species of fun may be, yet even a mind most honest and most serious must indulge it and laugh, though but within the sleeve, if, for no other reason, to mitigate the pain of disgust. When this duplicity is exhibited on sacred themes, and in consecrated places, such a mind can laugh no more, but denied such relief can only wonder and be appalled.

Elizabeth, during the remaining years of her reign, inflicted upon the King of Scots the persistent insults which a selfish woman, growing old, loves to inflict upon one whom she knows not only not to love her, but to wish for her death, and to long for the fortune that she has to leave. Fain would she, like the dying miser imagined of Bacon, deputed herself the executor of her own testament and been allowed to carry with her that for which, during

life, she had bargained all she had that was dear; and now when she looked upon this son of the cousin she had murdered, it was his very meanness that subdued her grudge and hindered his disinherison. Her sense of security in the infliction of insults and exactions, founded upon a full assurance of his pusillanimity, and his patience under every form of wrong rather than endanger his claim by resentment or exhibit annoyance, led to conduct that surely no other in his place would have endured. But besides being a coward, proven and conscious, there is a facility of endurance with one who feels that he has deserved what he suffers. He bore and he bore. His capacity in that regard was never exhausted and never known. He could never obtain the recognition of his claim, and the Cecils, who had been his mother's enemies most unrelenting and implacable, were suspected to favor Arabella. In the anguish of his fears he attempted to make terms with France, Spain, and the Pope, and in negotiations thereto he exhibited as much readiness to part, for a sufficient consideration, from his religious professions as ever was a seller to dispose of an article of property that was supernumerary and inconvenient, or could be exchanged for one more valuable or desirable. When the aged Queen, suspicious and cunning to the last, would detect his schemes, he not only did not scruple to disavow them, but, at her demand, imposed punishment upon the agents therein by himself accredited. The life, that had been regarded by him as next to eternal in duration, came to an end at last. Though not unexpected, at a great age, and brought by none but natural causes, that end was awful, revolting, horrific. Whoever has been at the Luxembourg Palace and looked upon the picture of De la Roche, representing the Death of Elizabeth, has not forgotten. Though not competent to justly reproduce that scene, yet it is such as to make the beholder shrink with horror, as he beholds the shrivelled woman, her royal robes disordered and soiled, lying upon the floor, her dying eyes those of one who had been a queen to the last, and who, as she had not rendered mercy, had not expectation to receive it from her conqueror.

That James should laugh when he heard the news, that he should cry out, in the ecstasy of his laughing, that he should get drunk, extremely drunk, and indulge in alternations of laughter and tears, none then or afterwards wondered, or felt any additions to their contempt. The bewilderment of his felicity was the greater because of the long time of his waiting, its ever uncertain result until the very last, when suddenly every cloud and every mist disappeared from the sky. The second Cecil, while his mistress was dying, made ready and easy condonement for his father's and his own persecutions of Mary Stuart, and made haste to proclaim at

Westminster and Cheapside. Cross the new monarch. Never a man, even to a hereditary throne, had ascended more peacefully. The unanimous summons filled him with surprise and delight, like those which swelled the heart of Sancho Panza when, from being but the esquire of an impoverished knight, he found himself transformed into a ducal governor of a rich populous province. The duplicity of his deportment thitherto, the evidences of absence of vigorous purpose of any sort, served to lead all, Churchmen, Puritans, and Catholics, to hope, the two former for recognition and advancement, the last at least for toleration. Though all were disappointed when they first saw their sovereign, who, in looks and gait, in manner and conversation, exhibited so little of what it is grateful to notice in one who is a gentleman as well as a prince, yet all, in Church and State, looked forward, some with eager expectation, and others without painful anxiety.

James regarded his new inheritance, and his ignorance of the demands of good taste so styled it, as the Land of Promise. Comfortless, poor and mean seemed to him now old Holyrood, birth, and thirty-seven years of dwelling wherein, and the traditions of his ancestors, had begotten none of the fondness which in a manly heart would have prompted some regret at separation. He left it and his countrymen, except his especial favorites, as the snake leaves the withered skin that has been exchanged for the glittering one in its stead. As soon as he had obtained possession of his kingdom it was plain to see that his government and his personal conduct were to be gauged by whatever should appear most likely to secure his undisputed enjoyment of the felicity to which he had risen. Filial instincts, which had not been wholly obtunded, taught him that he ought to hate the memory and the very name of Elizabeth, and the treatment he had received at her hands made him know that he did. Yet when learning that his speeches regarding her wounded the feelings of those who had loved and admired her, he professed his willingness to attend her funeral obsequies, a disgrace that was forestalled by their celebration before his arrival at his capital.

Henceforth, from whatever points of view we may regard him, obtaining our knowledge from whatever historians of his times, he must dwindle more and more with the contemplation. For every generous exalted purpose of empire he not only continued ever unfit, but his narrow spirit never rose to understand its responsibilities, and he was ever whining at their burdens and exactions. Without the bloodmindedness of the Tudors, without their courage also, yet, even more than they, did he regard the sovereignty as a boon from Heaven. Arbitrary rule they had exerted by the practice of an audacity that dominated both State and

Church. He based his claim to continue such rule on having been the elect of God. What sincere religious convictions he had were for the Kirk of his native country. With these he had been indoctrinated in childhood, when the mind is most receptive of solemn impressions. Yet, we have seen, when a boy of fifteen, that he was ready to make religion a matter of bargain and sale. Later, while looking forward to his exaltation, that faith and that form of worship that seemed most desirable for his personal purposes, were those of the Church of England. His Basilicon Doron pointed to that lofty platform whereon the king was to stand, next to God, His representative in things spiritual and things temporal, with both divines and courtiers kneeling before his presence. Such gradations comported exactly with his notions of universal sovereignty of an anointed king. "No bishop, no king." Thus must he answer bluntly to the cries of the Dissenters against the hierarchy that Somerset had instituted and Elizabeth consummated. Men saw that the question to be decided at Hampton Court, and discussions elsewhere, were not what was a church polity most in accord with Christ and the Holy Spirit, but what seemed most suited to secure the possession of the good things that had fallen to the lot of the new King whom God had led to this land of promise. How the old men of the Scotch Kirk who had taught him the catechism must have sickened at heart, and inwardly railed, when were reported to them these words of their catechumen: "If you aim at a Scotch Presbytery, it agreeth as well with monarchy as God with the devil." Yet sweet and musical were they to the English prelates. They went not quite to the length of the flatterers of Herod, who claimed it to be the voice of a god, and not of a man, but they said, one, "The King hath spoken with the especial assistance of God's spirit;" another, "The King's like hath not been since the time of Christ." Such responses served to convince him more and more that he was another Solomon come to the throne of Israel, and they made his fooleries yet more abundant, extravagant, and audacious.

It is a curious history, that of Puritanism; ever clamorous for its own liberty, it was ever strange that it did not sympathize with those who suffered for its want. It hated the hierarchy of the established worship, but it hated the Catholic Church with far greater intensity. Here was a common ground on which all sects could meet, indulge for a season in cordial greetings and embraces, and together go forth to battle. Not less than simple toleration had been expected by the English Catholics at the hands of a monarch whose mother's sorrows they had pitied and endeavored to relieve. But he was not the man to withstand the united clamors of Churchmen and Dissenters. Like hounds from rival kennels, who have

quarrelled and combated with one another until bloody and nigh exhausted, if they see a hind rise and flee for its life, turn, and take on a new spirit and dash all together in eager pursuit, and then, having overtaken and rent the fugitive, resume the animosities of their kind, so did both parties of this age deport themselves towards the Catholics of England. Their sufferings had for their original, at least their chief original, the hate in which they were held by the Puritans. The rest was the connivance of the established prelates, with the King at their head, in order to soothe those fierce fanatics for the disappointment of their continued efforts to overthrow the hierarchy. When these were blatant and ferocious more than was agreeable or convenient, or safe to see and to hear, those timely pointed to a quarry more fit and more easy to be taken, hied and shouted to the pursuit, and helped to kill and flay the captured. To read of these sufferings, whether from purposes organized in parliaments or convocations, makes sick the heart. There have been more unrecorded than recorded martyrdoms. Yet, out of the partisan records of English history during these last three centuries, enough has been evolved to compel all who are sensible to pity to shudder for the wrongs that have been committed in the name of Heaven. Whenever struck themselves, as they often were, subjected to fines and excommunication, driven from their conventicles, exiled from their native land, the Puritans would roar with pain and resentment, and then this roar would be silenced by additional atrocities upon the Catholics.

In the midst of their infliction where was this puissant monarch? In that same dedicatory Bible-preface it was solemnly published: "The zeal of your Majesty toward the house of God doth not slack or go backward, but is more and more kindled, manifesting itself abroad in the farthestmost parts of Christendom, by writing in the defence of the Truth (which hath given such a blow to that man of sin as will not be healed), and every day at home by religious and learned discourse, by frequenting the house of God, by hearing the Word preached, by cherishing the Teachers thereof, by caring for the Church as a most tender and loving nursing Father."

Less candor than these words contain was never, in a public document, which the most servile have uttered to the most despotic. He was, indeed, a writer of books and tracts. His glory was to engage with foes at a vast distance, and with weapons that drew not blood. He attacked even the great Bellarmine, with the audacity with which a dog bays the moon, both warning their adversaries to keep their distance. The simple-minded, reading the pious words, were thankful; and if they had been merciful, had pitied the foe that by them was annihilated. But where was the

author while those who could read were reading, and those who could not were listening, to this wisdom? Without the excuse of fanaticism, or enthusiasm, or revenge, he thus fed the appetites of those who were hungry for the money and the blood of the innocent, while himself drew entertainment from many a source. He lingered at the cock-pit, or rode and hallooed behind his hounds, or reclined in his palace, both when sober and when drunken, when on his feet or upon his back upon the floors of his reception-rooms, kicking up his heels in debauch, with the minions of both sexes around him, his tongue, huge like that of an ox, hanging out of his mouth, wagging its gladdest and wickedest when repeating over and over again his claim to be called another Solomon the wise. In the midst of such debaucheries foreign ministers in vain appealed for audiences wherein to discuss the serious questions of international import. When failing therein, to while away the time, they looked in upon the orgies, the letters they wrote to friends in their several homes told of things that were so shockingly foul, that, but for irrefragable evidence of their truth, they would be incredible.

The Gunpowder Plot was one so sweeping in scope, so dire in design, as, if not to hide, at least to make appear less detestable, the outrages that provoked it. The limits of this article forbid any except this bare allusion to a series of persecutions not only more numerous than those under Elizabeth but more blameworthy. The latter had what excuse there was in living in the midst of a struggle between two religious faiths, and the conscious fact that neither the Pope nor the Catholic powers regarded her as a legitimate sovereign. In the case of James the struggle had been ended, and his title not impeached by a single voice in Europe. His persecutions were unpassionate, deliberate, most evidently unnecessary for any purpose that had even one element of honor or honesty. None but a faith divinely sustained but would have become extinguished by that exhausting sanguinary code. The forbidding of the youth of England to study abroad, the closing of the universities to them at home, and debarring from instruction of tutors of their own faith in the houses of their parents, the monthly fines that, amounting often to confiscation, enriched the rapacious favorites both of England and Scotland, to say nothing of the clergy, who were hunted and imprisoned, and executed, they were such as these, and more of other sorts, that provoked that maddened attempt to obtain at one fell blow revenge and deliverance. It failed, as it ought, but the ends it had sought were not as wicked as the outrages that preceded it. Fond are the people of England to celebrate the day of their deliverance and meditate too little upon the careers of those to whom no deliverance ever came.

A man for luck was King James. The luck that brings profit out of the disasters of others. The cruelties he had practised theretofore, without pretence of excuse, perhaps with some little secret remorse, he could now continue with a rigor enhanced and secure. Upon his name they brought the greater infamy, both because of their want, in general, even of all suspected necessity, and because the sufferers had been the only sympathizers among his subjects with his mother throughout the years of her sorrow. The slanders bespoke habitually against them, attributing to them all the calamities that were to come henceforth by fire or pestilence, he was enlightened enough to know to be false, yet when he did not join in the railing he was silent when others belied, and refused to stay the hands that habitually laid on wrongs that were horrible to be borne and piteous to behold.

Turning from this view of James, and contemplating him in his other deportment as a sovereign, there is as little as heretofore to commend him to admiration. In his dealings in his own realm and with foreign nations, he not for a moment ever lost sight of the idea with which he had begun his reign, that he was an especial favorite of Heaven, located in a condition of power mainly for his own personal security and felicity. With none of the qualities needed to make a statesman or diplomat, without the talents to become even a great hypocrite, there were yet in his being elements that, strangely enough, are often eminently successful in the accomplishment of the ends to which they are persistently directed. Of all men with whom to contend, when they have superior position or other advantage, the ungenerous and the cowardly are the most difficult to overcome. Instincts of the generous and the brave often lead them to emerge from behind their fortifications and engage their foes with equal terms upon an open field. With such there is a temptation to take all the risk in order to strive for the glory of prevailing by the strength of arms rather than exhaustion of assaults upon what are impregnable to violence or stratagem. To such victory is regarded not as a triumph, or at least a triumph complete, when there has been no clashing of swords, nor hazard, nor sweat, nor shedding of blood. Risks like these, taken, and sought, and loved, and preferred, are what have made the great heroes. James the First was not of this kind. For twenty-two years he sat upon the throne, during the which he whined, and quarrelled, and sometimes blustered, but ever forbore to fight. But all this whining, and quarrelling, and most of this blustering, were for things he wished, not for his country, but for himself, the full admission of his divinely-bestowed perfections and claims, besides money for his cocks, his hounds, his orgies, and the parasites with whom they were indulged. His native love of

money had grown with the pinching parsimony he was made to practise in Scotland. It could never be satiated, even in his land of promise, that he had believed to teem with milk and honey, with oil and wine, with silver and gold. In contemplating his disappointments in this behalf we are reminded again of the esquire that became a duke when the doctor, Pedro Rezio de Agüero, with his wand spirited away from his hungry eyes, one after another, the tempting viands upon the loaded table before which he sat in state. "By my soul," cried Sancho, when the soup and the roasted partridges were denied, and he saw vanishing the stewed rabbits and the huge smoking olla podrida, "by my soul, and as God shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food,—let signor doctor say what he will,—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short." With beseechings as querulous and as dignified, this king pleaded and pleaded for moneys over and above what rapacious enactments allowed him to wring from the Catholics, enormous as these were, and the sums he from time to time obtained from Parliament, though never declined, were regarded of less substance and weight than the "luncheon of bread and onion" for which the new-made duke, in his hungry emergency, longed with tears.

Those who have reflected upon the careers of old men who, from contemptible beginnings, without talent or uncommon energy, without even having ever taken a serious risk either for others or for themselves, and yet have become rich and influential in their old age, sometimes find the subject interesting. A mean miser settles himself on the outskirts of a growing town, on a piece of ground inherited or gotten for next to nothing; he chaffers for even a turnip or a cow-heel, he lives upon a quarter of what another requires, he whines at the opening of streets anear him at whatever indemnification, chuckling inwardly the while as the town grows to him and around him. In vain have they sought to purchase, and called him by every contemptuous epithet because he will neither sell nor improve his land. Patient, forbearing, he waits the time to strike, and then he strikes. He has all the while felt fully secure. The court he now receives is satisfactory. He has no resentment for the little respect paid in the days when he was poor and a nobody. In the times when his only want was ungratified he paid as little to himself. Once, he was quiet, simple, timid, shrinking; now, he is loud, knowing, and looks brave. Yet he knows how far blatancy may be carried, and when it must subside; and this is when either it is seen to be incapable to win that for which it is exercised, or is threatened with collisions that, in all circumstances, must be avoided. It was somewhat thus with the first of the Stuarts. By the accidents of life he was raised to the throne of

England. To this goodly estate he hied, and he let the world around advance as it might, neither aiding nor opposing. If he could have made his own programme, it would have been, first, that the king should live forever, and then there should be assigned what he should name, from time to time, of hunting grounds and dogs, and fighting cocks, and pipes of wine, and moneys; then, the understanding, that in the enjoyment of these he never should be molested. As for politics, it often filled his heart with sickness to think of them, except for the purpose of accomplishing one or another of his personal wants. For had he not chosen ones upon whom that irksome business was devolved, and were not the means for their compensation abundant from the fines and forfeitures of recusant Catholics? The serious duties of empire he loathed. Often, when yielding at last to the complaints of foreign ministers, and the pleadings of his own, he would turn from the chase, or the cock-pit, or the debauch, he would fretfully complain that the business had not been dispatched by themselves, but mostly that the money he wanted had not been provided. If his demands in this last behalf could have been gratified, and himself supplied whenever and to the extent he coveted, it is probable that he would have been content to let legislation have its own way in all matters except such as might have imperilled his crown, or produced dangerous involvement with foreign powers. Of this he was ever afraid; of that almost never. Idle, petulant, insulting, exacting, despotic, he well knew how hard it is for a nation to rid itself of its firmly-established king. Weak as he was in other respects none knew better than he that

“The cease of majesty
Dies not alone; but, like a gulf, doth draw
What’s near it with it; is a massy wheel,
Fixed on the summit of the highest mount,
To whose huge spokes ten thousand lesser things
Are mortised and adjoined, which, when it falls,
Each small annexment, petty consequence,
Attends the boist’rous ruin.”

He therefore comprehended the almost infinite limit to which he might go and avoid being

“Judged by subject and inferior breath.”

Inside, but just inside, this limit, like the coward does always, he foresaw that he would halt, more astute than his son and successor, who overleaped and was ruined by the fall. The strains he gave proved a blessing to English liberties in showing to the people that both their rights and their powers were greater than they had believed. As for conflicts with foreign powers, he re-

garded them with shuddering fear. But the man who most avoids disputes abroad from the fear of injurious consequences to himself is generally most despotic at home. Many a coward, who truckles to the brave that he meets outside, in his own family often extorts a servility great as what he pays. Thus it was with James. He might have sided with the Low Countries against Philip of Spain, except that he dreaded both the resentment of the latter and the precedent of aiding revolted subjects against their king. As it was he would only make promises, receive the payment for them, then turn away again from public business and solace himself with sports and festivities. But if it were a small power that offended, or a weak, and especially in a matter with which he had no sort of rightful concern, as in the religious disputes of the Gomerists and Arminians of Holland, which led to the Synod of Dort, it was most entertaining to a looker-on to see how he could strut and to hear his threatening roarings.

But it was at home, far from the smell of gunpowder, and the noise of drum and cannon, that his characteristics as a fighter were most signally illustrated. He was not naturally cruel. Selfish and quarrelsome to the last degree, yet he was not one to gloat in blood and suffering. The cruelties perpetrated in his reign were mainly in accord with the religious impulsions of his people and the incessant importunities of his courtiers. The treatment of his cousin Arabella was the more base, therefore, because it had not been prompted by passion, except the jealous pangs he had endured when, after his mother's death, this innocent girl had been fondled by Elizabeth. The coward never forgives whatever has once, however innocently, aroused his fears. But he would have been content, like Amulius with the daughter of his brother, to have made her a vestal. She had no ambition other than to enjoy unmolested the wedded love of Seymour. But the discovery of the marriage that he had forbidden led to forcible dissolution and her imprisonment, until first madness and afterwards death put an end both to his apprehensions and his power to afflict.

That such a prince must have dishonest ministers was inevitable, and his chief choice fell upon the most unworthy. Added thereto in this case was that peculiar attraction that drew him to first one and afterwards another youth who had nothing but beauty of person to recommend them. There seemed to have been at least an approximation to insanity in the love he bore to Robert Carr and to George Villiers. Now as for the Fool, with his cap and bells, by whom in former times absolute monarchs were attended, philosophers have accounted for him. He stood as a foil to the wearisomeness that sprang of the satiety of absolute autocracy. A despot, surfeited with the servilities of his minions, found

relief in disporting with this image of himself, in suffering its contradictions, in paying to it a mock service, and submitting to its harmless decrees. It was eminently wise, therefore, in Shakespeare, when stripping the aged Lear of the other insignia of royalty, to leave with him his fool, in order to keep the dotard reminded that he once was a king. And there are few things in literature more plaintive than the contemplation of the ever-changing relation between the king and the fool; how, when the former lapsed into imbecility the latter gradually rose into seriousness and wisdom. But the attachment of James to these boys has never been satisfactorily accounted for. He loved them alternately with a love apparently like that which a man feels for beauty in woman. Yet, coarse as he was, drunken sot as he was, rioting in drunkenness with men and women, we believe he was never charged with conjugal infidelity. But he would hang upon the necks of these boys, slobber upon their bosoms, and pine whenever they were out of his presence and away from his arms. Such unnatural conduct would have been only disgusting but for the power to which his fondness exalted them and the audacities which they perpetrated with impunity. There is nothing in the judicial history of modern times, to select a single case, so foul and otherwise so unmitigatedly disgraceful as the trial instituted by the first of these favorites, now Duke of Somerset, for the divorce from her husband of the Countess of Essex, whom he had dishonored. The King, taking, in addition to his personal fondness, a present of twenty thousand pounds from the profligate, browbeat the court for their hesitation in admitting that his theological learning and especially his wishes were sufficient to produce the judgment he demanded. When even this could not prevail, he cut short the depositions against the plaintiff, increased the number of the judges, and thus, yet by a bare majority, made a rendition that put asunder what God had joined. Because of his opposition to this nefarious proceeding, Sir Thomas Overbury, the brightest ornament of that court, bravest and most gifted, was imprisoned without notice of charge except the declinature to go as minister to a foreign court, and his murder, on the very day on which the trial came to an end, was not even investigated until years afterwards, when a new beauty was found among the boys of England, and George Villiers rose upon the ruins of the one who had faded and ceased to be loved. It was not from horror of the crime that the assassins were brought to trial, but because mostly of this change in the affections of the King, and some dread of suspicion of complicity. The warrant for the arrest of Somerset found him in the royal arms, not dreaming that this was to be the last of those dear embraces, nor that,

when scarcely out of hearing, the monarch, like other perjured lovers, would curse him as he moved away.

The Queen had warned the ministers against the substitution of this new younger favorite. Their hostility to Somerset grew mainly out of his refusals and delays of connivance in all their schemes of reversions and other oppressions in their interest. The upstart that rose in his stead was more proud, more unscrupulous, and more audacious. Not Sejanus in the court of Tiberius exerted a sway more unlimited. Humiliation of the clergy, sale of ecclesiastical preferments and peerages, bribery of the courts, even dictating in his own hand the judgments they were to render, these and their likes he did not even take pains to disavow or conceal. The influence of no minister in a Christian court of any age was ever so vast and pernicious. Among the innumerable instances of this perhaps the saddest is that wherein was wrought the ruin of Bacon. The instincts of this most illustrious man, in spite of the corruptions of his times, prompted him to yearn only as a great solemn spirit can yearn for the universal weal of mankind. It was like the doings of an evil demon to assail the one weak spot in a spirit otherwise so strong and mighty, and then mock at the prostration that ensued. In that fall there is a pathos profound and touching almost like that which comes from reading of those in classic tragedy who, having conquered every other enemy, succumbed only to the decrees of fate, which even the gods had not power to revoke. More sublime may have been the complainings to the elements of nature of Prometheus Bound, but they touch not the heart like those of this greatest of mankind when, dying, he appealed to men's opinions among foreign nations and in future ages.

As the King grew old it was wonderful to notice the evergrowing control which this bold vulgarian exerted upon him, and pitiful to contemplate his late vain endeavors to resist it. The negotiations for the marriage of the heir-apparent are interesting reading to all who are fond of meditating upon the amount of falsehood and treachery and baseness of every form that is sometimes found in kings' houses. In the case of the Spanish princess not only was princely honor ruthlessly violated at the instance of Rochester, but oaths the most solemn. The Commons, in answer to the royal demand for more money, complained of the indulgence that was understood to have been promised to the proscribed faith. James solemnly denied, and, almost to their satisfaction, raved against those whom he had already robbed and persecuted until there was little to provoke vengeance or invite rapacity. The same promises confirmed by similar oaths were uttered in the case of Henrietta Maria, and the same facile repudiation would have probably ensued

had the monarch survived to find therefor sufficient motive for compassing selfish ends or evading official responsibility.

Of the dealings of this prince with the Irish people there is not space to consider in this article. The enormities began hundreds of years before his time were simply repeated and continued, with the exception that in some instances fraud was substituted for the open violence of his predecessors. The new colonization, first of Ulster, and afterwards of other counties of the east and south, the further impoverishment of their inhabitants by expatriation, both by violence and fraud, are so unmixedly disgraceful that all the world wonders yet that after two hundred and fifty years the great nation that allowed these wrongs to be inflicted has done so little towards their abatement.

The last days of James the First were such as, to any other than his son Charles, would have imparted salutary lessons. The demoralization that continuously grew in Church and State had sprung in the minds of the thoughtful who were not corrupt, an eager desire for greater purity in government and more liberty for the people. The dying King noticed the changing temper, and naturally his mind, now worn with age and cares, serious and petty, shrank with fear if not disapprobation from the profligacies of Rochester. But he was now a dotard. Like a lover broken-hearted he lingered along puling and drivelling until death closed his career.

Herein are some of the doings and promptings of that puissant sovereign, who at the setting of the bright Occidental Star, came like the Sun in his strength upon our ancestors of England. Sad has it been to part from the innocent veneration which our childhood paid to one, to whom in our simplicity we believed that next to God, we owed the gift of the Book of Life. But then had we not also believed in the lamp of Aladdin, the purse of Fortunatus, and the concealed perfections of the prince in "Beauty and the Beast?" Ay, and so the regret and the shame are less that in that young time we could but credit what our Bible itself had said about him, who, of all sovereigns of Christian ages, was the meanest, the most cowardly, the least of a man.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

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"It is the sweetest note that man can sing
When grace in Virtue's key tunes Nature's string."
SOUTHWELL.

IN the year 1586, Robert Southwell, an Englishman of gentle birth, went from Rome to London on a voluntary mission of danger. He was a Jesuit and his mission was priestly. The times were troublous. The fear of the Spanish Armada, Philip's retaliation for the political injuries inflicted by Elizabeth during twenty years, then lay heavily upon England. The avenging fleet had been nearly five years in preparation. From the felled forests of Flanders; from the dock-yards of Nieuport, Gravelines and Dunkirk; and from the harbors of Spain, the sounds of the workman's axe and hammer had become more and more distinct, until now they were a fearful import to Elizabeth. The ocean had not before borne as grand and as threatening a fleet. The number and size of the ships, their unusual construction, and their lofty prows and turrets might well strike fear into the English heart. At this time it was not known, though it was believed in England, that the purpose of the Armada was other than political. All England, however, was beginning to be alarmed. The people were angered by their fears and by their suspicions; and the Protestant party made fitting use of this condition of affairs. By torture, Elizabeth sought to learn the plans of her enemies, and, by executions, to uproot suspected sympathy with the cause of Philip II. For Catholics, it was a time of bloody persecution. "To be a Catholic was a crime; to be a priest was high-treason; and to be a Jesuit was to be hunted as a wild beast." To escape the spying informer the laity worshipped in secret; and to escape the priest-hunters, or pursuivants, as they were called, the clergy had to disguise

their persons and dress like gallants of the day, with feathers in their caps, hawks on their wrists, with slashed satin doublets and velvet cloaks, and be mounted upon well-groomed horses, and with lackeys running by their sides. Though seeking to defer it, both laity and clergy calmly awaited the civil punishment of their religious heroism. Many a hero became a martyr. Whenever a Catholic was the defendant, the justice of the highest courts of law was a mockery; and the priest could not doubt that his torture and his sentence to cruel death were less sure than was his arrest. The preceding year the so-called plot of Francis Throgmorton had been discovered; and not long afterwards that of the impostor William Parry was exposed. Then came the revolt of some of the nobles, with its consequent executions or proscriptions. In 1585 seventy priests had been taken from their dungeons and, as a great favor, sent into banishment; but, after a few months, the severest laws were enacted against the priests who remained, and spies and pursuivants made dangerous the landing of any Catholic ecclesiastic in England. So severe were the laws and so harsh were the methods of enforcing them that it is a wonder that any priest was left. Executions began to redden the land and to make savage a people already maddened by their fears. Going to London, Father Robert Southwell well knew that his violent death was not a mere possibility.

In that same year, 1586, William Shakespeare went from Stratford to London on a compulsory mission. He was seeking his fortune, and the stories of the extraordinary profits of the play-actor's life may have influenced him. The drama was in favor, and, despite the war of Puritanism against players and play-houses, the first English theatre of James Burbadge had many rivals. So sure and so quick was the gain that men of talent and of education eagerly took up the new profession of play-writing. George Chapman, John Lyly, Thomas Kyd, George Peele, Robert Green, Thomas Nash, and Christopher Marlow were the dramatic writers of that time and then highest in favor. They were men of university education; but they were, also, men of dissolute lives and well merited the stinging reproaches of the moralists. They were cheats, liars, gamblers, drunkards, and whoremongers; and their deaths were as miserable as their lives had been debauched. In the verses of the day there was a licentiousness which many a morally weak poet suffered himself to imitate, and which the cleaner writings of Sackville, Spenser, Sidney, Daniel, and Drayton could not offset.

The young poet Southwell, flaming with piety, thought the fashionable verse of the day a misuse of talent; and, unwilling that poetry should be made the handmaid of evil, he shaped his course to

sing of higher things and for higher ends. Referring to this, he subsequently wrote in a preface to his poems:

"Poets, by abusing their talent, and making the follies and faynings of loue the customarie subject of their base endeouours, haue so discredited this facultie, that a poet, a louer, and a lyer, are by many reckoned but three words of one signification. But the vanitie of men cannot counterpoyse the authoritie of God, who deliuering many parts of Scripture in verse, and, by His Apostle willing vs to exercise ovr deuotion in hymnes and spiritual sonnets, warranteth the art to be good, and the vse allowable. And therefore not onely among the heathen, whose gods were chiefly canonized by their poets, and their Paynim diuinitie oracled, in verse, but euen in the Olde and Newe Testament, it hath beene vsed by men of greatest pietie, in matters of most deuotion. Christ Himselfe, by making a hymne the conclusion of His Last Supper, and the prologue to the first pageant of His passion, gaue His Spouse a methode to imitate, as in the office of the Church it appeareth; and to all men a patterne, to know the true vse of this measured and footed stile. But the deuill, as he affecteth deitie and seeketh to haue all the complements of diuine honour applied to his seruice, so hath he among the rest possessed also most Poets with his idle fancies. For in lieu of solemne and deuout matter, to which in duety they owe their abilities, they now busie themselves in expressing such passions as onely serue for testimonies to what unworthy affections they haue wedded their wills. And because the best course to let them see the error of their works is to weaue a new webbe in their owne loome, I haue heere laide a few course threds together, to inuite some skilfuller wits to goe forward in the same, or to begin some finer peece; wherein it may be seene how well verse and vertue sute together."

These words explain his purpose. They give the clue to that deep meaning which pure-minded readers find abundant, and they lend grace to what some have thought drawling dulness. The development of the moral sense in the reader heightens his perception of true poetic beauty; and, in the true poet, that development must refine the thought and beautify the expression. How far Southwell's moral sense was developed, the reader will see.

The few facts of Southwell's life are so closely interwoven with his writings that they are needed to form a correct judgment. The years of his short life were passed in study and not in recreation; in self-sacrifice and not in indulgence; in voluntary poverty and not in the wealth to which he was entitled; in danger and not in security; in persecution and not in public honor; in prison and not at court; and were brought to a violent end at the scaffold.

Like a beautiful thought, his noble life comes to us through the gloom of three hundred years.

Robert Southwell was the third son of Richard Southwell, Esq., of Horsham St. Faith's, Norfolk, England. The family was old, wealthy, and honorable, deriving the name from the original seat, which was in the neighborhood of the town of Southwell, Nottinghamshire, where it resided until the reign of Henry the Sixth; and, in its many lines, linking our poet with the historic names of Sidney, Newton, Howard, Paston, and Percy Bysshe Shelley. Robert was born in 1560-61. He was such a remarkably beautiful babe that he roused the greed of a wandering woman, or gypsy. She stole Robert and left in his place her own less favored child. But the theft was soon detected and the handsome boy recovered. Later in life, remembering this escape, Robert exclaims, with a pious tenderness peculiar to him, "What if I had remained with the vagrant? How abject! how destitute of the knowledge or reverence of God! in what debasement of vice, in what great peril of crimes, in what indubitable risk of a miserable death and eternal punishment I should have been!"

When very young he was sent to Douay, and there during some years was an alumnus of the English college or seminary in that university, and received instruction from the celebrated Father Leonard Lessius, S. J. His own father, recognizing the religious danger attending a London education, prudently sent him in his fifteenth year to Paris, to be under the care of Father Thomas Derbyshire. Upon the accession of Elizabeth, that eminent "Master" had surrendered, for conscience' sake, the Archdeaconship of Essex. Afterwards, with the loss of his ample fortune and of all the preferments and dignities, which, in reward for his piety and learning, had been bestowed upon him, he was driven into banishment. During his exile he had joined the Jesuits.

Southwell's early piety and self-sacrifice naturally led him towards the priesthood, and his letters show that he long had been nursing the desire. The zeal and example of his two great masters quickened his will; and, after some hesitation between the Carthusian order and the Society of Jesus, decided his choice of the latter. Being too young, his application for admission was refused. The refusal so pained him that he condemned himself to solitude and prayer. As an outlet to his disappointment, he wrote in English a strange, singularly pious lamentation, which he entitled a "Complaint." He compares himself to Agar cast forth from the house of Abraham; and he claims that he has greater cause for grief, because excluded from a more worthy family. "For who can hinder my dying of grief," he asks, "when I behold myself parted from that Company, separated from that Society, torn from that

Body, wherein my very life, my love, my whole heart and every affection are centred?" Young as he was, his piety was manly. Day by day his desire grew stronger; and, unable to gain admission into the Society either in France or in Belgium, he was fired by such a holy eagerness that unbidden he went to Rome. There, with an apostolic impatience, he awaited the date of his admission to the novitiate, October 17th, 1578. The St. Omer manuscript states that Southwell's principal motive for entering the Society was his desire for the triple crown of "virginity, learning, and martyrdom," which appeared to him to be nowhere more attainable. His joy upon being admitted to the Society was extraordinary; and his own reference to the fact is ecstatic. His noviceship was passed mainly at Tournay, whither he had been sent from Rome. During his noviceship he was remarkable for "every virtue;" and, the two years being ended, he was admitted October 18th, 1580, to the first, or "simple," vows of a Jesuit scholastic. Then he was sent back to Rome, to make his course of philosophy and of theology. The world rarely learns anything of a Jesuit's life during the years spent in the novitiate and in the scholasticate. They are years of special hardship and of special happiness to the Jesuit; and afterwards he looks upon them as the brightest in his rigorous life. Their details, however, would be monotonous to an outside world. How successfully Southwell passed these years, there is abundant testimony to prove. So highly was his learning esteemed that he was chosen to make a public defence of the whole course of philosophy—an honor of undoubted force. After completing his theology he was ordained a priest in the summer of 1584, and was appointed "Prefect of Studies" at the English college in Rome. For this position the high reputation of the college demanded a man of great learning and strength of character. Southwell successfully discharged the duties of his new position, mainly devoting himself to the study and the teaching of his native language. Not alone his learning, but his sweetness and holiness made him revered. He was a strict disciplinarian; but he was more severe to himself than to others.

All the while, Southwell had been nourishing his secret desire "to meet a glorious death for Christ." During some time he had thought of asking for the Indian mission; but latterly he felt that his desire could be more surely gratified at home, where the savages were not heathens but Christians. The pitiable condition of his native land made him anxious to return to it and to be of some service where persecution was rapidly thinning the ranks of the priesthood. As an Englishman, he felt that it was incumbent upon him to share the dangers of his countrymen; but, as a priest, he was eager for his work and ready for the rack and the gallows.

After two more years of prayer and of study, during which he earnestly sought what he called "the perilous commission," he was assigned as companion to Father Henry Garnett and sent to England. The letters written during the time of his journey are beautiful proofs of apostolic zeal. His courage was sublime. The letters breathe an eagerness to work and a readiness to suffer which were characteristic of the man, and which, even in a less degree and for less unselfish ends, have often won the world's praise. These tender letters show that his mission had no character other than the purely spiritual.

At the time of Southwell's arrival, there were only two other Jesuits in England—Father Henry Garnett, who was Superior, and Father Edmund Weston, who was "confined at Wisbeck." Parsons, Campian, and the others had already paid the penalty of their boldness. In times of political excitement, the readiest and most damning accusation is that of disloyalty; and this was the accusation by which the English of that day murdered those who conscientiously held themselves aloof from civil matters and would not forsake their ancient faith. The courage of this handful of Jesuits made them conspicuous objects for accusation. Ignatius of Loyola had been dead only thirty years; and the example of his strict seclusion from politics was yet all-powerful among his followers. The Society was in its first fervor and love; and its members were too much imbued with the religious spirit of Loyola, of Francis Xavier, of Lainez, of Salmeron, and of others of the memorable nine, as well as of Aquaviva and of Francis Borgia, to meddle with state affairs. The partial alliance of Pope Sixtus V. with Philip II. did not implicate the Jesuits or prescribe the conduct of the priests. It was a strange alliance. Unless for some wilful purpose, Philip was not the ruler to acknowledge in the Pontiff the right of disposing of the crowns of princes. In former times he had not hesitated to declare war against Paul IV.; and through his general, the Duke of Alva, he had dictated in the Vatican terms of peace. When, therefore, Philip communicated his project to Sixtus V., and asked his aid in an attempt, one of the objects of which was the restoration of the Papal authority in England, he partially kept back the truer purposes of the Armada—revenge and ambition. The Pope favored the scheme, in so far that he consented to prepare a bull of deposition, and to make out the appointment of a legate; and, subsequently, he agreed to pay Philip a subsidy of a million of crowns as soon as the invading army had landed upon the coast of England. But despite this connection between the Pope and the King, it seems certain that the early Jesuits were not the agents for furthering the scheme. The remarkable letter of Campian, published shortly before Southwell's arrival, proves that the

Jesuits were strictly forbidden to meddle with worldly concerns or affairs of state. Whatever the suspicions may be, history gives no fact or document to prove the complicity of the early English Jesuits with Philip II. They went to England as apostles of God, not as plotters against Elizabeth. As priests, by prayer and by the faithful discharge of all their duties in the face of persecution, they sought to keep alive the ancient faith. If the statute of Elizabeth made treason of their priestly acts, the law, or its interpretation in practice, was the result of fear and of anger; and such a calmer world now pronounces it. Even as Englishmen, these Jesuits acted according to their consciences; and, without a murmur, they submitted to a cruel interpretation of a law which was written with blood. Of such stuff, traitors are never made and no ordinary patriots are formed.

The first acts of Southwell, after his arrival, were in keeping with his character. He "sought out," with a view to her conversion, the woman who had rescued him from the gypsy; and, solicitous for the spiritual welfare of his father, he wrote him a tender, yearning, wistful, and most eloquent letter. This letter was Southwell's earliest prose writing. In strength of language and beauty of treatment, it is a masterpiece; and in eloquent pathos, it is matchless. The father was a man of the world, a time-server, and proud of his high standing at Court. His wish to keep his wealth and his associations, and his recent marriage with a lady of the court of Elizabeth, formerly governess to the Queen, made him abandon the practice of his religion. To win him to "higher walks" and to bring him back to the use of the sacraments were the objects of the letter. Observe how deftly the son prepares the father for the main purpose of the letter:

"In children of former ages it hath been thought so behoveful a point of duty to their parents, in presence by serviceable offices, in absence by other effectual significations, to yield proof of their thankful minds, that neither any child could omit it without touch of ungratefulness, nor the parents forbear it without nice displeasure. I am not of so unnatural a kind, of so wild an education, or so unchristian a spirit, as not to remember the root out of which I branched, or to forget my secondary maker and author of my being. It is not the carelessness of a cold affection, nor the want of a due and reverent respect, that has made me such a stranger to my native home, and so backward in defraying the debt of a thankful mind, but only the iniquity of these days that maketh my presence perilous, and the discharge of my duties an occasion of danger. I was loth to inforce an unwilling courtesy upon any, or by seeming officious to become offensive; deeming it better to let time digest the fear that my return into the realm had bred in my kindred than

abruptly to intrude myself, and to purchase their danger whose good will I so highly esteem. I never doubted but that the belief, which to all my friends by descent and pedigree is, in a manner, hereditary, formed in them a right persuasion of my present calling, not suffering them to measure their censures of me by the ugly terms and odious epithets wherewith heresy hath sought to discredit my functions, but rather by the reverence of so worthy a sacrament, and the sacred usages of all former ages. Yet, because I might easily perceive by apparent conjectures that many were more willing to hear of me than from me, and readier to praise than to use my endeavors, I have hitherto bridled my desire to see them by the care and jealousy of their safety; and banishing myself from the scene of my cradle in my own country, I have lived like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which, in my nearest blood, I presumed not to seek." Then begin arguments the most earnest, and entreaties the most tender. "Surely," writes he, "for my own part, though I challenge not the prerogative of the best disposition, yet am I not of so harsh and churlish a humor, but that it is a continual corrective and cross unto me, that whereas my endeavors have reclaimed many from the brink of perdition, I have been less able to employ them where they were most due; and was barred from affording to my dearest friends that which hath been eagerly sought and beneficially obtained by mere strangers. . . . Who hath more interest in the grape than he who planted the vine? Who more right to the crop than he who sowed the corn? or where can the child owe so great a service as to him to whom he is indebted for his very life and being? With young Tobias I have travelled far, and brought home a freight of spiritual substance to enrich you, and medicinable receipts against your ghostly maladies. I have with Esau, after long toil in pursuing a long and painful chase, returned with the full prey you were wont to love; desiring thereby to insure your blessing. I have in this general famine of all true and Christian food, with Joseph, prepared abundance of the bread of angels for the repast of your soul. And now my desire is that my drugs may cure you, my prey delight you, and my provisions feed you, by whom I have been cured, enlightened, and fed myself; that your courtesies may, in part, be countervailed, and my duty, in some sort, performed." Then follow arguments and examples taken from the Scriptures, to show that youth was often made the minister of a divine purpose, and that his age does not make his advice presumptuous. "Seeing that your superiority is founded on flesh and blood," continues he, "think it, I pray you, no dishonor to your age, no disparagement to your person, if, with all humility, I offer my advice unto you. . . . The full of your springtide is now fallen, and the stream of

your life waneth to a low ebb ; your tired bark beginneth to leak, and grateth oft upon the gravel of the grave ; therefore it is high time for you to strike sail and to put into harbor, lest, remaining in the scope of the winds and waves of this wicked time, some unexpected gust should dash you upon the rock of eternal ruin." The writer joins issue and comes "to the principal drift" of his letter, beseeching the father by his sense of duty to God's Church, to the comfort of his children, and "to the redress" of his own soul, to consider the terms he stands upon, and to weigh himself in a Christian balance, taking for counterpoise the judgments of God. "Remember," he says beautifully, "that you are in a balance, that the date of your pilgrimage is well-nigh expired, and that it now behoveth you to look forward to your country. Your strength languisheth, your senses become impaired, and your body droopeth, and on every side the ruinous cottage of your faint and feeble flesh threateneth a fall. Having so many harbingers of death to preadmonish you of your end, how can you but prepare for so dreadful a stranger? The young may die quickly, but the old cannot live long. The young man's life by casualty may be abridged ; but the old man's life can by no physic be long augmented. And, therefore, if green years must sometimes think of the grave, the thoughts of sere age should continually dwell on the same. The prerogative of infancy is innocency ; of childhood, reverence ; of manhood, maturity ; and of age, wisdom ; and seeing that the chief property of wisdom is to be mindful of things past, careful of things present, and provident of things to come, use now the privilege of nature's talent to the benefit of your soul, and show hereafter to be wise in well doing, and to be watchful in foresight of future harms. To serve the world you are now unable, and though you were able, you have little wish to do so, seeing that it never gave you but an unhappy welcome, a hurtful entertainment, and now doth abandon you with an unfortunate farewell. You have long sowed in a field of flint, which could bring you nothing forth but a crop of cares and afflictions of spirit ; rewarding your labors with remorse, and for your pains repaying you with eternal damages. It is now more than a reasonable time to alter your course of so unthriving a husbandry, and to enter into the field of God's Church. . . . Wherefore, good sire, make no longer delay ; though you suffered the land to be blasted and the flower to fade ; though you permitted the fruit to perish and the leaves to wither away ; yea, though you let the boughs decay and the very trunk corrupt ; yet, alas, keep life in the root for fear the whole become fuel for the fire." More and more the letter rises to poetic grandeur, and, in its awful earnestness, to sublimity. The young apostle was ex-

pressing not only his own desire, but the desire of the other children, and he solemnly urges the fact upon the father. The son's intensity of purpose inspires the reader with an awe peculiar to this impassioned pleading. Such a letter could not fail in its purpose; at least, it did not fail. The father heeded the appeal, and, subsequently, crowned his reawakened religious fidelity by his death in the Fleet prison.

From the moment of his arrival, Father Southwell was in danger of arrest. The priest-hunter was so watchful that the priest often had to interrupt the Mass and to strip the altar and hide "everything which would betray" even his presence. It was the time of secret panels and hiding-places. The priest had to fear not only the priest-hunter, but the gentry also. To circumvent the gentry the priests had to wear the dress of the gallants. Father Southwell, however, would use no such showy disguise, but went about in black rashe, "clothes more fit than fine." The description which the spy Snowden gave of him was, "that he went without a beard, was of middle stature, and of hair auburn." Not the dress only, but the conversation might betray the priest. There is a grim humor in the idea of the meek Southwell misleading the gentry by speaking of hunting and falconry, for which sports he had neither taste nor education; and there is something pathetic in his complaints, while trying to master the technical terms of sport, of his bad memory "for such things." "On many occasions," writes one of his companions, referring to Southwell's needs, "when he fell in with Protestant gentlemen, he found it necessary to speak of these matters, which are the sole topics of their conversation, save when they talk obscenity or break out into blasphemies and abuse of the Saints or the Catholic Church." As the law made it a crime to harbor priests, Southwell did not live with any of his relations; but, to save them, he "lived like a foreigner, finding among strangers that which, in his nearest blood, he presumed not to seek." At first he lived with William, third Lord Vaux of Harrowden; but after a few months he was appointed the domestic chaplain and confessor of the Countess Arundel. The husband of the Countess was Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was imprisoned in the Tower and died there, *non sine veneni suspicione*, "the noblest victim to the jealous and suspicious tyranny of Elizabeth." While living with this noble family, Southwell composed for the Earl's use *Consolations for Catholics*. The work is not, perhaps, remarkable for literary grace; but it is pervaded by a sympathetic love that makes it dear to suffering hearts. Here, too, Southwell kept a private printing press; but, apart from the *Consolations*, it is uncertain what use he made of it, though

Father Gerard says that from it were "issued his incomparable works."¹

The life of a priest in the mansions of the Catholic nobility was usually close confinement. The servants were mainly Protestant, because, on account of the rigor of the laws, it was not judged safe to have many Catholics. Far from sight and hearing, in some attic room, the priest was hidden; and only one or two of the most trusted domestics shared the secret. He said Mass in the presence of a few; but during the rest of the day he had little opportunity for conversation. He moved about his room almost noiselessly; he opened his window cautiously; and he received in silence the food that was brought to him stealthily. Thus Southwell lived in the house of the Countess of Arundel; but the needs of others made him dare to go about London, and even into Sussex and elsewhere. To a hero like Southwell danger is a matter for prudence, not for fear.

For about six years Father Southwell continued to labor. In the midst of extraordinary dangers, while many of his companions were suffering tortures that shame humanity; while some were "hanged, bowelled, and quartered;" while his gentle heart was wrung by tales of their suffering; and while, day by day, the surety of his own appalling fate became greater, he wavered not, but to the last worked unceasingly and successfully. His time came in 1592, when he was taken by the treachery of Anne Bellamy. Her parents were stanch Catholics, and their house, with its secret room, had often been a place of concealment for the priests while in the discharge of their duty. Anne, too, had been a pious Catholic; but having been committed as "an obstinate recusant" to the Gatehouse prison at Westminster, she was seduced from virtue and faith by the villain Topcliffe and was forced by him, in order to conceal his crime, to marry her jailor, Nicholas Jones, one of Topcliffe's servants. Poor Anne Bellamy! Victim as well as prisoner, her conduct is not without some palliation. Torn from a home which in its peaceful seclusion was like a convent, and ignorant of the world of cruel selfish men, she was thrust into a loathsome prison, where her associates were the vilest, her position helpless, and Topcliffe's power for evil unrestrained. Topcliffe was a ghoul, rioting in blood and crime, and believing that in the pursuit of a "papist" everything was justifiable. From the savage brutality special to this infamous wretch sprang two words current in the language of the day and of ghastly meaning—"Topcliffian" and "Topcliffzare," the latter being used in the sense "to hunt a recusant," as only Topcliffe knew how. Anne Bellamy was Topcliffe's prey. After six months,

¹ See the Life of Father Gerard, page 71.

she in her shame was set free by his orders. Homeless, friendless, moneyless, and driven to despair by Topcliffe's threats, she became the means of the destruction of her father's house and of the priests who had often risked their lives for her spiritual good. She took advantage of the recent statute of 27th Elizabeth, which made the harboring of a priest treason, with the penalty of confiscation of the offender's goods. Choosing her time, Tuesday, June 20th, 1592, she sent a messenger to urge Southwell to meet her at her father's house. Believing that she wished his priestly services and ignorant of her fall, he unsuspectingly went at the appointed time; but she, having disclosed the secret hiding-place of the house, sent, instead of herself, the priest-hunters and the "implacable" Topcliffe.

Captured at last, Southwell fearlessly admitted that he was a priest; but, from a wish to shield other persons, he would not give particulars as to his residences, his movements, or his assumed names. With mock ceremony he had been carried to Westminster; but on the third day he was taken to Topcliffe's house, there, by royal permission, to be tortured. Topcliffe's brutal letter to the Queen, asking this permission and giving some of the horrible details of his process, did not shock any delicacy of the Queen; for leave was immediately given to torture Southwell "to any extent short of death." Topcliffe's house does not seem to have been publicly known as a place of torture; and the Lords of the Council may have wished to deceive Southwell's father and stepmother, then high in Court favor, into the belief that the change was an act of lenity. The true motive was concealed; and, throughout the city, the Queen was praised for her clemency in confiding a Jesuit, "taken in open crime," to such a mild jailor. By the authorities it was expected that Topcliffe in his own house would have greater success in extorting a confession of those things which they most wished to know. Topcliffe was happy. He would now be like a king, he said, having in his hands a priest whom he could torture according to his taste; and he proudly boasted that he had at home a machine of his own invention, relatively to which the racks, the pillars, and the iron hoops of common use were mere playthings. The details of the torture are not fully known, but the few stated particulars are characteristic of Topcliffe. Around Southwell's wrists were placed sharp bands of iron, pressing upon the arteries; his legs were bent backwards; his heels were tied to his thighs; and, in this condition, he was hung by his hands against the wall. Ten times was he thus hung. On one occasion he remained hanging seven hours, and then was taken down only because he seemed to be dying. Each time this torture was so severe that Southwell declared death preferable. After the fourth

day he was so reduced in strength that, from fear of his too speedy death, he was removed to the Gatehouse; but there he was again made to suffer, or as another expresses it, "was agonized."

When Southwell was brought before the Queen's Bench, spent though he was from extreme suffering, he spoke thus boldly: "I am a priest of the Society of Jesus, and am come to preach the Roman Catholic religion to my fellow-countrymen. If you seek out the cause of my death this is amply sufficient for you. Hang me; and thus you will equally satisfy both myself and the Queen. As to the rest, spare, I beseech you, to try human strength by these unheard of punishments. Brand not your name, your age, and nation with so infamous a blot. Lastly, remember that there is a God—the judge." Hereupon Topcliffe savagely resented the charge that his house had been a place of torture, for he feared public indignation; but Southwell tremblingly answered him that his house had been "direr than any prison whatever." "These feet, upon which I can scarcely stand," said he plaintively; "these hands torn by your iron points; the blood which still wets your pavement, tell the leniency of thy hospitality and of thy heart." Outstretching his bloody, swollen, livid arms, he made of them eloquent proofs of the truth of his charge. Seeing the effect of this appeal, Topcliffe triumphantly produced his warrant, showed that he had acted within the authority given, and fiendishly boasted that he was not ashamed of his work.

Whatever money Southwell may have had when arrested had been taken from him by Topcliffe, and consequently he had been herded with the pauper prisoners. When, subsequently, his father came to see him, he found him so emaciated that he could not stand, and so covered with vermin and maggots that the sight appalled the father. Burning with indignation, the father boldly wrote to the Queen: "That if his son had committed anything for which, by the laws, he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her Majesty would be pleased to order that he should be treated as a gentleman, and not be confined any longer to that filthy hole." The justice of the plea or the influence of the father was successful. Southwell was ordered to a better lodging in the Tower, where, for the rest of his confinement, he was kept at his father's expense. The only books for which he asked were the Holy Bible and the works of St. Bernard; and these volumes, together with his breviary, formed the prison-library of the poet-priest. During the three following years of his imprisonment in the Tower he was ten times put to torture and "suffered kindred atrocities that are not to be named." The tortures were useless. From the beginning he

avowed himself a Jesuit priest and denied any part in political complications; but he sturdily refused to disclose the names of those who had harbored or aided him. The Commissioners said that he seemed more like a stock than a man. In private, Cecil, president of the Council at that time, thus told the heroic story: "Antiquity boasts of its Roman heroes, and the patience of the captives under their tortures. Our own time is not inferior to theirs, nor does English courage yield to Roman. We have now in our hands one Southwell, a Jesuit, who, having been thirteen times most cruelly tortured, could be induced to confess nothing, not even the color of the horse he rode on a certain day, for fear lest his adversaries might thereby form a conjecture at what houses, or what Catholics he had visited that day; and on being frequently interrogated by them upon irrelevant matters, he respectfully replied—if Topcliffe, indeed, interposed anything—that the man was unworthy of a single word; and on being asked the reason, 'I have frequently found,' he said, 'that he is not to be guided by reason.'"

To the Rev. Alexander B. Grosart, the latest and best of Southwell's editors, belongs the credit of discovering "hitherto unrecognized traces" that Southwell's poems were composed while a prisoner in the Tower. With this new clue it is easy to get the force of many an unusual simile and metaphor, and to fully understand the inexpressibly tender pathos of the poems. It was natural for a poet so imprisoned to draw comparisons from the racking and tormenting which he courageously suffered rather than from the green fields and shady woods which for many a year he could not enjoy. His longing for death was not the repining of weakness, but the aspiration of a nature confident of a juster world. The following pathetic prayer for the release of death, taken from "Life is but Losse," receives new force from Grosart's discovery, and sounds like the pæan of strength, not, as some cold critics have judged, the plaint of weakness:

"By force I live, in will I wish to dye;
 In playnte I passe the length of lingring days;
 Free would my soule from mortall body flye,
 And tredd the track of death's desyrèd waies:
 Life is but losse where death is deemèd gaine,
 And loathèd pleasures breed displeasinge payne.

* * * * *

"Come, cruell death, why lingrest thou so longe?
 Why doth withould thy dynte from fatall stroke?
 Nowe prest I am, alas! thou dost me wronge,
 To lett me live, more anger to provoke:
 Thy right is had when thou hast stopt my breathe,
 Why shouldst thoue stay to worke my double deathe?"

* * * * *

"Where life is lov'd, thou ready art to kill,
 And to abridge with sodayne pangues their joy;
 Where life is loath'd thou wilt not worke their will,
 But dost adorne their death to their annoye.
 To some thou art a feirce unbidden guest,
 But those that crave thy helpe thou helpest lest."
 * * * *

Hear him, in "I Dye Alive," thus tenderly expressing, in the intervals between tortures, his spiritual longings:

"I live, but such a life as ever dyes;
 I dye, but such a death as never endes;
 My death to end my dying life denyes,
 And life my living death no whitt amends.

"Thus still I dye, yet still I do revive;
 My living death by dying life is fedd;
 Grace more than nature kepes my hart alive,
 Whose idle hopes and wayne desires are deade.

"Not where I breath, but where I love, I live;
 Not where I love, but where I am, I die;
 The life I wish, must future glory give,
 The deaths I feele in present daungers lye."

Then take these two stanzas from "What Joy to Live" and think what cause he had to write them:

"I wage no warr, yet peace I none enjoy;
 I hope, I feare, I fry in freesing colde;
 I mount in mirth, still prostrate in annoye;
 I all the worlde imbrace yet nothing holde.
 All welth is want where chefest wishes fayle,
 Yea, life is loath'd where love may not prevayle.

"For that I love I long, but that I lacke;
 That others love I loath, and that I have;
 All worldly fraightes to me are deadly wracke,
 Men present happ, I future hopes do crave:
 They, loving where they live, long life require,
 To live where best I love, death I desire."

Now hear him apostrophize sleep, the sleep of the tortured prisoner:

"Sleepe, Death's allye, obliuion of teares,
 Silence of passions, balme of angry sore,
 Suspense of loues, securitie of feares,
 Wrath's lenitue, heart's ease, storme's calmest shore;
 Senses' and soules' reprieuall from all cumbers,
 Benumbing sense of ill, with quiet slumbers!"

(ST. PETER'S COMPLAINT, St. cxxi.)

A prisoner in the Tower during nearly three years, Southwell sent to Cecil, Lord Treasurer, a letter, in which he humbly asked that he might be brought to trial, or, at least, that his friends might

have leave to visit him. Cecil answered that "if he was in such haste to be hanged, he should have his desire." Straightway he was removed from the Tower to Newgate and confined in "Limbo," a subterranean dungeon without opening for light or air. There he was kept for two days, when, February 20th (O. S.), 1595, without warning to prepare for his trial, he was hurried to Westminster. The trial was one of many, but differed in a few particulars, some of which beautifully show the character of the man and priest. The indictment charging him with being a priest, "contrary to the peace of our lady the Queen, her crown and dignities" was drawn up by the great Coke, then the Queen's solicitor. The statute of Elizabeth, under which many priests were put to death, would seem to require some proof of treason; but, in the application of the law, a proof of treason was not necessary, as a proof of being a priest was found sufficient for conviction. Treason was the pretext: the priesthood was the wrong. Southwell, at least, knew this; but, nevertheless, being too much of a patriot to silently allow himself to be called a traitor, and too much of a priest to tamely admit the implication that priests and traitors were the same, he everywhere coupled the avowal of his priesthood with the denial of any treason. When he was asked the usual question, whether or not he was guilty, he answered: "I confess that I was born in England, a subject to the Queen's majesty; and that, by authority derived from God, I have been promoted to the sacred order of priesthood in the Roman Church; for which I return most hearty thanks to His divine Majesty. I confess, also, that I was at Uxenden in Middlesex at that time; when, being sent for thither by trick and deceit, I fell into your hands, as it is well known; but that I never entertained any designs or plots against the Queen or kingdom, I call God to witness, the revenger of perjury; neither had I any other design in returning home to my native country than to administer the sacraments, according to the rite of the Catholic Church, to such as desired them." Being interrupted and told to answer yes or no, he said: "I am not guilty of any treason whatever."

Southwell waived his right of challenging the jury, saying that as they all were strangers to him, charity did not allow him to take exception to one more than to another. When asked, in derision of his youth, how old he was, he tenderly said that he was about the age of our Saviour. This unusual answer showed how closely and fully all his thoughts were linked with the Christ of his daily meditations; but it was perverted in meaning by Mr. Coke and it drew forth the reproaches of Lord Chief Justice Popham. The chief witness against Southwell was the unfortunate Anne Bellamy. Her course of sin, publicly known long before this, had made her shameless and ruthless; and, with a cunning peculiar to conscious

guilt, she charged Southwell with counselling her to commit perjury. Southwell began to explain what he had said to the witness,¹ whose statement was as inexact as it was wily; but he was so often interrupted that he was obliged to give up the attempt. He saw that he was prejudged; and, later, in answer to the question what he had to say why sentence should not be pronounced, he solemnly answered: "Nothing; but from my heart I beg of Almighty God to forgive all who have been in any way accessory to my death." When the judge pronounced sentence, Southwell returned thanks "as for an unspeakable favor." That night Southwell spent in "Limbo."

The next morning when the jailor brought the news that Southwell was to be taken to Tyburn, Southwell embraced him and presented him with a night-cap, saying with characteristic tenderness, "If I had anything better to give you, you should have it." Bound upon "hurdles," or sledge, a rude wheelless vehicle drawn by horses, he was dragged over the long distance from Newgate to Tyburn, a journey of three hours. At Tyburn, according to custom, he was transferred to a cart placed under the gallows. There, standing, he made the sign of the cross, as well as he could make it with pinioned hands, and began to speak; but he was interrupted, first, by the sheriff, and, then, by a minister. Southwell meekly assured the sheriff that he would not say anything to give offence; and the awed crowd indignantly silenced the minister. Then Southwell slowly said these memorable words: "I am a Catholic, and, in whatever manner you may please to interpret my words, I hope for salvation by the merits of our Lord Jesus Christ. And, as to the Queen, I never attempted, contrived, or imagined any evil against her; but have always prayed for her to our Lord; and, for this short time of my life, still pray that in His infinite mercy He would be pleased to give her all such gifts and graces which He sees, in His divine wisdom, to be most expedient for the welfare, both of her soul and body, in this life and in the next. I recommend, in like manner, to the same mercy of God, my poor country, and I implore the divine bounty to favor it with His light, and the knowledge of His truth, to the greater advancement of the salvation of souls, and the eternal glory of His divine majesty. In fine, I beg of the almighty and everlasting God, that this my death may be for my own and my country's good, and the comfort of the Catholics, my brethren."

With eyes raised to heaven, his lips moving in audible prayer, and his gentle countenance showing the calmness of his soul, Southwell, with rope around his neck, awaited the withdrawal of

¹ For Southwell's answer, see "The Life of Father Gerard," pp. 270-272. See also "The Condition of Catholics," second edition, pp. ccxiv-ccxviii.

the cart. As was usual, the noose had been so unskilfully applied that the neck was not broken; and Southwell, while several times trying to make the sign of the cross, was slowly strangled. Horrible as it may seem, this manner of death was an act of mercy and a tribute to the worth of Southwell; for it was very seldom that the victim was permitted to die by hanging. Immediately after the withdrawal of the cart the victim was cut down, and was embowelled while yet alive. When there were several victims, the executioner performed his horrible work before the eyes of those whose punishment was yet to come, and forced them to behold the butchery that awaited them. His hands red with the blood, and his person smeared by the entrails of his victim, the executioner held aloft the trunkless head, that the people might see how savage was the justice of a Christian Queen.

The behavior of Southwell had touched even the Protestants; so that Lord Mountjoy (Charles Blount, eighth Baron Mountjoy), a chance spectator, exclaimed, "May my soul be with this man's!" and joined with others in restraining the brutal executioner that would have cut the rope before the victim's life was gone. Not until after death, then, was Southwell cut down; and when the smeared executioner held aloft the head, the crowd was awed into a solemn respect and not a voice cried "Traitor." Thus, February 21st (O. S.), 1595, died the English Jesuit priest. As, then, there was no one of all that bloodthirsty throng to cry traitor, so, now, there is no writer to uphold the judicial murder of the priest Robert Southwell. His end crowned his work: his life was noble, his death heroic.

Since their first publication the writings of Southwell have always been in favor with readers. Of his works, prose and poetic, eleven editions, of which four were quarto, were printed between 1593-1600; and since that time there were printed sixteen other editions, of which four were quarto editions. Trouble-laden, sorrowing, sympathetic, minds find in his writings a comfort which compositions of slower growth, of quieter hours, and of greater care do not give. The reflecting reader soon is tired of that literary excellence or faultlessness which critics praise, and from the cold perfection of the polished sentence turns eagerly to the warm imperfection of the living word. The prose-writings of Southwell are the outcome of his inner life; and what they may lack in mere literary grace they more than supply in warmth of feeling, purity of diction, and strength of thought. His poetry possesses a literary merit higher than that of his prose; but at times the verse seems weighted with the severe morality of its purpose. To show in becoming manner the moral use of the poetic ability, Southwell seemingly felt obliged to curb passion and imagination. He

might safely have given himself freer rein; but, at a time when licentiousness was as common in the verse as it was in the lives of poets, the severer course seemed the better. It is important to remember that the poems were wholly posthumous; and that though he had intended them for publication, they have suffered something from the lack of the author's supervision. By the present age the poems have been known mainly through the careless editions of Walter in 1817 and of Turnbull in 1856. How careless those editions were or how imperfect were the MSS. upon which they were based was not publicly known until 1872, when Grosart published his handsome quarto edition. Grosart luckily had found Southwell's own MSS. in the Jesuit's college at Stonyhurst, England, when he, a Protestant minister, began his labor of love in correcting annoying misreadings and misprints, misplacements of words, absurd reversals of meanings, and mistakes of every provoking sort. Collated with Southwell's own MSS., all editions earlier than Grosart's are so faulty that the reader of this latest edition is chafed by the thought that the work of re-editing was not sooner undertaken. The British Museum MSS. were used by Walter and by Turnbull; and Grosart shows that those MSS. have many misreadings. That fact, however, cannot fully excuse the earlier editors for the school-boy carelessness of their work; for it is this very carelessness which has discouraged many a reader, and repelled many a critic, of Southwell's poems. The misreadings and misplacements, stripping the finest passages of their force or of their meaning, mar every poem, and show what bad work editors may unintentionally do. Carelessness such as that of Turnbull would soon corrupt the literature of any language.

The principal Stonyhurst MS. is a "handsome volume, daintily bound in vellum, with gilt edges, and written very beautifully throughout in one hand," and has corrections in Southwell's autograph. Besides this volume, Grosart had the use of separate MSS. in Southwell's autograph, notably the *Latina Poemata*, which Grosart prints for the first time. The writing, as appears from a fac-simile, is small, very neat, and delicate. The Stonyhurst MSS. must be taken as the highest authority.

Apart from the Letter to his Father, Southwell's principal prose works are: *An Epistle of Comfort to the Reverend Priests*; *A Short Rule of Good Life*; *The Triumphs over Death*; and *Mary Magdalene's Funerall Teares*. *The Triumphs over Death* is a beautiful panegyric of a lady of the Howard family, Lady Mary Sackville. The character of the lady is a bit of masterly description and is an example of the labored elegance of Southwell's style:

"She was by birth second to none but vnto the first in the realme; yet she measured onely greatnesse by goodnes, making nobility

out the mirrour of vertue, as able to shewe things worthie to be seene, as apte to draw many eies to beholde it; shee suted her behauior to her birth, and enobled her birth with her piety, leauing her house more beholding to her for hauing honoured it with the glorie of her vertues, then she was to it for the titles of hir degree. She was high-minded in nothing but in aspiring to perfection and in disdaine of vice; in other things couering her greatnes with humilitie among her inferiors, and showing it with curtesie among hir peeres. Of the carriage of her selfe and her sober gouernement, [it] may be a sufficient testimony, that enuy himself was dumbe in her dispraise, finding in her much to repine at, but naught to reprove. The clearennes of hir honor I neede not to mention, she hauing alwaies armed it with such modestie as taught the most vntemperate tongues to be silent in her presence, and answered their eyes with scorne and contempt, that did but seeme to make her an aime to passion; yea, and in this behalfe, as almost in all others, shee hath the most honourable and knowen ladies of the Land so common and knowen witnesses, that those that least loued her religion were in loue with her demeanour, deliuering their opinions in open praises. How mildly she accepted the checke of fortune fallen vpon her without desert, experience hath bin a most manifest prooffe; the temper of her mind being so easie that she found little difficultie in taking downe her thoughts to a meane degree, which true honour not pride hath raised to her former height; her faithfulness and loue, where she found true friendship, is written with teares in many eies, and will be longer registred in grateful memories."

The three following epigrammatic sentences are from the same work :

"That which dieth to our loue is always aliue to our sorrow."

.... "The termes of our life are like the seasons of our yære, some for sowing, some for growing, and some for reaping: in this only different, that as the heauens keepe their prescribed periods, so the succession of times have their appointed changes; but in the seasons of our life, which are not the laws of necessarie causes, some are reaped in the seed, some in the blade, some in the vnripe eares, all in the end: the haruest depending vpon the Reaper's wil."

.... "The dwarfe groweth not on the highest hill, nor the tall man looseth not his height in the lowest valley."

Mary Magdalene's Teares is highly impassioned and the work of a fervid imagination. In part it was reprinted by Dr. Isaac Watts with his own "Hymns;" and many of its good passages have been borrowed by other authors. It has always been liked by the religious public. It is full of reasoning by illustrations which are now commonplace, but which with Southwell seem to

have been original. A few sentences will show the peculiarity of the style:

"If thou [Mary] seest anything that beareth the colour of mirth it is vnto thee like the rich spoiles of a vanquished kingdome in the eye of a captiue prince, which puts him in mind what he had not what he hath, and are but upbraidings of his losse and whetstones of sharper sorrow. . . . Loue is no gift, except the giuer be giuen with it. . . . Loue is not ruled with reason, but with loue. . . . In a garden Adam was deceived and taken captiue by the deuill. In a garden Christ was betrayed and taken prisoner by the Jewes. In a garden Adam was condemned to earne his bread with the sweat of his browes. And after a free gift of the bread of angels in the Last Supper, in a garden Christ did earne it vs with a bloody sweat of His whole body. By disobedient eating the fruit of a tree, our right to that garden was by Adam forfeited; and by the obedient death of Christ upon a tree, a farre better right is now recouered."

Not until 1873 appeared the *Hundred Meditations on the Love of God*. It is edited by the Rev. John Morris, S. J., from Southwell's manuscript at Stonyhurst. In this work, as in others of Southwell, there is something which is above mere literary criticism. There are feelings which usually surpass the power of words; but Southwell had a strange ease in expressing lofty emotions and in carrying them to a point of moral sublimity, whither the verbal critic is not able to follow. Only that knowledge which is perfected by religion—and who will prove that it is not the highest?—will enable the reader to appreciate this kind of writing. Not all palates crave or like the food of a St. Teresa.

Of Southwell's poems, the longest is "St. Peter's Complaint." It consists of one hundred and thirty-two stanzas of the form most liked in the Elizabethan age. It is strange that the Stonyhurst MS. and the Harleian MS. 6921, of the British Museum, contain only twelve of the one hundred and thirty-two stanzas. This fact would seem to show that the poem was completed at a later date. As a whole, the poem gains nothing from the extension. In many places it lacks connection. It is a succession of separate meditations or studies upon the sin of St. Peter; and these, with less tedious effect, might have been divided into short poems with separate headings. Through it all, however, there moves a solemn chant of sorrow, swelling sometimes into outbursts of hallowed remorse. The world has had few poets who, throughout their longer poems, have sustained the force and interest of their shorter compositions. In no respect, perhaps, is this Southwell's best poem; and yet it has a happiness of metaphor, a deftness of portraiture, and a daintiness of word-painting which entitle it to consideration. In tone

it is so eminently Catholic that some Protestants, failing to catch its delicate meaning, complain that it jars upon their feelings. If that be not a merit, it cannot be called a fault. Of the following stanzas, only the first three are to be found in the Stonyhurst MS.:

"Vaine in my vaunts, I vowd, if friends had fail'd,
Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide;
Giant in talke, like dwarfe in triall quaild;
Excelling none, but in vntruth and pride.
Such distance is betweene high words and deeds:
In prooffe, the greatest vaunter seldome speeds." (St. XI.)

Matt. 16. "Titles I make vntruths: am I a rocke
That with so soft a gale was ouerthrowne?
Am I fit pastor for the faithfull flocke
To guide their soules that murdered thus mine owne?
Mark 9. A rock of ruine, not a rest to stay,
A pastor, not to feede, but to betray." (St. XXIX.)

"Fidelitie was flowne, when feare was hatched,
Incompatible brood in vertue's nest;
Courage can lesse with cowardise be matched,
Prowesse nor loue lodg'd in diuided breast.
O Adam's child, cast by a sillie Eue,
Heire to thy father's foyles, and borne to grieve." (St. XXX.)

"Like solest swan that swims in silent deepe,
And neuer sings but obsequies of death;
Sigh out thy plaints, and sole in secret weepe,
In suing pardon, spend thy perjur'd breath;
Attire thy soul in sorrowe's mourning weede,
And at thine eyes let guiltie conscience bleede." (St. LXXXVI.)

"Weepe balme and myrrhe, you sweet Arabian trees,
With purest gummes perfume and pearle your ryne;
Shed on your honey-drops, you busie bees;
I, barraine plant, must weepe vnpleasant bryne,
Hornets I hyue, salt drops their labour plyes,
Suckt out of sinne, and shed by showring eyes." (St. LXXXI.)

Ps. 6, v. 7. "If Dauid, night by night, did bathe his bed,
Esteeming longest days too short to mone;
Inconsolable teares if Anna shed,

Tob. 10. Who in her sonne her solace had foregone;
Then I to dayes and weekes, to monthes and yeeres,
Do owe the houere vent of stintless teares." (St. LXXXII.)

"My eye reades mournfull lessons to my hart,
My hart doth to my thought the greefes expound;
My thought the same doth to my tongue impart,
My tongue the message in the eares doth sound;
My eares back to my hart their sorrowes send;
Thus circling griefes runne round without an end." (St. CXIII.)

The monotony of this poem is greatly owing to a certain structural richness. The lines are rarely locked together, but stand al-

most independently, and the stanza usually ends with an antithesis. But notwithstanding its monotony, its lack of connection, and its quaint conceits, the poem has the marks of a true poet. Had Southwell written it amid the quiet of a library, instead of in a dungeon and when suffering from torture, he might have made it more varied, more connected, and more complete; but he could not have made it daintier, truer to nature, or more Catholic.

In the shorter poems Southwell was more successful. They are pure in diction, strong in expression, and full of thought. The resignation which they inculcate is not a whining weakness; for in Southwell's character there was no weakness. In a dungeon of torture the weak man does not sing. Southwell was a hero; and his poems are the songs of a courageous heart. They are laden with the flower-fragrance of a land other than ours. Their music awakes to a wholesome sympathetic action many an unused chord of feeling. In fineness of work many of them call forth our wonder; and yet they are so spontaneous that their finish seems only the accident of their delicacy, and so true to life that the reader finds many an applicable line which, without effort, lives in his memory for the true and the beautiful. Some of the poems are perfect; such as, "Times goe by Turnes," "Look Home," "Score not the Least," "A Child my Choice," "Content and Rich," "Love's Servile Lott," "Life is but Losse," "Lewd Loue is Losse," "Dyer's Phansie Turned to a Sinner's Complaynte," and "Losse in Delaye." In their present authentic form the poems are much improved.

Free from the mistakes of the early editors, the well-known poem "Times goe by Turnes" takes a stronger hold upon our pleasure:

"The loppèd tree in tyme may growe agayne;
Most naked plants renewe both fruite and floure;
The soriest wight may finde release of payne,
The dryest soyle sucke in some moystning shoure;
Tymes go by turnes and chaunces chang by course,
From foule to fair, from better happ to worse.

"The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow,
She drawes her favours to the lowest ebb;
Her tide hath equall tymes to come and goe,
Her loome doth weave the fine and coarsest web;
No joy so great but runneth to an ende,
No happ so harde but may in fine amende.

"Not allwayes fall of leafe nor ever springe,
No endlesse night yet not eternall daye;
The saddest birdes a season finde to singe,
The roughest storme a calme may soone alaye;
Thus with succeding turnes God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet feare to fall.

"A chaunce may wynde that by mischance was lost;
 The nett that houldes no greates, takes little fishe;
 In some thinges all, in all thinges none are croste,
 Fewe all they neede, but none have all they wishe;
 Unmedled joyes here to no man befall,
 Who least hath some, who most hath never all."

The theme "Content and Ritche" has all the flavor admitted to belong to some highly-praised, though perhaps untasted wine. Pagan and Christian poets have often written of contentment; but Southwell's success is peculiar to him:

"I dwell in Grace's courte,
 Enrichd with Vertue's rites;
 Faith guides my witt; Love leades my will,
 Hope all my mynde delightes.

* * *

"My conscience is my crowne,
 Contented thoughts my rest;
 My hart is happy in it selfe,
 My blisse is in my breste.

* * *

"My wishes are but fewe,
 All easie to fullfill,
 I make the lymits of my poure
 The bounds unto my will.

* * *

"I feele no care of coyne,
 Well-dooing is my welth;
 My mynd to me an empire is,¹
 While grace affordeth helth.

* * *

"No chaunge of Fortune's calmes
 Can cast my comfortes downe;
 When Fortune smyles, I smile to thinke
 How quickly she will frowne.

"And when in froward moode
 She prooves an angry foe,
 Smale gayne I found to lett her come,
 Lesse losse to let her goe."

¹ Mens regnum bona possidet.

SENECA, *Thyestes*, Act II., line 380.

"My mind to me a kingdom is;
 Such perfect joy therein I find,
 As far exceeds all earthly bliss,
 That God and Nature hath assigned.
 Though much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my mind forbids to crave."

From BYRD'S *Psalmes, Sonnets, etc.*, 1588;
 and found in PERCY'S *Reliques*.

A rare tidbit is "Loue's Servile Lott." The beauty of the theme does not depend upon the liveliness of the strain:

"Love mistres is of many myndes,
Yet fewe know whome they serve;
They reckon least how little love
Their service doth deserve.

"The will she robbeth from the witt,
The sence from reason's lore;
She is delightfull in the ryne,
Corrupted in the core.

"She shroudeth Vice in Vertue's veyle,
Pretendinge good in ill;
She offreth joy, affordeth greife,
A kisse where she doth kill.

* * *

"May never was the month of love,
For May is full of floures;
But rather Aprill, wett by kinde,
For love is full of showers.

* * *

"Her house is sloth, her dore deceite,
And slippery hope her staires;
Unbashfull bouldness bids her guesstes,
And every vice repayres.

* * *

"Her sleepe in synne doth end in wrath,
Remorse rings her awake;
Death calls her upp, Shame drives her out,
Despayres her upphott make.

"Plowe not the seas, sowe not the sands,
Leave off your idle payne;
Seeke other mistres for your myndes,
Love's service is in vayne."

"Lewd Loue is Losse" tells the same morality of purpose. The following stanza shows the quaint manner:

"Lett not the luringe trayne of phansies trapp,
Or gracious features, proofes of Nature's skill,
Lull Reason's force asleepe in Error's lapp,
Or drawe thy witt to bent of wanton will.
The fayrest floures have not the sweetest smell,
A seeminge heaven proves oft a damninge hell."

It was characteristic of Southwell to turn Sir Edward Dyer's "Phansie" into a "Sinner's Complaint;" but the manner in which he did it proclaims the born poet. Dyer was one of the fashionable writers of the time; but his poems did not outlast his life.

Southwell's poem has thirty-eight stanzas, of which the following show something of the beauty of the whole:

" He that his myrth hath lost,
Whose comfort is to rue,
Whose hope is falne, whose faith is cras'd,
Whose trust is founde untrue;

" If he have helde them deere,
And cannot cease to mone,
Come, lett him take his place by me;
He shall not rue alone.

" But if the smallest sweete
Be mixt with all his soure;
If in the day, the moneth, the yere,
He feeles one lightninge houre,

" Then rest he with him selfe;
He is no mate for me,
Whose tyme in teares, whose race in ruth,
Whose life a death must be.

* * *

" My phancies are like thornes,
In which I go by nighte;
My frighted witts are like a hoaste
That force hath put to flighte.

" My sence is Passion's spie,
My thoughtes like ruynes old,
Which shew how faire the building was,
While grace did it upholde.

* * *

" I sow'd the soyle of peace;
My blisse was in the springe;
And day by day the fruite I eate,
That Vertue's tree did bringe.

" To nettles nowe my corne,
My feild is turn'd to flynte,
Where I a heavy harvest reape
Of cares that never synte.

* * *

" Forsaken firste by grace:
By pleasure now forgotten,
Her payne I feeles, but Grace's wage
Have others from me gotten.

* * *

" But since that I have synnd,
And scourge is none too ill,
I yeld me captive to my curse,
My hard fate to fullfill.

" The solitary woode
My citie shall become;
The darkest denns shall be my lodge,
In which I rest or come.

"A sandy plott my borde,
The woofmes my feast shall be,
Wherewith my carcas shall be fedd,
Until they feede on mee.

"My teares shall be my wyne,
My bedd a craggy rocke;
My harmonye the serpente's hysse,
The screeching oule my clocke.

"My exercise, remorse
And dolefull sinners' layes;
My booke, remembrance of my crymes,
And faltes of former dayes.

* * *

"And though I seeme to use
The feyning poet's style, |
To figure forth my carefull plight,
My fall and my exile:

"Yet is my grieve not fayn'd,
Wherein I sterve and pyne;
Who feeleth most shall thinke it least,
If his compare with myne."

How beautiful is the matter, and how crisp is the manner of these stanzas from "Losse in Delaye!"

"Shunne delayes, they breede remorse;
Take thy time while time doth serve thee;
Creepingne snayles have weakest force,
Fly their fault lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wroughte,
Lingred labours come to noughte.

"Hoyse upp sail while gale doth last,
Tyde and wind stay no man's pleasure;
Seeke not tyme when tyme is paste,
Sober speede is wisdom's leysure.
After-wittes are deerely boughte,
Lett thy forewytt guide thy thoughte.

"Tyme weares all his lockes before,
Take thy hould upon his forehead;
When he flyes he turnes no more,
And behinde his scalpe is naked.
Workes adjourn'd have many staies,
Long demurres breede new delayes."

* * * *

The poems "Upon the Image of Death," "A Vale of Teares," and Ben Jonson's favorite "The Burning Babe," have been copied again and again. The poems on Christ and His Mother are the least known. Their tender piety and glowing faith show the moral harmony of Southwell's nature. Like his other poems, they have delicate touches, strength of expression, and simplicity of the

means to the end; but occasionally, as with many a better poet, a strained conceit mars or spoils the work. His conceits may well be shown by the poem on "The Teare." The poet thinks that the tear in Mary's eye is "a moist sparke," "a watry diamond," "a star about to dropp." Finding that it is a tear and about to fall "in the dust," he will bring a pillow

"Stuft with the downe of angel's wing,"

and upon this pillow the tear will be carried up to heaven, to become

"An eye, but not a weeping one."

And, then, he doubts whether the tear had

. . . . "Rather there have shone
An eye of heaven; or still shine here,
In the heaven of Marie's eye, a Teare."

Thus told the poem loses everything; but, when read, its tenderness touches us deeply. Nevertheless, it is wholly a conceit, but of a kind worse than is to be found elsewhere in Southwell. Conceits in verse, like affectation in dress or in manner, may be forgotten in the presence of qualities which fully win our praise and esteem. With the exception of a very few, Southwell's lines show, in point of mechanism, a skill that is natural, not merely ingenious. His poems appeal to every heart that lives for faith, for love, for right. Small must be the mind that cannot enjoy their naturalness, their warm beauty, and their tender simplicity. They stand the test of great poems: they are true, not for a class, but for the human race.

The Latin poems are but seven. The longest, *De Assumptione*, has two hundred and nineteen lines. It is probable that these were Southwell's "maiden" poems, and that they were written during the time of his studies. It is the custom of the Jesuit scholastics, or students, to write Latin poems twice a year for the semi-annual Renovation of Vows; and the best writers "contribute something" to the patronal feasts of the theologians and of the philosophers. The semi-annual poems are hung in some public place, where they may call forth the criticisms of the professors or of the priests; and the feast-poems are read by their authors before the assembled community. The former serve to show the bent of the writers' talents; and the latter, to keep alive a taste for literature. These poems are often of a high literary merit; but, as they are not printed, they are soon forgotten. After the writer's death, the poems are found among the papers which form the only property of the Jesuit. At Stonyhurst, or any other Jesuit college, might be found

many a Latin poem which would delight a delicate taste. In rhythm Southwell's Latin poems are not better than the compositions of many another Jesuit; but they have a boldness and an originality of idea to be found only in the born poet, not in the mere rhetorician. All Jesuits who write the customary Latin or English poems are not poets; but, nevertheless, many of them are poets "born to blush unseen" by the outside world. Southwell's Latin poems show the restful faith, the tenderness of feeling, and much of the beauty of thought which we everywhere find in his English poems. For some unknown reason, the Latin elegies are incomplete; and the ninth, in which the shade of Mary Queen of Scots solemnly teaches "*quid sit de rebus hisce fluxis sentiendum*," is a mere fragment, too small to enable us to see more than the author's purpose.

The faults of Southwell's style were the faults of his time—obscuring inversions, too frequent use of antithesis, and the misuse of pronouns and of nouns in the possessive case; but when we recall the fact that Latin words and Latin constructions were then commonly used by the educated, the purity of his English seems wonderful. Sometimes his inversions obscure the meaning; as, "of pearl the purest mother," for "the purest mother of pearl." A frequent use of antithesis usually shows more care for the manner than for the matter of an expression; but it is to be remembered that Southwell's long scholastic training made him quick at nice distinctions, and that, in the antithesis, as he uses it, the contrast is truly in the ideas and does not depend upon any trick of similarity of verbal arrangement. Its use makes his verse occasionally monotonous; but the verse does not seem forced, for the use of the figure was quite natural to the man as a trained reasoner. A more serious matter, however, is the careless use of relative pronouns and pronouns of the third person. In the lines,

"Thus gripes in all my parts doe never fayle,
Whose onely league is now in bartring pains—"

the antecedent of "whose" is "parts," not "gripes;" and in

"Yet higher powers must think though they repine,"

"they" does not stand for "higher powers," but for "feebler part," two lines away. The correct use of the English pronoun of the third person is the severest test of a writer's skill; and even the best writers of the present, as well as of the past time, have made provoking blunders in the management of that troublesome part of speech. The misuse of the possessive pronoun and of the

possessive case, which is as common now as it was then, is shown in the following lines :

“ God is my gift, Himself he freely gave me,
God’s gift am I, and none but God shall have me,”

wherein “ my gift ” is used for “ a gift to me ; ” and “ God’s gift am I ” means “ I have given myself to God.” But all these faults do not seriously mar Southwell’s verse ; for the context readily furnishes the needed correction.

In the histories of literature Southwell has been overlooked, or else buried in a homely foot-note. It is well known that Elizabeth and her Court read and liked his poems ; that Ben Jonson, who was a bold, unsparing critic to Shakespeare, gave Southwell credit for rare poetic feeling and power ; that independent critics have pronounced Southwell to be the Goldsmith of the early poets ; and that despite the historians’ neglect of Southwell, his writings have always been in favor with the better class of readers among the English people. By the historians he is, perhaps necessarily, classed with the “ minor ” poets of the golden age ; but the term “ minor poet ” shows simply that there were greater poets and not that he was any the less a true poet. Though the sun be shining, the lamp of the sanctuary burns steadily. Southwell was outshone by men of greater genius ; but his work, though not less good than that of many who are given a higher place in the world’s memory, and the purpose of his work, though more praiseworthy, were so different that a just comparison cannot be made. By nature he had all that is needed for a poet—warmth, fancy, and an excitable and creative imagination ; but his nature, not allowed an unrestrained course, was guided by a tender conscience, was softened by sorrow, and was chastened by suffering. Different surroundings, greater ease and freedom of life, less painful moments for his compositions, and the supervision of their publication, might have enriched and varied the themes of his songs and might have extended his fame as a poet. The gain, however, might have been less than the loss ; for then all who believe that subjects other than sexual passion may properly claim a poet’s talents might find less of the simplicity, of the tenderness, of the pathos, and, above all, of the moral beauty of the best English sacred poet of the Elizabethan age.

GARIBALDI AND THE REVOLUTION IN ITALY.

Mémoires of Garibaldi. Edited by Alexander Dumas.

Victor Emanuel. By Edward Dicey, M.A. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1882.

Life of Pius IX. By John R. G. Hassard. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1878.

JOSEPH MARY GARIBALDI, who died at Caprera, June 2d, 1882, was born at Nice, on July 4th, 1806, at the dawn of the present century. Nice at the time belonged to France. The French won it in 1793. A year later Napoleon Bonaparte obtained his captaincy in the artillery of the Republic. It was to Nice that Napoleon conveyed his mother and other members of his family after Paoli's rising in Corsica, during the very year of Garibaldi's birth. Thus Garibaldi was by birth a French citizen, in the same way and by the same accident of fortune that Napoleon himself was born a citizen of France. And in the hands of the French Nice remained up to 1814, when it was given back to Sardinia. By the secret treaty between Cavour, Victor Emanuel and Napoleon III., it again changed hands and went back to France, together with Savoy, in 1860. This treaty evoked Garibaldi's undying enmity. He thenceforth refused to live in his native city, preferring after that date to enjoy his easy life in Caprera.

Mazzini was born in 1805, Cavour in 1810, and Victor Emanuel in 1820; a year after John Ferretti was admitted to priest's orders. Here we have grouped the names of the chief actors in Italy within this century. In what is called the unification of Italy Cavour was the leading spirit, Victor Emanuel the chief instrument. John Ferretti, who became Pius IX., was eager for Italian unity of a federative national kind; that is, he would have an Italy united in commerce and public life, without invading or breaking up the separate states and principalities. Gioberti had been an ardent advocate of the scheme, which might be described as an extension over all Italy of the old Lombard League for commercial and defensive purposes. Pius IX. took the initiative in this regard soon after his accession in 1846. For this he was hailed as a liberal and a nationalist; both of which titles in their best sense he unquestionably merited.

How the scheme of Pius IX. to establish a federated Italy was broken in upon and frustrated by Cavour's idea of establishing a Piedmontese Italy, or an Italy under the sway of one sovereign, makes the story of Italy from Charles Albert's declaration of war

against Austria in 1848 down to and subsequent to the invasion and possession of the Capital of the Roman Pontiffs by the troops of Victor Emanuel in September, 1870. It is a story full of deep interest, of many bloody, many treacherous, and some heroic episodes. The story is not ended yet, and he would be a wise man indeed who could predict the final issue. All Europe may be said to have taken part in it. Austria hastened it by stupidity; and the English and French governments by duplicity. But through all its stirring and changeful movements stand out prominently the figures of these five Italians: Pius IX., Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Mazzini, and last and least the man who died the other day on the rocky island of Caprera.

If ever Shakespeare's sayings about greatness were verified in mortal life, it is so in the career of Garibaldi. He was not born great, he did not achieve greatness, yet he had much of what men call greatness thrust upon him. Pius IX. was a living example of heroic faith and saintly life. Victor Emanuel staggered all his life between the faith that he never lost and indulgence in his passions. He had, however, some sterling qualities, and was of the stuff out of which soldiers are made. Cavour was a statesman of genius, who might have out-machiavelled Machiavelli. Mazzini was a man of culture, enthusiasm, and rare literary powers, diabolic almost in his intensity. But Garibaldi—what was he? His speeches are only worse than his writings; his actions were of the most quixotic character. While the principles to which he gave utterance professed to be noble, his life was an open scandal; and he lived and died a pensioner on the bounty of the very government which he professed to hate. He claimed to be essentially a man of action, a fighting man. He fought much. He undoubtedly had courage. Yet he never won a battle worthy of the name. His mob might and sometimes did beat another mob, whether in Italy or in South America. But when faced by Austrian or French regulars the man was simply nowhere, and may be said to have lost his battle in advance. It was criminal for such a man to lead men against soldiers. It was murder; and of murders of this kind Garibaldi was often guilty, while Mazzini, who probably hardly knew how to handle a gun, took a special delight in sending dupes thus to their death. Garibaldi himself was a dupe of Mazzini, but a deeper dupe of Cavour. It is laughable to-day to see the ridiculous ease with which Cavour used the "Liberator" of Italy to serve his own purposes. Take him all in all, Garibaldi's red shirt is the most conspicuous thing about the man, and is characteristic of him. He was showy and shallow from first to last: "An ass's head on a lion's heart," as some cruel apologist has described him. "All his deeds will bear criticism," says a journal

that admires him beyond measure ; "happy if he had spoken less and written nothing." Here is how he wrote in 1877 to Dr. Brandina, arranging beforehand for the cremation of his body :

"On the road leading from this house northward to the seashore, there is, at a distance of 1300 paces to the left, a depression in the ground, bounded by a wall. Upon that corner you will erect a pile of timber, two meters high, of acacia, linden, myrtle, and other aromatic woods. On the pile you will place an iron couch, and upon that the uncovered bier, with my remains upon it, dressed in the red shirt. A handful of ashes shall be preserved in an urn of any kind ; and this is to be placed in the little sepulchre which contains the ashes of my daughters, Rosa and Anita."

These were doubtless his daughters by Anita, the amazon, whom he fell across while battling for the Republic of Rio Grande. The lady had the misfortune of being already married, nevertheless she deserted her husband to attach herself to the fortunes of Garibaldi. Of this incident in his career his biographer in the *London Times* writes : "At last, after losing a flotilla in a hurricane on the coast of Santa Caterina, where he landed wrecked and forlorn, having seen his bravest and most cherished Italian friends shot down or drowned, he fell in with his Anita—not, apparently, the first fair one for whom he had a passing fancy—with whom he united his destinies for better or worse, in life and till death, in some offhand manner, about which he is reticent and mysterious ;" that is to say, in his *Mémoires*, as edited by his friend and admirer, Alexander Dumas. Anita was an amazon, and when she died in the woods near Ravenna, after Garibaldi's retreat from Rome in 1849, the hero was so heartbroken that he was compelled to seek other and very unsavory matrimonial alliances. His experiences in this respect were anything but heroic, were in fact openly immoral. Indeed all these men, Victor Emanuel, Cavour, Garibaldi were notoriously free livers, Victor Emanuel more especially. Yet these are the heroes of new and regenerated Italy.

Now it is not the purpose here either to belittle or exalt Garibaldi, but to try and get the measure of the man. Certain it is that with all his faults and vices, his blunders and failures, which are almost as numerous as his exploits, the man somehow made for himself a great name in and out of Italy, and at least a passing fame. For a month or so conservative England, that harbored Mazzini, Orsini, and all the conspirators against every government but its own, who were refused asylum elsewhere, went wild over Garibaldi when he consented to visit the country. Certain it is that at his summons men would rise up and face death with him, even in abortive expeditions in defence of their native soil. Garibaldi in this sense was a power. He could create a popular commotion at almost any time, and count upon a certain following. Perhaps the reason of this is to be found in his connection with the secret soci-

eties. He was affiliated to the Carbonari about 1830, as was also Mazzini. The Carbonari were at this time very powerful. Even as early as 1820, they counted 700,000 members in Italy, and 20,000 in Paris alone. It is very doubtful therefore whether there was so much spontaneity as showed on the surface in the various Mazzinian, Garibaldian, and such like uprisings that periodically took place in Italy. Here was a powerful organization, secret, unscrupulous, penetrating all classes of society, sworn to obey the command of an irresponsible, often an unknown leader. To these men Garibaldi's red shirt was an oriflamme, and they rose when he was sent to call. Italy was a land of conspiracy, and had been for a long time. Conspiring monarchs and statesmen took advantage of the undercurrent of popular feeling to secure their own purposes. Mazzini proclaimed that "Charles Albert had betrayed Italy, that Victor Emanuel would also end by betraying her."

And here comes the whole question, what is Italy, what was it at the dawn of this century, what has it become to-day? Italy is one of the most difficult of countries to approach with a clear understanding of the situation for any decade, one might say, since the disruption of the old Roman Empire. From the days of battle against the inroads of northern, eastern, southern, western, tribes and peoples on the Roman Empire, has the soil of Italy been a general battle-ground. The land that we call Italy never entered as a nation into the formation of Christendom. Its great cities tried to combine the municipal privileges of the civilization that had passed away with the new order of things, where the strong hand seized what it could, and held possession as long as it could. The lands of Italy were parcelled out among the conquering Dukes, much as William the Conqueror cut up England, or the later Norman and other kings, parcelled out Ireland. At one time it is the Goths, at another, the Saracens, again the Normans, later on, the French, the Spaniards, the Germans, who fasten upon this or that portion of Italian soil, claim it for themselves, and erect their principalities or kingdoms. Such is the history of Italy all the way down to our own days. Strong and wealthy republics or principalities were formed time and again, only to attack and destroy each other, or to be wiped out by some new invasion. Dante dreamed of a country that did not exist. The Lombard League united for self-preservation against Frederick Barbarossa and German oppression, but it was never more than a League of mutual defence, and never extended over Italy. There was little idea of nationality connected with it. Half Italy never joined it, though the Popes favored it. The land was in truth a land of factions, torn between foes from within and foes from without, robber chieftains and foreign adventurers. The one sacred spot, if any, was

Rome, yet was even Rome often invaded and the Popes were driven into exile. But they always contrived to return.

This deplorable state of things, of course, affords the strongest argument for the political union of a country that is geographically a unit, and is one in language, not to speak of religion or race. Race in Italy is very mixed. The first man, oddly enough, to make at least an ostensibly united Italy was Napoleon Bonaparte. As usual he took a very short cut to his end. After driving the Austrians out, he fashioned with his sword the native states into a kingdom, which he annexed to France. Napoleon, in due time fell, and his Italian Kingdom fell with him, though not the lesson that his plan conveyed. The great powers met at Vienna, in 1815, and proceeded to rearrange the European map, with which that spoiled child of the revolution, Bonaparte, had played such sad havoc. Revolution was still in the air; secret societies were numerous and powerful; and the wise gentlemen who met at Vienna agreed that the only way to withstand the tide of revolution and disobedience among subjects, was to restore the old order of things, and put back into power, that had been often grossly misused, every trumpery little prince that had been put out of power, in Italy as elsewhere, reserving certain large slices for their large selves. Accordingly the King of Sardinia was set up again on his throne, and Genoa was added to his possessions. Austria got Lombardy and Venetia, very unfortunately as it turned out, for Austria. Italy was again cut up into various quarters; and to stop all clamor of the peoples for constitutional rights, severe restrictive measures were passed. The various governments were perhaps as coercive as is the English government in Ireland to-day. The people were practically allowed no rights worthy of the name. Later on, in 1851, Mr. Gladstone was eloquently indignant about the treatment of political prisoners in Naples during the revolutionary *régime* of Ferdinand II., whose methods Mr. Gladstone now seems, with the accumulated wisdom of over a quarter of a century, to adopt in Ireland. The consequence of such harsh treatment in Italy then, as in Ireland to-day, was to drive the people outside of the law into secret societies. Hence the Carbonari flourished so mightily, and Mazzini came to develop them into "Young Italy."

Mazzini was a republican on paper, an autocrat in a republican bureau. Italy was to be made a republic under one system of law. "Liberty, equality, and humanity," was the cry he set up for Young Italy, and with it "God and the people." Italy was to undergo a "moral regeneration" under Mazzini's direction. "Young Italy" was suppressed only to develop into "New Europe," which was to proclaim the old theory of the first French Revolution, of universal liberty, equality, fraternity, or death. Indeed death figured very

largely in Mazzini's calculations, for his chief agents of "moral regeneration" were the dagger and the bowl, and one of Mazzini's right-hand men among "the party of action," was the ardent and effusive Garibaldi.

The people in Italy were disaffected, as they had ample cause to be, but the Austrian armies put down all disaffection, at least for the time being. The Austrian rule was harsh and encouraged harshness among the native princes who ruled under Austria's protection. Risings took place here, there, everywhere, and were quenched in blood.

Meanwhile Garibaldi had entered on his adventurous career. The son of a coasting captain, his father intended him for the Church, and his mother's piety is evinced in the names she chose for him, Joseph and Mary. There was little of the ecclesiastic about young Garibaldi. With that vein of tenderness that betokened a sweeter and higher nature than was developed by his adventurous life, he says of his mother, that "to her inspiration he owed his patriotic feelings," and that "in his greatest danger, both by land and sea, his imagination always conjured up the picture of the pious woman prostrated at the feet of the Most High, interceding for the safety of her beloved." Much in the same way, though to a deeper degree, Victor Emanuel always cherished secretly his religious feelings. "I am not a good man," he said once, "but she who is above could never allow me to make any other than a good death." And when death came to him and he was told that it was knocking at the door, "Is it come to that?" was his response; "then send for the priest," and "she who is above" helped him at least to the grace of the last sacraments.

Garibaldi's sentiments of piety troubled him less than Victor Emanuel's. He had small vocation for the priesthood. After picking up, thanks to the priests, what might be called a fair education, he followed his father's vocation to the sea, coasting from place to place, and subject to all the aspirations of "Young Italy." Early in 1831 those aspirations developed into new risings in Parma, Modena, and also in the Papal States. It was about this time that Garibaldi fell in with Mazzini, and they remained fast friends for a very long period, a rupture only occurring between them late in life, when each denounced the other in the public press. The revolts, like most of those in which these champions of democracy engaged, having proved wretched failures, Garibaldi took to sea and to exile, landing finally in Rio Janeiro. He was absent from Europe from 1836 to 1848. His exploits in South America were more of a buccaneering character than otherwise, full of the adventures incidental to such a state of life and the condition of the countries and peoples through which he passed. At one time he

is a general, at another a captain, again a schoolmaster, now a prisoner, now a broker, occasionally a professor of mathematics or a cattle drover. With all this period of his career the present article has little concern. The man was a soldier of fortune, living a life of adventure, and gathering a certain romantic glamour around his name and that of his "Italian Legion" of 800 men, most of whom he lost.

Italy all this time was agitating for reform. Gregory XVI. died on the 1st of June, 1846. His reign had been troubled by efforts of the secret societies in the domain of the Church, and he had condemned the extreme liberalism of Delammanais. On June 16th, 1846, Cardinal Giovanni Mastai Ferretti was elected Pope. He began his reign by introducing a liberal series of reforms, including representative government, which should be jointly clerical and lay. In brief he took measures to bring about the scheme of a federated Italy, to which allusion has already been made.

At once Pius IX. became the hero of the hour and the world rang with his name. The "party of action" in Italy saw in the Pope their agent. They had already made overtures to Charles Albert, the King of Sardinia. "In great countries," said Mazzini to Young Italy, "it is by the people that we must seek regeneration; in yours it is by the princes. Get them on your side. Attack their vanity. Let them march at the head, if they will, so long as they march your way. Few will go to the end. The essential thing is not to let them know the goal of the revolution. . . . You must *manage* the clergy, because the people believe in it; already it holds half the doctrine of socialism, for, like us, it has the sentiment of fraternity, which it calls charity. But its hierarchy and habits make it the imp of authority—that is, of despotism."

Charles Albert had a very keen appreciation of the goal of the revolution. Naturally he seems to have been a man inclined towards liberal ideas, but he was unfortunately placed for their exercise. "Throughout his life," says Mr. Dicey, "Charles Albert had a profound distrust—which he imparted to his son—in the power of the Italian revolutionists to effect anything of and by themselves. Upon his accession Mazzini addressed to the young King one of his grandiloquent and declamatory epistles, calling upon him to emulate the fame of Washington and Kosciusko, and promising him the aid of twenty millions of Italians if he would only inaugurate a crusade against Austria under the patronage of the *Giovane Italia*. The offer was ignored, and forthwith Mazzini and his adherents vowed deadly and lifelong enmity against the one prince who had at heart the cause of Italy."

The revolutionists turned to the Pope. Instead of aiding Pius

IX. in his efforts to establish peace and good will within the Italian borders, Austria resented his attempt, and some of the Italian states themselves joined with Austria in its resentment. France, then under Louis Philippe, took up the Pope's cause, and England re-echoed his praises. A great Protestant meeting was held in New York city in November, 1847, and the "heartly and respectful salutations" of the American people were conveyed to the Pope "for the noble part he had taken in behalf of his subjects." Horace Greeley prepared the address. Mazzini was alive to the signs of the times and their changes. Having renounced all hopes of winning over Charles Albert, he wrote to the Pope in November, 1847: "Holy Father: I watch your progress with immense hopes. Be confident, trust in us, and we will found for you a government unique in Europe. We know how to convert into an active force the instinct with which Italy is quivering from end to end. . . . I write to you because I believe you worthy to initiate this grand enterprise."

Garibaldi was at this time in Montevideo, and seeing things stirring again at home longed to be back "while there was something left to do." So he offered his sword and the remnants of his legion to Pius IX., much in the same spirit doubtless that Mazzini offered his services. Garibaldi, in October, 1847, addressed a letter to Mgr. Bedini, the papal nuncio at Brazil, saying that "if to-day, men who have some practice in the use of arms should prove acceptable to his Holiness, it is scarcely needful to say that we shall gladly consecrate ourselves to the service of him who is doing so much for the country and the Church. We shall indeed deem ourselves fortunate if we can contribute aught to the work of redemption initiated by Pio Nono." He graciously added that he made this offer, "although well aware that St. Peter's throne rests on a solid basis, proof against all human attacks, and needing no mortal defenders." How much of this sentiment was real and how much simulation may be left to the conjecture of the reader. Garibaldi, not receiving an answer speedily enough to please him, embarked for Europe with Anita and his children, and from sixty to eighty of his legion, landing at Nice in the spring of 1848.

The interval of his voyage had been eventful in Europe. There was revolution in the air, not in Italy only, but over all the continent. "Associate, associate! Everything is in that one word," was Mazzini's constant instruction, and it was carefully carried out. He bade the people assemble in mass meetings, under the guise of festivals, celebrations, any excuse at all to bring them together and enable them to feel their strength. "As for the Pope," he said, "we must make him our political *bœuf gras*." The Jesuits were to be expelled, and the retrogrades slain. So matters progressed

during 1847. The Austrians invaded the Papal territory. The Pope protested against such invasion, and all Italy was aflame. The Austrians retired and Italy was inflamed still more. The Pope's attitude was one of complete trust in his own people; he can hardly have realized the extent of the secret agencies that were at work in his own domains and over all Europe. Everything marched the way of the revolution. Then came the year of wonders, 1848.

Modena, Milan, Leghorn, Messina, Palermo, and other cities, were the scenes of revolt. Naples rose, and its King, Ferdinand II., hastened to grant his people a constitution. Charles Albert immediately followed suit in Piedmont. Then came Tuscany, and finally the Pope to put the finishing touch to the reforms he had already inaugurated. But most influential of all was the revolt in Paris, the expulsion of Louis Philippe, and the establishment of a French Republic. This reacted on Europe. The German States, Hungary and Austria itself were in convulsion, and Charles Albert hastened to place himself at the head of the popular movement in Italy, by declaring war against Austria, March 23d, 1848.

The test had now come, and the final issue was raised. There could hardly be a united Italy with Austria as the predominant power. Austrian power had, to say the least, not been exercised to the best advantage either for itself or for Italy. As Austria was not likely to abandon Italy of her own good will, there was no visible alternative between letting her stay in or forcibly turning her out. Encouraged by the condition of affairs in Europe, and by half promises of assistance from the newly established Republic of France, as well as pushed on by his own ambition, and the traditional acquisitive instinct of the House of Savoy, Charles Albert, who had made preparations with a view to such an event, finally declared war on Austria, expecting all Italy to flock to his standard, while the enemy was being rent in the rear.

And how did the Pope act, the man who so generously and actively took up the idea of a federated Italy? He acted as the Pope could only have been expected to act. The days of warring Popes were over, even if there ever had been what could properly be called a warring Pope. In all the history of the Church, the Pope never could, and never cared to, raise an army that could hope to cope single-handed with any European state worthy of the name. He never could successfully defend his frontiers or his capital from anything approaching a formidable attack. In his very weakness lay his strength, save against conspirators and freebooters. He was the father of Christendom, the head of the Christian Church, and by the common consent of Christendom, the heritage of the Papacy, which it had acquired in past ages by

cession and free gift, was guaranteed and protected. Napoleon Bonaparte overrode this common assent, invaded the Papal territory, and possessed himself of it, as of all Italy. But at his fall the common consent of the powers, predominant among which at that time was England, restored the estates of the Church to their lawful owner. And now he was called upon to take part in what was proclaimed as an Italian crusade to free Italian soil from the invader.

The Pope refused to join in the war against Austria. How could he, the representative of peace on earth, have done otherwise? The Pope is Italian only by accident. As head of the Catholic Church he has relations with all peoples, even Protestant peoples, quite as binding as those he has with Italy. There is no such thing as an Italian monopoly of the Papacy. The cry of the Italian revolutionists against the Pope was the old cry of the oppressed Jews against Christ. They wanted no Prince of Peace. They wanted a leader, a warrior, one who should restore her ancient glory to Israel, not minding that to the Saviour all the world was Israel. Whatever might be his personal nationality, the Pope sent his troops to guard the Papal frontier, much as he might have sent an army of police. But he made it expressly understood that they were not to cross the frontier, and, so blessing them, he let them go.

General Durando, the commander of the expedition, was hand in glove with the revolutionists. He understood the Pope's commands perfectly well, and proved a traitor to them. The Pope had, to say the least, the good sense to see that even all Italy could not hope to cope with Austria single-handed. At Bologna, Durando placed his command at the service of Charles Albert, under secret instructions from Aldobrandini, the Papal minister of war. Thus it was conspiracy all around.

The Pope promptly repudiated Durando's action, and from that day forth he became a special object of hatred to the revolutionists. At once revolutionary Rome rose and raged against him. At the same time he addressed a letter to the Emperor of Austria, avowing that while he shrank from declaring war, he appealed to the Emperor's filial and religious sentiments to withdraw from a contest "which can never subdue to your empire the hearts of the Lombards and Venetians." He begged the German nation to lay aside resentment, and "exchange for friendly relations of neighborly intercourse a domination which could never be useful or honorable while sustained only by the sword."

In this is revealed the idea of unity proposed by Pius IX.; a unity among the friendly Italian states, with the consent and gradual withdrawal of Austria from Italian soil. It may seem a dream, and yet the Austrian government was so struck by its feasibility

as to ask the British government "to mediate between itself and Italy on the basis of the independence of Lombardy and the duchies," on condition of the payment of an annual tribute or a separate administration for Venetia. (See Hassard's *Life of Pius IX.*, pp. 92-93.) Lord Palmerston, who favored Mazzini in all his schemes, was the chief obstacle to the bringing about of such an understanding.

Meanwhile, where was Garibaldi? Garibaldi, with his remnant of a Legion, scorning the Pope, made his way up northward from Nice and offered his sword to Charles Albert. Charles Albert took the offer very coolly. Garibaldi then turned in disgust to Milan, where, as in Venice, the Mazzini party was all-powerful. The success attending the Sardinian arms was short-lived, and Charles Albert was crushed by the Austrians under the veteran Radetzky at Custoza, in July, 1848. The campaign as regarded Sardinia was virtually ended here, but as Milan had joined its fortunes with Sardinia, the King retreated to that city in the hope of saving it. He was greeted by the revolutionists as a traitor, and had to fly from the city by stealth. Mazzini proclaimed that a republic alone could save Italy. On August 5th, Milan capitulated, and Garibaldi, who was hastening to its defence at the head of a considerable force, organized by the republican Committee of Public Safety, was compelled to retreat towards Como. He took his revenge by denouncing Charles Albert as a traitor, and declaring war on all in Italy who recognized peace before the expulsion of the Austrians. The declaration was happily timed, as the Austrians had just overwhelmed the only available and regular force that Italy could bring to bear against them. "The royal war is at an end, and the war of the people is now to begin," proclaimed Mazzini, who offered to serve as a volunteer under Garibaldi. The war of the people did not last long. As usually happened in Italy, it speedily degenerated into a rabble rout. The 30,000 men under Garibaldi's command dwindled away with astonishing rapidity to two or three hundred, who, with their leader, vanished over the border. This campaign affords a very good example of Garibaldi's generalship when faced by real troops.

The effects of Charles Albert's disastrous campaign in Italy were manifold. For the time being all hope of liberation through Sardinia was abandoned, and Charles Albert, like the Pope, was regarded as a traitor to the national cause, the cause of a nation that did not yet exist; the hands of the revolutionary party were strengthened. They alone were the patriots, they alone did not betray the people, though it must be confessed they made a pretty bad mess of matters. The scenes that immediately followed in Rome are well known. Count Rossi, the Pope's chief minister,

was assassinated, and by November the Pope was in exile at Gaeta, while in all Italy Charles Albert could hardly count upon a friend.

Seeing their opportunity Garibaldi and Mazzini made for Rome. The cry of a "United Italy, with Rome for Capital," was an old one with the party of revolution. In Rome a Constituent Assembly had hastened to depose the Pope as a temporal sovereign, to establish a "pure democracy," to which they gave "the glorious appellation of the Republic of Rome." A triumvirate was created, with Mazzini as leader, and Garibaldi and Avezzana for military leaders. Under this inspiring government Rome became a pandemonium.

It is unnecessary to go over the details of the memorable siege of the city by the army of the French Republic under General Oudinot, and the triumphant re-entry of Pius IX. The defence was very stubborn, and Garibaldi's claim to military skill probably never showed to better advantage than during this siege. But, as usual, he could never face trained valor, and at the fall of the city Garibaldi and those immediately associated with him in command took to flight. It is singular to note the comparative ease with which the revolutionary leaders in Italy always escaped from desperate plights, or rather it would be singular were it not known how the whole country was eaten up by the secret societies, numbers of whom were members of the very governments whom the revolutionists attacked. As to the restoration of the Pope, there could be no more doubt about the general joy of the Roman population, at that event, than over the desperate hate of the revolutionary party.

Meanwhile in the north Custozza had been followed by the final defeat of Novara (March, 1849), which resulted in the abdication of Charles Albert in favor of his son, Victor Emanuel. Charles Albert died a heart-broken exile at Oporto, on July 28th, of the same year, and Sardinia lay a cripple at the mercy of Austria.

The history of Italy from this date out is so modern and so well known that it calls for no extensive detail. It is only now that Cavour, the man whose able but wholly unscrupulous statesmanship, advanced Sardinia from its crippled condition into the foremost place, and finally into at least the nominal possession of Italy, comes prominently to the front.

On the very night of the defeat at Novara Charles Albert, with a view of making terms easier for Sardinia, resigned in favor of his son, Victor Emanuel. The fact, though not the idea, of a united Italy had been rudely dispelled. Austria was again predominant in the north, while the sense of the European powers was wholly averse to the revolutionary party in Italy. Italy struggled along among its factions much in the old style. Perhaps the revolu-

tionists had still the ear of the masses. As Mr. Dicey, who is by no means a defender of the Pope or of Catholicity, says, "the grandeur attributed to the long defence of Rome and Venice under the Republic, was contrasted with the summary collapse of Sardinia under a monarchy," though he confesses that the siege of Rome "made but slow progress, mainly it is true, on account of the extreme reluctance of the French commanders to resort to force," and adds that "the magnitude of this resistance was exaggerated by national vanity till it assumed, in popular imagination, the proportions of an heroic achievement."

It would be a mistake to set down Victor Emanuel, as is the custom with some writers, as nothing else than a man of brutal appetite and a slave to his passions. He was by no means a good man, as he himself confessed. At the same time he was not a man devoid of conscience, of religious sense, training and feeling, nor lost to the traditions belonging to his great and illustrious house. He was always reluctant to oppose the Church; he always entertained extreme personal respect and reverence for Pius IX. as head of the Catholic Church, and Pius IX. was not ignorant of this; and when Victor Emanuel did, as often happened, wrong to the Church and the papacy, he tried to console his conscience with the excuse that he was driven into such action by the press of circumstances. He was a constitutional king, and had to stand by the constitution. So he argued. Had he been a genius he might have devised means of his own to work out Sardinia's supremacy and the union of Italy in such a manner as not to have left behind him the vexed burden of an imprisoned Pope and a despoiled papacy on the historic soil and in the historic city of the Popes. But he had Cavour at his back, and even Cavour died too early. Cavour's idea was to reach Rome by moral means, never by force. Not that he was averse to force in order to gain his ends. His valet, who knew him as valets only know men, always presaged war when his master was in an exceptionally good humor. It was like the old legend of the statue of Memnon, that, cold and impassive in the time of peace, when war was in the air, and the sun's rays first caught it, gave utterance to sweet music. Possibly had Cavour not been called away on the eve of his triumph, he might have attempted some means of providing for his free Church in a free State. But if he had the secret, he carried it with him to his grave.

Cavour was called to the chief power in 1852. He had been in England, and studied closely the English system of government. He had travelled about Europe a good deal, and observed much. He had a rare combination of extraordinary keenness of intellect and far-sightedness, with strong every-day sense. To all ap-

pearances, even his personal appearance, he was a very matter-of-fact sort of man. But his purpose was as firm, though apparently as flexible as the finest tempered steel. It would bend this way and that at will, yet always come back to itself. His purpose from the outset of his political career was to make Italy a nation through the agency of the House of Savoy, and this he accomplished, using always whatever and whoever came to hand to suit his purposes, from Napoleon III. to Victor Emanuel, Mazzini, or Garibaldi, and, as some would whisper, Cardinal Antonelli, the Pope's clever Secretary of State.

With the advent of Cavour, Mazzini, Garibaldi, and their secret society associates, simply appear as puppets pulled by this master-hand. Thenceforth the campaign in Italy is his; and whatever was accomplished, whether in Sicily, Naples, Rome, was done according to his will or inspiration. This has now become matter of fact, so that it would be sheer waste of time to go over Garibaldi's ridiculously easy conquest of the kingdom of Naples, and his equally easy surrender of his assumed dictatorship at the confidential command of Cavour. As to how the conquest of Naples was accomplished, in common with all Cavour's conquests, it is enough to say, in the words of Mr. Dicey, "There is no disguising the fact, that the part played by Sardinia in the Garibaldian invasion of the Two Sicilies was not altogether open or straightforward;" and he adds, that "by a not unjust Nemesis neither the King nor his minister have ever attained the credit due to them for the skill with which they brought about the annexation of the Southern Kingdom. The glory of the enterprise was monopolized by Garibaldi, and it was believed at the time, and will probably be believed hereafter, that, but for Garibaldi and his red-shirted comrades, the unity of Italy would never have been an accomplished fact" (p. 235). Mr. Dicey adds, as is well known, that it was the interest of Sardinia to repudiate all responsibility for the act, and to represent Garibaldi as a principal, not as an agent. "Garibaldi himself," he says, "honestly shared this delusion; but the more the true history of the Neapolitan revolution becomes known, the more it will be recognized that it was Cavour who pulled the wires and worked the puppets."

Mr. Dicey was an eye-witness of the exploits of "the thousand of Marsala" in overturning a king and a kingdom. It is not always necessary to be an eye-witness in order to be a fair judge of events. But this Protestant writer ridicules the whole idea of the marvellous success of the Garibaldian invasion, save in so far as behind Garibaldi there stood the kingdom of Italy. The Bourbon monarchy, as he says, collapsed from sheer inanition and fear. The Neapolitans did not join Garibaldi any more than later on did the

Romans. Mr. Dicey is an honest admirer of Garibaldi. He witnessed his rule as dictator in Naples, and here is the picture he draws of it: "Naples had had long and rich experience of all kinds of mal-administration, but in the whole course of her troubled annals the capital of the Two Sicilies was never worse administered than under the rule of Garibaldi. In no city of Europe were there greater elements of social disturbance. The partisans of the Red Republic saw their opportunity." It is needless to quote further.

This is Garibaldi's most famous exploit, and the measure of the man may be taken here. In the zenith of his success he was never more than a tool playing into the hands of abler men, to what end he hardly knew. Deprived of his dictatorship, and enraged at both Victor Emanuel and Cavour, he retired to sulk in Caprera, rating them roundly as liars and cowards, charges that they could easily withstand from the *fou furieux*, once he had accomplished their work. He indignantly refused a pension from the King, but afterwards thought better of his refusal and accepted it, though refusing to relinquish the privilege of assailing, at stated intervals, the monarchy whose pensioner he voluntarily became. It is generally understood that such ebullitions occurred only when Garibaldi's pockets were empty, or when he had some favor to demand of the government, and his forcible appeal was never without effect. The march on Rome is simply a repetition of the march on Naples, save that Garibaldi was badly beaten by the French and the Papal volunteers. In all these movements Louis Napoleon was a close ally of Cavour and Victor Emanuel. In 1861 Cavour died, but his policy with regard to Rome lived after him. Victor Emanuel was recognized as King of Italy by Napoleon III., and after him by the other powers. In all Italy there was only left a little strip of territory and the City of the Pontiffs to the Pope. Even that would have been abandoned had not Napoleon III. feared the anger of the French people, already angry at the absorption, by invasion, duplicity, and fraud, of the peaceful States of the Church, that threatened the peace of none and relied on the good-will of all.

It is impossible here to touch on all the events that tended to make Italy what it is: such as the Crimean campaign and the campaign of Solferino, ending in the peace of Villafranca. In the campaign of Solferino, Garibaldi bore a conspicuous though not a very effective part. Through all the war of 1859 the French bore the lion's share. Later on Cavour discerned the rising power of Prussia, and made a secret alliance with it, which proved of service to Prussia during the war with Austria, and to Italy in the final session of Venetia, though it came through the hands of the

French Emperor. The result of this alliance with Prussia was the desertion by Italy of its old ally, the power that most of all helped to make Italy, France, in its sorest hour of need, during the war with Germany. The war with Germany necessarily included the withdrawal of the French forces from Rome, and the final invasion and possession of the city, in violation of his solemn pledge, by Victor Emanuel, on September 20th, 1870. In all these events Garibaldi bore a part of no special consequence. The kingdom had conquered the republic, at least for the time being. Rome had become the capital of a kingdom, and the Savoyard was king. Mazzini and Garibaldi had become little more than names. The one remained in exile and wrote and scolded to the last. The other, while continuing to advocate a republic, became a pensioner of the King, and so lost character among those who once worshipped him. Cavour and Pius IX. were the real conquerors. Cavour succeeded in making a kingdom of Italy, whether united or not is for the future to say. He conquered the Mazzinians and Garibaldians by using them for his purpose. The only man that neither he nor his successors could conquer was the Pope. They broke a breach through the Porta Pia, and entered in and took the City of the Pontiffs. They might have done that years before had they so desired. As said before, the Pope could never by arms defend himself against them. They could not make him, as they made Garibaldi, a pensioner on their bounty. They could not prevent him being head of the Church, or his sacred person from being the centre, his word from being the guide, of Christendom. They broke the pact of centuries and destroyed the last tradition of moral force, standing calmly in the face of might; and to achieve this great victory they employed the foes of all order, and made use of every kind of deceit. This is the brilliant statesmanship of Cavour, which has resulted in making an Italy united over a revolutionary Vesuvius and an outraged and alienated Catholic population. Italy is to-day held together, the revolution repressed, by an army of 200,000 men, while the land groans under more grievous taxation than the separate States ever knew. Of moral force there is none attached to the monarchy. The only thing after all staple in Italy to-day is the Papacy. The figures that played so conspicuous a part in the stirring events faintly sketched here have one by one disappeared. Cavour was the first to go in the hour of his temporary triumph. Mazzini followed, irreconcilable to the last, and leaving a school of Mazzinis behind him. Victor Emanuel's death preceded that of Pius IX. by a few days. There is a new King and a new Pope, and if asked which will surely last, all the world would give but one answer. And now Garibaldi has gone, unreconciled to the

Church that he had learned to hate, or to the kingdom that he had helped to make. Italy remains to be made. The revolutionists will surely unmake even the present framework unless they are offset by a government of justice and right. But the right arm of such a government is the great conservative force of the Catholic Church, which these makers of Italy chose to cut off. The brilliant policy of Cavour, which after all was the policy of the revolution, resulted in the dispossession of the centre of Catholicity and conservatism. The government would now fain call that power to its aid against the living revolution; but they found it easier to dispossess than they find it to repossess, and all Europe bears witness to their mistake.

PROTESTANT CHURCHES AND CHURCH-GOERS.¹

PROTESTANTISM has always been stronger in denial than in profession; it could always say decidedly that it rejected and did not believe certain doctrines of the Catholic Church, and deny its authority in general; but when it came to say what it professed and believed, all unanimity was lost, each individual claimed, if he did not exercise, the right to frame a system for himself. Under state pressure uniformity was enforced in many countries in utter defiance of the boasted right of private judgment, and men were compelled to acquiesce in confessions of faith and formularies drawn up by men who did not, and could not, claim to be directly commissioned or empowered by God. Attendance at the church service instituted was made compulsory, punishment being meted out to all who neglected or refused to be present.

This was so utterly inconsistent and absurd that human reason rebelled, and in England, Holland, Denmark, Germany, and Scandinavia, as well as in this country, men believe as much or as little of Protestant doctrines as they choose, and attend service in the churches as it suits them. Their opposition to Catholicity, and their rejection of the teaching authority of the Church, its worship and its ordinances, still stands firm in most minds; few men can tell precisely what they believe on any point, or what constitutes

¹ A Compendium of the Ninth Census (June 1, 1870) compiled pursuant to a concurrent act of Congress, and under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior, by Francis A. Walker, Superintendent of Census. Washington: Government Printing Office, 1872, pp. 940.

worship, but they feel sure that the Catholics are in error, and on general principles must be opposed and kept down. In the spread of indifferentism and apathy, nothing but an anti-Catholic movement can rouse the masses; and even this fails to create any lasting interest in Protestantism as a faith or a system.

The young people, it was seen, would not become church members, and bind themselves to a code for which they saw no reasonable foundation, and the necessity of which for salvation could not be predicated. The machinery of Sunday Schools and Sunday School Unions was tried; but though it kept the children by a kind of bribery, when they ceased to be children they fell away. Then the Young Men's Christian Association sprang up, and the young men found something in religion less repellent and cheerless than the hard dry forms from which they shrank, but these associations in time threatened to supersede the churches, and the Protestant clergy took alarm. A decline was soon apparent. In a few places fine buildings have been erected and the organization maintains some life, but in many smaller cities and towns they have disbanded or exist only in name. The latest effort is the Bible Class, which under the International plan, setting forth a lesson to be taken up everywhere on the same day, has for a moment given some life; but even this already shows signs of waning.

In spite of all efforts, the interest of Protestants in their religion and their churches is steadily declining. The preachers who attract large congregations are those who appeal to the public taste of the place or moment, who put forward no doctrine, who explain away everything by generalities, who seem more anxious to show what they do not believe than to declare what is God's truth revealed to man. More and more distinct becomes the contrast between the Catholic Church, speaking like the prophet or apostle, "Thus saith the Lord," and Protestantism enouncing: "Brüder, I am inclined to think."

The decline of Protestant church life has been so marked that the United States census has been employed to hide it. Every ten years the public documents give an imposing array of figures, showing so many Protestant churches, and so many millions of sittings, counting actually the empty benches, and trying to make the world believe that they represent that number of occupants. It is like the military stratagem of spreading out a thin picket line to convey the idea of a large supporting force. Yet though the United States Government adopts this system for the census, we do not suppose they accept it in the Treasury Department, or that a National bank is allowed to report the size and capacity of its vaults, instead of the number and amount of the securities therein contained. Some

of the insurance companies would doubtless be very glad to adopt the census system in making up their statements.

The census enumeration would have gone on unchecked and unquestioned had not some one connected with the press desired to raise a new question for public discussion, or some editor been at a loss how to turn to advantage the labors of supernumerary reporters. But in January, 1881, reporters were detailed to the churches of all denominations in Philadelphia to make an actual count of the people who went to church one Sunday. The city of Philadelphia and the State of Pennsylvania are strongly anti-Catholic, the rampant Protestantism displaying itself in a host of intolerant acts of the legislature, and measures of administrative detail. The count in Philadelphia would, therefore, naturally show a preponderatingly large Protestant attendance at church. This the census clearly indicated; this every thinking man would assert. But yet the actual count of all who entered the 131 Protestant places of worship in the city of William Penn showed a total number of 42,140, while those placed at the doors of the 19 Catholic churches counted 82,653 who passed the portals of those few houses of worship. This was an unexpected and rather startling result. There were actually in Philadelphia nearly two Catholic churchgoers to one Protestant, and every Catholic church had twelve times as many worshippers as the average Protestant meeting-house.

The figures seemed incredible, and in March another trial was made. The Philadelphia *Times* of March 17th announced that by a calculation made on the previous Sunday 38,019 attended 9 Catholic churches, and 19,946 attended 56 Protestant churches. The proportion is about the same; the average attendance of a Catholic church being 4000, that of a Protestant church about 300.

In April, 1881, the same experimental test was resorted to in New Haven, one of the capitals of the State of Connecticut. There 40 Protestant churches could gather only 12,000 within their walls, while 5 Catholic churches had congregations numbering 12,431; the Protestant average corresponding with that in Philadelphia, though the Catholic average was less. To fill their meeting-houses, Protestants would need to revive the old New Haven law, which read:

"And it is further ordered that wheresoever the ministry of the word is established within this jurisdiction, according to the order of the gospel, every person according to the mind of God, shall duly resort and attend thereunto, upon the Lord's days at least, and also upon days of public fasting or thanksgiving, ordered to be generally kept and observed. And if any person within this

jurisdiction shall, without just and necessary cause, absent or withdraw from the same, he shall after due means of conviction used, for every such sinful miscarriage, forfeit five shillings to the plantation, to be levied as other fines." Trumbull's *True Blue Laws of Connecticut*, page 220.

This present year the chief city in Puritan New England, no other than Boston itself—Boston that enforced uniformity, and beheld with satisfaction Quakers swinging from the gallows, gave its statistics of church-goers.

The *Advertiser* made arrangements to take, on April 16th, 1882, not a United States census, but a common-sense census of the number attending the services at every church in the city. Of the result it is said: "In a general view, the total view is a very considerable understatement, on account of the numerous forenoon services held in the Roman Catholic churches, all of which have a large attendance,"—in other words, the early masses (each of which has a distinct congregation not generally attending any other mass) were not included.

Yet what was the result!

23 Baptist churches,	15,775
3 Congregational,	805
25 Congregational Trinitarian,	15,005
24 Congregational Unitarian,	9,326
20 Episcopalian,	12,040
6 Jewish,	958
2 Lutheran,	591
23 Methodist Episcopal,	9,336
2 Methodist,	2,058
7 Presbyterian,	3,300
2 Swedenborgian,	530
3 Union churches,	775
9 Universalist,	2,337
11 Miscellaneous and non-Sectarian,	2,738
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160 Protestant churches,	75,572
30 Catholic churches (early masses not generally counted),	49,337

Thus in the chief city of Puritan New England, there were, according to these figures, two Catholic to three Protestant church-goers, and on a full count including all the masses, the Catholics would undoubtedly equal the Protestant in number.

In the same month a census was taken in St. Louis, which showed at 104 Protestant churches, 34,109, and at 34 Catholic churches, 85,171, the Protestant average being about 320, the Congregational with 2105, in 5 churches, the German Evangelical with 3868, in 8 churches, German Lutheran, 3651, in 9 churches, Methodist Episcopal with 5833, in 16 churches, Presbyterians, 6926, in 17 churches, being above the average.

The data supplied by the census thus made in different parts of the country compared with the capacity of the places of worship, shows that the Protestant Church extension has been carried beyond the limits of necessity, and beyond the ability of the decreasing flocks to maintain them. The present congregations, with their average number of three hundred, could not have erected the stately edifices, which dot the land in all parts, nor can they now maintain a married clergy. And yet the congregation, as it is, does not consist entirely of members who feel a moral responsibility to make sacrifices to maintain the organization. If we come to the matter of church membership, the figures are still more astonishing. To judge by the demonstrations made against Catholicity which elicit polemical Protestantism, one would imagine the great mass of the population deeply imbued with Protestant doctrines, and hugging them to their hearts with a love and devotion which nothing could lessen, but when we come to count practical Protestantism by those who feel sufficient interest in religion to associate themselves with a church, so as to undertake to observe its ordinances, and according to their ideas and language become "Christians," the mystery is almost inexplicable. The Congregational Church, once the power of New England controlling the state, shows a decline of members in 1881, and claims 381,697 members for 3804 churches, an average of little more than 100 to a church, and of these 251,822 were women, leaving 128,060 male members, but little more than 33 to a church, and we infer not 25 adults. Ten years ago the census of 1870 said: "The Baptists average 80 communicants to a church organization; the Methodist Episcopal, 90; the Presbyterian (North), 98; the Reformed Church in America 132, the highest average attained; the Evangelical Association, 74, the lowest." The census may well call this an "extraordinary and wholly unprecedented" state of affairs. To use its language in endeavoring to settle the figures for a certain denomination, "when it is considered that nearly if not quite two-thirds of the communicants of churches are, as a rule, women and minor children, we shall have as an average," about thirty-two "communicants among the adult males bearing the burden of the support of a church." For the lessons of the census of 1880, we must still wait patiently, as the results are not yet ready to lay before the public.

Where the burden falls on so small a number, a struggle ensues that cannot long be maintained. A popular preacher may be secured at a comparatively high salary, who will draw more to the church services; music and other attractions will be tried; the benevolence of the wealthy during life, or at death, keeps many a church from sinking, but in many cases, it is a constant and pain-

ful struggle for existence. A clergyman may have devoted himself to study, and according to their standard be pious and zealous for the welfare of his flock, but if he fails to draw, his congregation declines, and he is set aside for a more worldly and attractive man.

A Protestant clergyman discoursing on this very theme, "The Alleged Decline in the Power of the Christian Ministry," says: "The Protestant ministry relinquished a large active power when it took the position that a minister was not a priest," but that was inevitable, for priest supposes altar and laity; and no man can make himself a priest; that must come from a supernatural power.

The theological seminaries show the influence of this spirit. Rationalist doctrines, if pertly and popularly put, take with the students, and where a faculty from a sense of duty remove a man who is sapping what remains of Christianity instead of inculcating and upholding it, they find that a crowd of students depart with the professor. The ears of the multitude must be flattered with florid and vapid discourses, and this style, the young aspirants to the ministry seek to adopt as the only one that holds out a prospect of competence, if they enter the ministry.

As a consequence the standard of the Protestant clergy is much lower than it was. The stately old minister is a thing of the past. The body consists of a few stars, highly paid, and of a host of men whose salary does not average five hundred dollars a year, who must live respectably on that, and exercise hospitality—in fact, try to live like gentlemen on the pay of a third-rate mechanic.

Faith in Protestantism as a system is dying out. Berlin, the centre of the *Kulturkampf* against Catholicity, has a population so little given to church-going, that most of the places of worship are comparatively empty on Sunday. Though, as we have seen, church-going has so rapidly declined here, American Protestants are shocked at the state of affairs in Berlin.

In London it is the same. Many of the old Catholic churches in that city, which the Established Church has retained, have on Sunday congregations of less than fifty. It is proposed to suppress some of the churches, and consolidate the parishes. The Ritualist are the only ones belonging to the establishment which seem to interest any large numbers, and this is perhaps one reason of the hostility manifested towards them. There the Catholic churches overflow, and if the government sells the time-honored shrines, some of them will be, like Ely Chapel, restored to Catholic worship. Then the contrast will be sharply defined: then churches which Protestantism could not save from utter emptiness, will be filled with crowds who gather to offer the holy sacrifice.

We have actual figures by which to judge of the decline of

church attendance in Liverpool. In 1853, the average numbers of those present on Sunday at the various places of worship, was 101,982; in October, 1881, notwithstanding the increase of population, it had fallen to 63,576, and it is remarked that the number of Catholic church-goers far exceeds that of the Protestant.

The fact of the great decline in the numbers of those who attend Protestant churches is admitted. People are no longer compelled by fine or by public opinion to attend. The time is gone when the head of a family felt it a duty to be present with his wife and little ones. The next questions are, what is the radical cause of this defection, and whether Protestantism can afford a remedy.

One of the papers, discussing the matter, says: "That a large majority outside of the Catholic communion do not, in large towns and cities at least, attend a church, and that the influence of large towns and cities will, in this as in other things, produce in time like results in country districts, is on all hands conceded. The causes have been discussed and rehearsed, but the remedy seems no plainer than before."

The increasing influence of the infidel element in this country has done much to weaken the hold of Protestant churches on their people. Lincoln's infidelity did not prevent his reaching the presidency, nor does Ingersoll's prevent his influence in a party which assumed the merit of all the virtues and Christian graces. Public men disavow being church members now as decidedly as they put it forward as a recommendation a few years ago. Each political aspirant seeks the backing of church organizations, but shrinks from being identified with any, or being regarded as a man who takes his salvation to heart. Secret societies have with them superseded the church, and all these adopt a sort of ecclesiastical character, with chaplains, rites, ceremonies, services, prayer, hymn, and address; they baptize, marry and bury with rites of their own; they lay corner-stones of public buildings, and not being overstocked with modesty, push in the background not only the Protestant clergy and church organizations, but, as in the obelisk celebration in New York, take the whole affair in their own hands and ignore city, state, and federal governments as mere trivial institutions compared to themselves.

One of the outgrowths of this infidel element is the proposition to tax churches. The project when put forward met strong Protestant approval. Many saw the fine and stately Catholic churches swept away from the builders for non-payment of taxes, and the thought was pleasing and gratifying; but when they came to reflect they saw that Catholics thought a great deal of their churches and were accustomed to make sacrifices, so that they would strain every nerve to save them; but how would it be with the poorer

Protestant churches? As it is they are continually breaking up. In most cities you can at any time find a Protestant church of some denomination for sale. It seems strange, but it is a fact. A priest, who had received permission from the head of the diocese to begin a church for his countrymen, spoke to the writer of his wish to find a lot and build. "Why build when you can surely find a Protestant church for sale, which will do you for the present and cost comparatively little?" He was amazed at the idea of finding churches in the market in that style, but one morning's search showed six churches for sale in the part of the city assigned for his labors. One of these was secured at a very small outlay of ready money, and it has served the purposes of the congregation to the present time.

When heavy taxation is added to the burden of these weak Protestant churches the number that will come into the market will increase rapidly. Even without this the paralysis and inanition are diminishing them rapidly. Recently in Brooklyn five Methodist churches resolved to consolidate, use two of their buildings, and dispose of the rest. The Hicksite Friends, to whom Grant in his administration allotted such a host of the Indian agencies, had dwindled at the commencement of this year to two meeting-houses in New York city, and recently they have disposed of one of these, and now in a city of a population exceeding a million can boast of only one meeting-house.

Evidently the moribund churches need only taxation to sweep them out of existence.

Another evidence of infidelity is the hostility to the church-going bell, that from time to time finds expression, and is almost always heartily indorsed by the press. The last campaign against the bell in New York was begun by one Bell. People are not altogether ready to give way on this point; but the bell must fight for existence.¹ There is a marked and growing hostility to all that savors of religion, and the war is carried on with much tact. No agency has been so potent in rooting out of the mind all trace of Christianity as the public school and the so-called Secular Education—that most pleasing to the *Princeps hujus Sæculi*. There was a time when the Ten Commandments were taught, obedience to

¹ Longfellow has gone without entering the Church, of whose interior life he read so much, by an insight that was almost faith. In his last poem he sang:

"The Bells of San Blas to me
Have a strange, wild melody,
And are something more than a name.
For bells are the voice of the Church;
They have tones that touch and search
The hearts of the young and old."

God and his law, the necessity of adoring God, and keeping his law inculcated, but that is of the past.

An ex-Jewish rabbi, Adler, formed a society for ethical culture; it had its Sunday services, but he has recently abandoned it as sterile; it had no good works to show. How could infidelity or negation be fruitful in good works?

Men are everywhere groping for something more satisfactory than Protestantism, and unfortunately they start with such a prejudice against Catholicity that they never seriously examine it, but flounder hopelessly from one experiment to another.

As one paper remarked: "Many church members do not regard the church as essential to salvation any more than those outside of it regard it as essential. . . . The attitude toward the church both of the members and of the non-members is strikingly alike. Both are swayed by the same forces away from the church. The one do not care much to go; the others do not care much whether they go or not."

Here lies the real difficulty. Those who undertook in the sixteenth century to remodel Christianity assumed one theory as the basis of all their action. Man must not be required to believe or do anything not specifically commanded in Scripture. They do not attempt or pretend to show that this was laid down in Scripture: they refused to give the proof, and insisted that their assertion made it so.

The worship of Almighty God that had obtained throughout Christendom for centuries was abolished by the innovators, and its ministers marked out for slaughter, as thoroughly and as ruthlessly as that of the old law and its ministry by Antiochus.

They seized such of the churches as they spared, and set up a service for the people. Ministry and worship were as effectually the creation of the innovators as those of Michas in the days of the Judges, when "every one did that which seemed right to himself."

If then or now a Protestant were asked: "What is the essential element of public divine worship in your service as distinguished from preaching or instruction of the people on the one hand, and private prayer or praise on the other?" he can give no answer, for there is no essential element in their service. There is nothing in it instituted by God, required by Him under pain of sin; there is nothing therefore that makes the Protestant service one that member or non-member feels bound in conscience to join in. There is nothing about it essential to salvation, as our Lord evidently taught that there must be in public worship. There is, therefore, no logical reason for the existence of Protestant churches at all. Instruction can be acquired, and is acquired, in our day more generally

from books; prayer can be offered more quietly and collectedly at home. Why then go to church at all? Thousands of Protestants really put this question to themselves, and hence the indifference to church-going.

But can it be possible that God under the new law has no positive form of worship which He requires man to render to Him? If we turn to the old law we find the patriarchs offering sacrifice of animals to the Lord, and this was practiced not only by Abraham and his descendants, but also by gentiles who acknowledged the true God, as Job, Melchisedec, Raguel, Balaam. When God gave the law to Moses He instituted a priesthood hereditary in the family of Aaron, He established a daily worship by incense, with sacrifices at appointed times, prescribing in detail the rites and ceremonies to be used, the dress of the priests and their ministers, down even to their underclothing. The first of the Ten Commandments, while in form negative, and forbidding worship to be rendered to false gods, in its positive character required this appointed worship to be offered by all to the living God: "The Lord thy God, thou shalt adore, and him only shalt thou serve." The adoration and service being clearly a public worship. Wherever the Ark of the Covenant was, down to its final removal to Solomon's temple, this whole system of worship was carried out, and there it continued till the Kingdom of Juda fell, the temple was destroyed, and the people carried away to Babylon. When they were at last permitted to return to their own land, they rebuilt the temple; the Ark of the Covenant was no longer there; the Holy of Holies was empty; but though the Scriptures nowhere give any positive command of God that He should be worshipped there and only there, our Lord decided that point when He told the Samaritan woman that in this matter of sacrifice salvation was with the Jews and not with the Samaritans, who carried out the same worship on Mount Gerizim.

This worship and system was accepted by our Lord. Under it He was circumcised, presented in the temple; from childhood He went up to the temple on the great feasts of the law; His last day was given to the fulfilment of one of its observances, the eating of the Paschal Lamb.

His Apostles continued to go up to the temple; one of them was slain within its precincts; St. Paul went up there to fulfil a vow by sacrifice; he conferred circumcision on Timothy, that he too might fulfil its requirements.

To be logical, Protestants, taking the Scriptures as their only guide, ought to follow this example. Here is a public worship of God, prescribed by God, practiced by our Lord and His disciples, and nowhere forbidden or superseded.

That there should be no public worship instituted by God, and

required by Him to be offered as a fulfilment of the First Commandment, is repugnant to reason. If Protestants admit that they have none, they must, as a logical sequence of their principles, return to that of the Mosaic law.

But that has ceased. Centuries and centuries have rolled away since the altar in the temple of Jerusalem smoked with the blood of victims, since the holocaust or the specified parts were consumed by fire on the appointed altar, offered by the sons of Aaron. It is, therefore, plainly impossible to return to it, and were it possible, the return would be a cry, "*Erravimus!*" All Christianity has been a mistake. We should have followed Christ under the Mosaic rites!"

Is there no public worship then of God? What if the unproved principle of the innovators is false? Not only is it nowhere laid down, but the whole scheme of Christ is at variance with it. He gave no commission to any man such as was given to Moses, to write down in detail the plan of the Church, its worship, its rites, its doctrines: He appointed twelve apostles, giving one power as the chief or head; to them He gave oral instructions before and after His death and resurrection; them He sent to teach the nations. And what were they to teach mankind? "To observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." The form of public divine worship is not in the written word; therefore it must be in these unwritten instructions to the Apostles, and it becomes a question of tradition, that is to say of historical evidence, what the Apostles taught the nations to do as a fulfilment of the obligation of rendering public worship, *latreia*, to Almighty God. Protestantism has nothing that possesses any *latreutic* element; the worship of the temple of Jerusalem, hallowed though it was by the Redeemer's actual attendance, is gone,—what then has been, what is the public worship ordained of God, acceptable to Him?

Worship is the payment by man of a measureless debt to his Creator; a debt that of himself he is utterly powerless to pay; it is for the Almighty to fix the terms, and ordain how and when the payment shall be made; the debtor cannot pay what he deems an equivalent; he can only bow in gratitude to any decision of his Creator, and feel that all he can give, his life, his existence, his means, are all utterly inadequate, and can possess a value only from the mercy of God.

If we go back to the Apostolic churches, those founded in Syria, Egypt, Greece, Asia Minor, Italy, in the days of the Apostles and by them, and ask them what is the *latreutic* worship of Almighty God, there is only one answer,—the Mass. Heresies arose in the very days of the Apostles, and in every century bodies of Christians cut themselves away from the unity of the Church, but they

all retained the *Leitourgia*, the Mass, as the sole and only act of public worship of Almighty God under the new law. Jerusalem had the liturgy of St. James, the brother of our Lord; Alexandria that of St. Mark the Evangelist; the Greek Church still uses that of St. James as modified by St. Basil and St. Chrysostom; the Church of Rome the liturgy of St. Peter and St. Paul as edited by Popes Gelasius and St. Gregory. Wherever found, among the Christians of St. Thomas in India, the Nestorians, Armenians, Chaldees, Copts or Abyssinians, Syrian, Greek, or Roman, the liturgy or the Mass is the same in its essential character, identical in its idea, as the great solemn act of divine worship, and so uniform in its whole form and substance that it is unmistakable and cannot be confounded with or mistaken for any other rite or ceremony. The most ignorant person belonging to one rite, if in a church where Mass is offered, though the language be utterly unfamiliar to his ears, the vestments strange, recognizes at once that it is the Mass. It is the supreme act of public worship, distinct and clearly defined from all other services and rites.

— The Nestorians and Eutychians date back to the fifth century; they have the Mass,—a Mass older than the founders of their sects, with modifications introduced by the heresiarchs who founded them, and these Masses, in all essential parts, and especially in the *Anaphora* or Canon, harmonize completely with the orthodox liturgies.

In itself the Mass shows in its language that it arose from the devotions and scriptures of the Jewish Church, from forms of prayer that were familiar to the Apostles, and which can be traced in unmistakable echoes in the synagogue of the modern Jew; while not a line, a thought, an act can be traced to the classic writings of Greece and Rome.

The Canon was nowhere committed to writing till the fifth century; it was committed to memory by the bishops and priests, and handed down orally, as a sacred trust, a “sound form of words,” so great was the fear that it might be exposed to the derision and blasphemy of infidels. When at last written down in the different countries, the fact that it was found to be everywhere the same in substance, is in itself a marvel, attesting the unity of its origin, the unity of the faith, and controlling influence of the Spirit of God.

St. John the Evangelist, in his *Apocalypse*, pictures a scene of worship in the heavenly Jerusalem, where a venerable pontiff is seated on a throne, in sacred robe and girdle, with assistant ancients or priests, with an altar, a choir, candlesticks of gold, censers with incense, and Jesus Christ, the “Lamb that was slain,” at once victim and God, to whom the victim is offered; and from beneath the altar the prayers of martyrs ascending in union with the great

sacrifice. It is a vision of heaven, indeed, not a picture of earth, but Saint Irenæus, disciple of the Apostles, writing in 167, little more than a century after the establishment of the Church on earth, says: "Either Saint John, in order to shadow forth the glory and the splendor of the adoration, which all the choirs of angels and the saints are continually exhibiting to God within His sanctuary of heaven, must have used an imagery and language descriptive of the ceremonial practiced by the Christians of his time in their assemblies on the Lord's day; or else the liturgy of the holy sacrifice, or the Mass, must have been modelled according to the vision of that favorite disciple of our Lord."

We may well believe, indeed, that the worship in the heavenly Jerusalem, the type of that on earth, was seen by all the Apostles, and that they instituted the worship of the new law according to the pattern shown them as Moses did of old.

Here, then, is a public worship, with a heavenly type, traced back to the Apostles, redolent of Jewish prayer and scripture, coeval and coextensive with Christendom, standing alone, without a rival, without a competitor. There was no other public worship of God known in Syria or Egypt, in Spain or the British Isles, in Italy or Numidia. Churches were reared for its oblation as soon as Christianity was free, and it was the only great act of worship offered or known by a Gregory, a Clement, a Basil, a Chrysostom, an Augustine, an Ambrose, an Isidore, a Martin, a Boniface, by all the holy men who, drawn nearer to God by deep and earnest love, saw by new light that all but transcended faith.

But is this worship adequate? Is it worthy of a God of infinite majesty? It is so divine that no human mind could have conceived it; it is so divine that God himself can institute nothing greater than a sacrifice in which the high priest is God, the victim is God, the object of the adoration is God.

And is this the Mass? Every Catholic knows that it is.

The Holy Eucharist, instituted by our divine Lord on the day of his death—for so it really was in Jewish reckoning, evening and morning making the day—blends with his passion and death on the cross as one. St. Paul declares this by saying that in the Eucharist we "show the death of the Lord until he come;" and the words of the institution make it mark the shedding of the life-blood, death.

In the new law we have an altar, and eat of the victim offered upon it (Heb. xiii. 10); the victim offered on the altar in the heavenly Jerusalem, and on the cross, "the lamb standing as it were slain" (Apoc. v. 6); slain as man yet adored as God (13); and we have him also as a high priest according to the order of Melchisedec (Heb. vi. 20), offering bread and wine, yet in his "everlasting priesthood" making "the sacrifice of himself" (vii. 24; ix. 26).

The Catholic kneels before the altar. A man like to himself is the minister of the eternal high priest, offering bread and wine, which by the words of Christ and by His act as priest forever become as He declares, His body and blood, His death shown by the separation. Then the awful mystery is accomplished. Christ, true God and true man, offers Himself to His Eternal Father. Descending to us by His humanity, He enables us to join in the sacrifice, conscious of our own utter nothingness.

We adore Him, and implore Him to wash us white in the sacred blood, and to offer the sacrifice of the cross as a propitiatory sacrifice, that God may look down on us in mercy; to offer it as a sacrifice of adoration, for He alone knows the honor that is due to God, blessing, praising, thanking Him for His great glory; for all the graces and glory bestowed on His own sacred humanity; for all that through it have flowed on the angels and saints in heaven or awaiting their entrance; for all the graces given and to be given to mankind to the end of time and for the glory offered to them if they persevere to the end; to offer it for obtaining all spiritual and temporal graces for ourselves and others. And as in the old law, we consummate the sacrifice by eating of the altar, by partaking of the victim.

What can be more worthy of God? The high priest is Christ Jesus, true God and true man; His body and blood are the victims offered, and the victim is offered to the one true and only God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

And this great divine act of worship of the Most High God, the innovators of the sixteenth century swept ruthlessly away. There were countries in Europe where it ceased as utterly as it did in Northern Africa under the tramp of the hordes of the Moslem. They had nothing to set up in place of it. They could gather their followers and harangue them, they could pray in their hame, they might take the discarded missal and try to frame a form of prayer, but the idea of any act of public worship, instituted by God, established by the Apostles under His authority, to be continued through the ages, was lost.

In all the records of time, it was the most terrible act of rebellion against Almighty God that is recorded, this sweeping away, this abolition, this suppression of the public worship of God.

Protestantism was thus as a religious system, the greatest anomaly that had ever yet appeared on earth. Every system, even of paganism and the most savage and barbarous races, recognized some deity, and had some service, some distinctive act of worship, which it claimed was appointed by the divinity it recognized; every one had a class of men whom it believed appointed from above to offer the oblation that was to appease, at least for a time, the offended deity, to return him thanks, to secure his aid in peril.

When men after the flood first fell away the honors paid to false gods closely resembled in form and character those already offered to the true God, and even in the lapse of ages all likeness was not lost. The sacrifices of early Greece, as described in her ancient poets, are not much unlike those offered to the true God under the law of Moses. Thus the idea of divine worship was universal, and was apparently deeply rooted in the human mind. Protestantism swept it wholly away, and it is one of the most amazing facts of the great religious revolution of the sixteenth century. An idea that seemed interwoven with every fibre of humanity was at once cast out; a whole swarm of new religions appeared, not one of which had any essential act of public divine worship, some keeping up a kind of hollow form, but resulting logically in Fox's system, in which church, ministry, and service were alike rejected.

His system was too bold, too cold, too repulsive to meet with general acceptance. Each denomination kept up some Sunday service, but gradually the part of their services which was at all addressed to God, became less and less important. To a Protestant mind, by a strange confusion, preaching to men is supposed to be offering worship to God! And now the preaching is drifting further away from the things of God, and in many cases is a vehicle for uprooting what little faith is left in the hearts of men.

Protestantism swept away the Mass, and cannot restore it. She rejected a public worship of Almighty God, and cannot replace it. Her children have grown up in ignorance of the nature of public worship. Yet among them comes that yearning for something which shall fill up what the heart tells man ought to offer. Little as we Catholics think it, there are often mingled among us at Mass, men like Rev. Dr. Woods, like Fitzgreen Halleck, who come to kneel and join in what they feel is a real act of worship to Almighty God: kneeling like proselytes of the gate, with the veil yet over their hearts.

Some think to fill again the deserted churches of Protestantism by borrowing from Catholicity her altars, her candles, her chants, her vestments; but though Catholics cling to these as time-honored, as associated from time immemorial with the great sacrifice, they are not in themselves the essence of divine worship, and a service with them alone is but a hollow form, a lifeless body, a dream and vision of the night. "The Lamb that was slain" must be upon the altar, then all that human genius can devise, or art achieve, all human eloquence and harmony, shrink into utter insignificance in their endeavor to invest the worship of the living God with the grandeur that the devout heart craves, but will crave in vain till it bows in the heavenly Jerusalem at the altar that stands before the throne of God.

"NEARING THE TRUE POLE."

THE explorations of the Arctic Ocean bear a striking resemblance to explorations carried on in another sphere, the sphere of religion. In the one case our times witnessed a marked and steady increase of the interest taken in the search for the open Polar Sea, which some pretend to have seen, while others just as staunchly deny its existence. "Reaching the North Pole" seems to possess a singular fascination. Within our century expedition after expedition has been fitted out and left friendly shores for the purpose of returning with the glad tidings that the secret is no longer a secret. Yet the problem whether sea or land stretches out around the Pole still remains a mystery. On the other hand, the true religious pole has in its way attracted also a growing and deep, not to say a universal interest, and justly so. Again, while to those somewhat conversant with the elementary principles of geography it is pretty well known *that* and *where* the geographical North Pole exists, so it is well known likewise to a portion of the Christian world, namely, to Catholics, that true religion is no phantom, but a reality. The search in the inhospitable regions of the far North called for heavy sacrifices. Yet apparently these sacrifices did not exercise any discouraging effect. For the failure or loss of one expedition stimulated forthwith other men of determination and energy to risk in turn their lives in a struggle with boundless ice-fields, with mountains of water in its most rigid form, with tempest and cold and blinding snow, and with dangers and hardships which probably only an Arctic navigator can fully appreciate. To unveil a mystery, to penetrate what others failed to penetrate, to reach that much-coveted spot beyond the inhabitable regions, these attractions proved sufficiently strong for others to venture upon exploits for which many paid with their lives a heavy penalty, while others had to abandon their vessels, crushed in by ice-fields, some perishing on the perilous homeward passage, and none returning with more than scanty fragments of that for which they staked so much. And so with the explorers of the religious Polar basin. They tried various routes. They approached the problem of man's destiny from all sides. Some also perished completely in the attempt of formulating an answer, others had to leave the craft they had embarked on, and were lost on the way to the friendly shore, or reached shelter and refuge there only after most trying ordeals. The fate of a good many founders of religions, or discoverers of a true religious Pole, has been no less sad than that of Sir John Franklin and his unfortunate companions.

But while the practical value of the solution of the geographical problem will never be more than a questionable quantity at best, every step nearer to the true religious centre of rotation is of great moment, not only to individuals, but to society at large. For, in the one case, comparatively little is gained,—apart from the value which attaches itself to a correct knowledge of the ocean-currents and their direction in those high latitudes; apart from the intrinsic value of this knowledge on account of its bearing upon navigation and ocean-currents in more southerly waters; apart from what meteorology, geology, mineralogy, geography and kindred branches may reap from continued observations and from collections; apart from all this—it is very doubtful whether any, not to say certain that no discovery of any practical importance to the world can or will be made. Neither commerce nor trade would be benefited by the verification of an open Polar Sea, nor would there accrue any advantages to mankind at large if one explorer should some day return and be able to say that the spot on this globe, round which the daily rotation takes place, is no longer clad in inaccessible virginity. Still, the geographer's interest is, nevertheless, perfectly legitimate, nor does the attitude of society, its keen sympathy with and for North Pole expeditions, deserve unfavorable comment or condemnation. But that other set of facts in the religious sphere should be not less familiar to society, since its import involves the gravest questions and issues to every one and to all alike. As it has been reserved for our times, that is to say for the nineteenth century, to produce explorers of great prominence regarding the geographical North Pole, so it has been likewise reserved to the same period to bring forth eminent discoverers in the sea of religion. It is but necessary to think of Herbert Spencer, whom the newness of his course, no less than his persevering energy, mark as a typical figure. He stands out in bold relief, for he opened up a hitherto untrodden territory. And besides him, in the recent past, men of less individual renown have struck out on a course which brought them to a point much nearer the true goal than any reached by their predecessors. In fact, what has been accomplished lately seems to warrant the assertion that the religious question has entered upon a new stage, and that new stage one far in advance of the preceding ones. Still, it would be rash to infer from this remark that the problem of religion rests now under a clear sky. *That* time has not yet arrived, and probably never will arrive. The day has not yet dawned on which a blue firmament's serene azure will delight a human race free from doubt on that subject. Much of what has been said and written within the last fifty years, added fresh density rather to the clouds than helped to disperse them. But the mists

form no longer an unbroken mass of gray woven into gray. Rays of light begin to pierce here and there, and the soil upon which these streaks of light fell proved by no means sterile.

Herbert Spencer and the school of advanced thought, as the exponent of which he must be considered, announced to the thinking world two facts, or, to be more explicit, made two statements which were claimed to be borne out by facts. In the first place, search for a true religious Pole, it was asserted, can yield no result, for the simple reason that no such Pole exists. And, in the second place, granting it did exist, the road to it was said to be such that human attempts to reach it would have of necessity to fail. Perceiving, however, the imperative necessity of a central point round which the religious cravings of the human being may revolve, Herbert Spencer, with inventive genius, furnished a magnetic Pole. Of this latter he maintained that it could, and in a near future would, be reached, and thus sociology was substituted in the *Data of Ethics* for religion. There is no gainsaying the fact that this speculative scheme is systematized with wonderful ingenuity; nevertheless, the work has been left unfinished. Later discoveries in the sea of religion upset completely the sociological theorem of the magnetic Pole, and invalidate thereby the whole arduous labor of the projector of this hypothesis. They turn the current away from the magnetic and towards the true Pole, for they assert the existence of it, they prove it as a reality, and prove it, moreover, as not beyond access, howsoever difficult the voyage to it may be. It is, therefore, a plain matter of justice to verify the compass, before giving full credence to the one side or to the other.

The truths recently unearthed are, as far as science and even as far as a large portion of Christian society is concerned, really and truly new discoveries. Not so, however, in regard to Catholicity. To that Church they are not new, but precisely what they were ever since they have been rescued from among the smoking ruins of Paganism. There they have been kept and treasured, and hence survived the general shipwreck of the sixteenth century. The dust and the ashes of the many collapsing religio-philosophical systems, which were called into life by disowning the true religious Pole, namely, by the so-called Reformation, covered up these truths so thoroughly that for all practical purposes they were lost. At that time the inauguration of expeditions into the religious Arctic took place. What preceded this movement sunk into oblivion. Funeral chants were sung over their grave; they were no more. And now these children of truth, believed dead, because buried *in effigie*, have been recalled into life, and this by a mother popular, as well as highly respectable. Science applied to

religion in shape of Positivism and in shape of Humanism, gave them to the world again. And this forms a weighty reason for the belief that the rediscovered old truths will obtain a hearing—a favorable hearing—and acquire a certain currency. For whatever comes from this quarter in our days is not apt to be discredited and laid aside without careful scrutiny.

The first observation to be made has reference to the true meaning of religion. Religion, in order to be religion, must furnish a complete synthesis of life. To take only firm hold of our reasoning faculties is not enough. Religion must do more; it must appeal likewise to that other agency of human actions which often shows itself much more potent than reason, namely, the human heart. The abstract truths of mathematics may challenge our admiration; the vastness of space and time, as opened up by astronomy, may make us bow in reverential silence; we may be steeped in wonder over the order and harmony which, so every department of science tells us, prevails everywhere; in short, we may, as we ought to, pay just tribute to the greatness of the powers of human intellect, and more than that even, we may feel proud and rejoice over the certainty which has been kindly vouchsafed to so many results of scientific research; we may do all this, and yet we will still be far, very far, from generating within us any feeling akin to love or love itself. And why so? Because science remains as powerless to stir our hearts as abstract truths are to engender feelings, and hence it is that religion cannot be built upon the intellect alone. To presume that it can be done is a fatal folly, and at last it is being recognized as such. To have religion does not only mean to *believe*, but it also means to *love*. Love must step in, love must send a thrill over the chords of human action, love must vivify faith, love must make the dictates of the heart the pivot of the system which, with its precepts and regulations and ordinances, is to sway and govern our conduct through life—else we have no true religion. Sociology, the creed of science, examined in this respect, is declared impotent to fill that mission by the leaders of thought; themselves and the same men examining the various Protestant creeds in the same respect, declare them wanting likewise. For this reason Christianity at large was charged of being inadequate to the wants of human nature. Catholicity, be it remarked in parenthesis, was looked upon as a perversion of Christianity much more than any of the Protestant sects. Therefore, if inspected at all, the Church of Rome was inspected with prejudice and suspicion, and after a superficial glance at that proud mistress, which claimed nothing less, indeed, than Infallibility, the world turned indignantly away from her. The situation has undergone a very great and a very

significant change. For Catholicity to-day possesses an ally in Skepticism and an ally in Humanism. Nobody dreams of accusing Mr. Frederic Harrison, the acknowledged apostle of Humanism and perhaps the ablest follower of Auguste Comte, of writing for the purpose of advancing the cause of Rome. Nor is it well possible to impute such a tendency to Mr. Mallock, who avowed himself openly a skeptic. Yet the one and the other, though on entirely different roads, did arrive at the same point and express identically the same views as regards the true meaning of religion. Both are known to be earnest and sincere; both bring to their work undeniable great gifts; to the utterances of both their unquestioned ability and character secures the attention of cultured society. They are both engaged in helping others, who are less astute observers, to discover the true Pole and the road to it. If one may be compared not unfitly to Count Wilczek, who established provision stores on Novaja Semblja for the crew of the Arctic expedition on board the "Tegethoff," under command of Payer and Weyprecht, the other may be likened to the English explorer, Leigh Smith, whose fate and the fate of whose *Eira* gives so much anxious suspense and deep concern to the world at this day.

Herbert Spencer deserves more than a passing notice. He does not fail to recognize the necessity of religion; he describes it as a crying want of human nature. But where he and his followers fail is this: they do not take cognizance of the fact that religion is more than a mere matter of the intellect. H. Spencer, Huxley, Darwin, etc., would prefer to see "nations rather deprived of the knowledge of reading and writing than of religion." But they do not gauge religion properly. W. D. Le Sueur, in his criticism of the *Data of Ethics*, takes a very correct estimate of the services rendered by Herbert Spencer to society. He surveys his sociological system in a very comprehensive and just manner, but he likewise fails at the very point whose omission vitiates the whole system. And so it is with the whole school of thought which follow in their train. Nor does this shortsightedness end there. Theists and Protestants, nay, even some Catholics, suffered shipwreck on that selfsame rock. And yet the revolving light placed by a kind Providence on this rock shines so bright and appears so conspicuous from whichever point of the compass it is looked at, that it is really astonishing to note how many navigators passed it unseen, and more so that it is not clearly mapped out on the charts of many so-called standard religions. Still, the fact remains all the same, though it does reflect little credit upon the keenness of sight of those who took no bearings, and hence run aground. If it were true that religion depends solely upon the verdict of reason, then

no arguments of any weight could be brought forward against those which Le Sueur, for instance, advances in regard to the change of the basis of morality. But the quickeyed sanctity of Dr. Newman is as incapable of emanating merely from an intelligent use of the mental faculties as it is, on the other hand, that noble, heroic deeds of self-sacrifice will ever be inspired by the consciousness that natural morality does not necessarily withdraw itself from the theory of evolution. The heart in these cases forms a factor which ought not to be overlooked in the analysis of the transaction. Faith, the genuine article, has never been found divorced from love, also the genuine article and love's seat, surely, is not that portion of our intellect which goes by the name of reason. If there is one thing evident, beyond all contradiction, it is this, that the heart constitutes a motive power in man which overcomes not unfrequently the strongest reasoning, which invalidates often the most peremptory dictates of common-sense, and which, in spite of all this, yet succeeds in gaining our full moral assent,—nay, more than that, which succeeds even in enlisting our sympathy, in capturing our admiration, and in calling forth bursts of unqualified applause.

The highest moral actions and the most unquestioned virtues belong to that category, while they violate, at the same time, most flagrantly the definitions of right and wrong as laid down by Herbert Spencer and adopted after him. *Right and wrong*, the *Data of Ethics* informs the reader, are terms applied according as the adjustment of acts to ends are or are not efficient. The conduct which achieves each kind of end, is relatively good or it is relatively bad if it fails to achieve it. As regards the ends to which actions may be adjusted, they may be summarized as the welfare of man's self, the welfare of his offspring, and the welfare of his fellow-citizens. In other words, the definitions of right and wrong offered for acceptance by sociology are: right, are those actions which are lineal descendants of those by which life in the past has been preserved and improved; wrong, those which claim their paternity in whatever in the past has tended to disintegration and death. And the ultimate test of the morality of actions, that is to say, whether they are good or bad actions, lies, according to Herbert Spencer, in the effects, whether these are "pleasure-giving" or "pains-giving." It is well worth while to apply these definitions to deeds so noble and illustrious, that their greatness is reverberated from age to age by an undying echo of highest praise, in order to see how immoral these very deeds become if measured by this standard.

There was a time in the early days of Christianity when persecution raged with a blind fury, and did its best to root out true religion. And there are many cases on record in those days where

virgins preferred death to the sacrifice of virtue. To test their faiths, they had to choose between being thrown into Roman amphitheatres, there to be torn to pieces by wild beasts, and between going into houses of prostitution, there to lose that priceless pearl "chastity." Well, many without a moment's hesitation chose death, and in making that choice they have performed acts of sublime virtue. Centuries have elapsed since, and yet they have not silenced the plaudits of mankind. These acts will ever remain grand prototypes of highest morality. These acts appear, however, in a very different light if analyzed from the standpoint of sociology. The effect of their choice was, in the first place, decidedly pains-giving, for it may be taken for granted that the teeth of a tiger, a leopard, etc., tearing flesh off the bones of a living being until life at last ebbs away do not produce pleasure-giving sensations. Their choice under this head was, therefore, bad, decidedly bad. Nor is this all. The adjustment of acts to ends in their case was neither promotive of their own nor of anybody else's welfare. They brought death prematurely upon themselves, thus working injury, the greatest conceivable injury to their own selves. Consequently, under this head also, sociology cannot approve of them, they were wrong and, taken all in all, they are highly immoral. Now these are acts for the performance of which it was not only necessary to prefer decidedly pains-giving sensations to their opposite, but it was also necessary to overcome that wonderful tenacity with which every human being clings to life. Calm reason, it is plain, can offer no sufficient explanation. Sociology cannot explain how such and similar actions become possible at all. And for no other reason than this, that they were not acts of calm deliberations of the brain. They sprung from an irresistible impulse of the heart, so mighty as to set at naught and defy all else. They were acts of a heart, filled with love for the author of life and for Him who preached virtue and chastity; acts of a heart not even thinking of pain when it is a question of obeying a generous impulse of grace. These acts, therefore, confront us with that element without which true morality, like true religion, become absolutely impossible, namely, the supernatural element with its abode in the human heart.

Where, indeed, is morality if pleasure-giving and pains-giving effects test the intrinsic merit of human conduct? The thief acquires a sacred right to steal, for, if he but adjusts his actions properly so as to avoid being caught, he secures, through the contents of a well-filled purse of rich people, the means of purchasing for himself perhaps many and many pleasure-giving sensations. Doing that is good, and adjusting successfully acts to ends is right, hence a thief never caught is a righteous and a good man. The debauchee ceases to be a profligate sinner, for, if he uses wise dis-

cretion and does not exhaust his animalism by overindulgence, he may cater legitimately to all his lower appetites, since by doing so he secures to himself pleasure-giving sensations. The gratification of his passions need not in any way affect unfavorably his or anybody else's welfare, so that he also would be turned into a highly moral and quite respect-worthy member of human society, all existing notions to the contrary notwithstanding. And the instances could be endlessly multiplied to show how in the common walks of every day's life, morality, as it now still exists, would have to disappear, if the tenets of sociology were to replace the teachings of Christianity on the subject. The fault of the system lies in the exclusion of the supernatural element. The principles of self-preservation, of preservation of the progeny, etc., must not be believed non-active in human beings. As can be seen readily in the animal world, they do evolve a set of rules of conduct. But if what governs the animal world is called a code of ethics, *that* code is not the one by which human morality stands or falls. Man and man alone can defy that code with impunity without becoming immoral, nay by defying it he may perform acts of the highest order of morality. There is a vast deal of most valuable knowledge contained in sober biological observations. The reversion to primitive types, the development of rudimentary organs, the unity of structure of the sensiferous organs, the struggle for existence, ancestral prejudice, sexual selection, all these phenomena form part of the grand sequence of events which the Creator ordained for the universe. We have a sacred right to trace these up and to verify them, we have, further, the right to take a just pride in doing so. But we ought to distinguish carefully a hypothesis from a certified fact. It is wrong to adopt an attitude of jealousy and suspicion towards scientific discoveries, but it is no less wrong, certainly, to form rash conclusions from them to the detriment of religious belief. And this is precisely what has been done on a very liberal scale. Sociology, it seems to us, has not yet passed out of that early stage when workers were still too busy in the various branches of the subject to spare much time for the comparison of the results of their labor. Fresh contributions are pouring in too fast to be placed upon the proper shelves in the storehouse of knowledge. Sociology as a science has forgotten that religion precedes it, and that it grows out of religion in the attempt to fathom and illustrate its truths. Sociology, like philosophy, will always strand on a shore from which the tide of faith has ebbed away.

Sociology, like evolution, seems to forget something else with a happy accommodation to circumstances. The groundwork of all religious creeds, without exception, consists in the idea of atone-

ment. Whether sun worship or cultus of moon and stars, whether the Hellenic form in the variegated mythology of Greece or the Latin mode of adoring superhuman powers are inspected, they are one and all expressions of the consciousness of the human race of its dependence upon a higher power. As such, Polytheism and Pantheism, and every known form of religious worship are simply corollaries of Christianity. But this is not all. They are one and all embodiments also of another consciousness of the human race, namely, of the necessity of sacrifice. The idea of sacrifice pervades all pre-christian and all non-christian forms of worship, and is virtually the fulcrum round which rites and the whole specific code of religion groups itself. If the primitive tradition of the fall of man which Christianity offers is rejected, if it is denied that the human race on its course onward lost the same partially, disfigured it, and that the only surviving relic of it presents itself in the idea of sacrifice, then some other explanation ought to be given. If man is a product of evolution, if dead, inert matter without reason became at last possessed of life, and of intellect, and of consciousness, then it must be explained how the idea of sacrifice, universally subsisting as it is found to be, became engrafted upon man, and how it is that the race from the time consciousness placed it above the level of the brute creation, never could rid itself from an inborn wish to right, so to speak, its own cause by offerings. Protoplasm does not explain it, nor does indefinite perfectibility. The idea of sacrifice, though it pervades antiquity and forms the corner-stone of the Catholic religion, has been, however, modified through the rise of Protestantism. At first it did only away with the perpetual renewal of the sacrifice, disowning "mass;" but gradually the hold of it upon the congregations began to loosen, and it exists in some denominations now only as a tenet, to be believed or disbelieved as individuals may choose. This may account to some extent for the strange phenomenon that no attempt is made in what Herbert Spencer says about ceremonial institutions, to explain away, as it were, this inborn consciousness of human beings. And the loss of this primary element of religion among so many Christian sects furnishes a solution to that other no less strange phenomenon, that modern Christianity is more Pagan than the Paganism of old. Burying out of sight a principle from which the spirit of devotion, of self-sacrifice, and a long train of virtues issue forth, it withdraws the very basis of religion and puts us, therefore, farther back than Brahminism or Buddhism. The faith of modern civilization, resting upon and embodying many Christian principles, excludes that which makes by comparison the Paganism of old, truly Christian in character and spirit. The frivolous levity and the reckless reckoning with the mysterious "hereafter" has not come down to us

as a bequest of past generations, but is essentially ours to boast or to mourn over.

These observations lead one to presume that sociologists, by ignoring the Church of Rome, where religion is to-day what it was when the Founder's death infused immortal life into her veins, came to look upon the influence of Christianity upon human society in about the following manner. And let it be remarked, there is much in it suggesting reflection and giving material for deep thought. They divided the Christian era into three phases, clearly distinct from each other and historically established. A few plain words, spoken to a few men in the far East, supplied the world with a new and, they willingly grant, more perfect code of ethics than existed before. The times were then reeking with vice. The advent of a purifying element was, therefore, hailed as the advent of all advents, and very naturally those in whom the germs of virtue had not irrevocably and irretrievably decayed, turned with all the more eagerness and zeal towards the refreshing dews of the high moral law which Christianity presented. There was courage needed proportionate to the dangers with which society surrounded the profession of the new belief. The new code addressed itself principally to what is noblest and highest in human nature, and thus it raised the early Christians to the summit of perfection which is attainable here on earth. By elevating and sanctifying their highest gifts and aspirations, Christianity converted human beings then into martyrs and saints. Gradually, however, persecution lessened. The new religion spread from nation to nation. The circumstances surrounding its propagation, acceptance and profession, grew less adverse than they had been in the first few centuries. The more common qualities of human nature, for which there had been no room before in any individual, could now assert themselves. They did so, they entered into the composition and partly absorbed the influx of religious life. They coexisted with motives, still good, true, noble, and moral in every sense, as well as in accord with the precepts of religion, but the unmixed purity of old ceased to prevail among the generality of believers. And hence it is, that the mediæval times present to us neither martyr nor saint as the typical figures of the period. They present in their stead the age of chivalry, with "Faith, Love, and Charity," as watchwords descriptive of the drift of the spirit of the age. From that time on, Christianity has been diffused far and wide over the world, and by diffusion it seems as if the strength of the essence had been impaired. The representative of modern Christianity confronts us in the "*gentilhomme*," mis-translated into "gentleman" in English, and, alas, much more frequently misapplied than not. It is true the modern gentleman still retains some of the ideas and principles which in more concentrated

form, gave the world the martyr and the knight. The code of honor, and Mrs. Grundy and a thousand other proprieties and conventionalities of society still exhale the perfume which Christian morality imparted to the world. But it is like the residue of a second or third filtration. Excepting perhaps Catholics, it is hardly to be gainsaid that man to-day is primarily and essentially a social, and not a religious being. The crystallized form of Christianity, if it has not entirely disappeared, is very rarely visible to the naked eye. The amorph shape has survived, and that amorph shape is the one with which scientists and unbelievers are alone familiar. Adding to it an observation, which is as true as it is sad, namely, that even Catholics show frequently little, if any belief at all, the contempt in which Christianity is held in certain quarters, ceases to appear inexplicable. There was a time when men cared first for eternity, and next for time. But it is so no longer. The order has been reversed. *Time* is now with many the object of life, in which the timelessness of the hereafter seldom looms up as a warning meteor. Enjoyments, pleasures, positions, strife for wealth, for influence, for name, and for what not in way of perishable phantoms, all this *bric-à-brac* of life has taken the place of that solid basis which begins with faith, which carries out the embodiments of religion through life, and which ends with a happy smile on the lips of those, who, dying, press a kiss upon eternity, knowing that death means only the transition into a better state. Our age sips a drop from every spring, but stops at none long enough for a refreshing drink. Liquids of the most unharmonious composition are brought together and obstruct the sound digestion of the substantial nourishment which is picked up here and there on the roadside. Inebriated by a seeming success in material prosperity, proud of having pressed so many new forces into the service of mankind, our age became forgetful of the past, and ignores that it is taking beverages from a bottle, marked by Providence "poison," while the flask containing the true elixir of life remains untouched, or is rejected because of its bitter taste. The beguiling theories of our times must be laid aside. We must learn again that true religion, besides giving a full, comprehensive and exhaustive meaning to life, must and does give also an illumination to death. And this discovery, humanist and skeptic have made alike. Their announcement is at once the loving tribute of an ardent and trusted disciple of truth, the dispassionate view of a reflecting explorer, and the measured estimate of a keen and observing critic. From such sources, sources that are acknowledged to be evenly judicious and well-balanced and impartial, the world must learn again that to reject true religion, that is, true Christianity, means to act against the enlightened dictates of conscience,

and in direct opposition to those universally adopted maxims of prudence which are the guide of all reasonable men in secular affairs of life.

Besides, the doctrine of scientific ethics is helplessly cold. It chills all finer and subtler emotions of the heart by the selfish frigidity with which it must needs interpret all that is truly good, and truly noble in human actions. Had it been possible to focalize sociology into anything like a real motive power, it is almost certain it would have been done. For there is no lack of gifts in the make-up of the expostulators of the new system. They command unusual talent coupled to unusual learning; to it is joined boldness, determination of purpose and perseverance. Yet with all these energies combined, sociology has failed to offer even as much as an acceptable apology for the godless and heartless creed of science. Modern advanced thought resembles the librarian, who seeing that Napoleon I was not tall enough to reach a book on an upper shelf, volunteered his services with the remark: "Sire, je suis plus grand." "Plus long, mais pas plus grand," was the answer of the victorious leader of armies, and it is also the answer of religion to science. The effects the pretended new basis of morality produces, furnish another criterion for judging about its intrinsic correctness or falseness. Divorce, free-love theories, women's rights movements, these are the excrescences as seen in the society of to-day. The notions of right and wrong are upset, true morality has been perverted. What could more eloquently tell the tale whither society is drifting if deprived of that higher life which was bestowed upon mankind at the price of life? There is no comparison possible between that and what Christianity has done, and still continues to do for the human race. The one, the morality of sociology, gave less even than the much-derided Khoran. The other, Christian religion, gave that which does not verge, but in reality is infinite in value, in scope, in end. It is therefore difficult to see how the verdict can be avoided, that the bases of true religion are so wide and so deep, its proofs so multitudinous, and taken altogether, so overwhelming, that reason in the order of thought, and common prudence in the practical order, compels men to accept it in spite of the difficulties which its mysteries involve. To this point, it seems a good portion of society is veering round, and that in all earnestness, is an advance of no little import.

No age has witnessed a stranger conjunction of elements. The counterfeit of religion came to us silvered and stamped like genuine money, while the genuine coin, bruised and bent on its passage from hand to hand, was hardly taken for money at all. Glittering falsehood and dulled truth lay together in one heap for a long time, and in that singular commingling of influences, it seemed for

while as if in proportion to the growth of a cultivated reason, the dogmatic standards of past ages became less and less adequate as authoritative charts of human belief. Stray rays of light begin, however, to converge lately and promise to give society the much-needed focus. The marble statue "religion" remains lifeless until the supernatural element infuses into her veins the life-blood which ebbs to and from the heart. How faith enters into individuals will probably never be fully accounted for. The doctrine of grace explains much of the fact, but it states at the same time that faith is a divine gift. Beyond this we probably never will go, and the minutiae of the process will ever defy minute analysis. But what is known regarding belief, and known moreover, beyond dispute, is this, that faith neither enters through a familiar knowledge of the tenets of Christianity alone, nor through any channel furnished by reason or learning. It enters the hallowed precincts of the heart with a Cæsarian, "*veni, vidi, vici*;" it is there, and once there, takes full possession of the individual, and rules and sways through the subtle agency of love. And, again, it is also known that only through love are men able to rise to that intuitive certainty of belief which far surpasses all certainties which the exact sciences ever offer. The object of that all-ruling affection wherein religion centres and culminates, cannot be furnished save by a personal Deity, such as the Godman of Christianity. We know that religion must not only supply the foundation, but must likewise determine the superstructure of human actions.

Scientists for a long time claimed to stand on unassailable ground. It was supposed a vast amount of special knowledge was required for entering the field of discussion. But this is not the case, and the erroneous supposition loses ground rapidly. For the ethics of religion form a subject on which men of general education are perfectly well qualified to express their views, because the subject is one where the exercise of reasoning and reflecting powers, rather than special and technical knowledge, is principally called for. Average intelligence cannot well fail to see that the code of Christian ethics has been the predominant force in the life of mankind since its first proclamation. It is obviously true that its grasp upon the whole of human conduct is nowhere ephemeral. The sense of a Divine Power is one of the strongest convictions in the human breast, though our knowledge as to its source may be dim and vague. What reason does therefore exist to presume that this code will be superseded? Religion is not a something which man follows blindly as a current of irrepressible impulse without finding a loving will at the source. As there is in nature a claim for allegiance, so there is in true religion that which answers for this allegiance, an object imparting fervor to faith by

being also the object of love. Such is the conception of religion which obtains more and more ground, since, without it life and history are turned into a dreary, sad, meaningless imbroglio, full of delusions and barren of all instructive lessons.

Through this fuller comprehension of the true meaning of religion, a nearer approach to the true Pole has been made also in another direction. The field of those systems which lay claim to the name "religion," has been narrowed down. The whole principle on which Protestant creeds are built, proceeds, it is seen, by immense and arbitrary assumptions. Worked out in detail, they are found wanting in many and essential points. The primary intuitions of equity, which are operative and intelligible in all human beings, they, and not the doctrines of Protestantism, furnish the key to the question how it is that among the adherents of radically defective religious systems, there are nevertheless so many really good, really noble, really moral men and women. This result is not due to any inherent intrinsic value of sectarian creeds, but owing to the fact, that "the light which enlighteneth every man that comes into the world," prolonged their lease of life beyond the term of legitimate existence. Mallock, the skeptic, and Harrison, the humanist, still doubting, still questioning whether the supernatural element is real, admit nevertheless, that the problem to-day is virtually this: Must and will Catholicity crumble to pieces or not? Religion and Catholicity are treated by them as synonyms almost. If the Church of Rome is doomed, then adieu religion; for all else is fiction, dreamland, hallucination. Whoever possesses sobriety of judgment can hardly fail to be struck by the complete harmony in every strain that comes from the sobbing heart which hides its sorest grief in the polished rhetoric of the unbelieving skeptic. There is no faltering on this point, whether we take, "is life worth living," or any other production. And the self-introspection of the hero of the "Romance of the Nineteenth Century," rings with the tone of genuine enthusiasm. As regards the humanist, the substitution of but one word, namely, Catholicity for humanity turns most of his able essays on religious subjects into the very strongest apology which a human pen could produce. In several of his papers he assails Protestantism most unsparingly, and his statements are all the more damaging because they are so very true and so very much to the point. For these, Mr. Francis Peek tried to arraign Mr. Harrison in a paper, "The Layman's Protest" (*Contemporary Review*, 1881.) But it hardly covers the ground. The writer proves that his individual conception of the essence of Protestantism is far superior to what Protestantism itself claims to be; but no more thankless task can be conceived, than an attempt to substitute one's own lofty ideas

or much inferior stuff. It produces an effect exactly the opposite of what it was meant to produce. We do not in the least differ with him, that "the life of Christ is in very truth the mighty power, which appeals to our noblest affections and sympathies, on which we can look with veneration, and attachment, and gratitude, so that our devotional instincts grow to be the dominant motives of our lives." We fully agree with him that "Christ's life is the sole illumination of the dark mystery of existence, without which life is a mysterious tragedy, death a horrible catastrophe, and eternity a blank." But we do not stop there. We go farther, far enough to beware of a shadowy idea, of an ideal of a transfigured humanity, whose teaching every one is free to interpret so as to suit his own case. We go far enough to assert without hesitancy, that the efficacy of true religion depends upon the establishment of direct, personal, real intercourse between the individual finite personal reality, which believes, that is to say, "man," and between the infinite personal reality, who is believed in, that is to say, "God." Any religion failing to do that is a failure, and that direct intercourse, where is it found outside of the Catholic Church? Where the power lies in a great many Protestant churches, may be inferred from the following passage, taken from a paper on "The Lay-Element in England and America :—" "The pews are the source of power ; it is the first duty of the pulpit to please and to fill the pews, and if the preacher don't do that, he ought to quit." This is given, let it be remarked, as the opinion of a "large American element" in the Episcopal Church. Whilst this state of affairs may not be applicable indiscriminately, that much, at least, appears to be certain, that in many instances religious teaching has to subserve the beneplacitum of the congregations. Worship of God is converted into worship of that which is pleasing to the church members, or into worship of some popular divine, who has succeeded in acquiring a certain reputation. How far these facts fit Mr. Peek's ideal conception need not be drawn out. The evidence bears, at all events, a character of a decidedly corrosive nature.

Dispassionate, sober analysis of the essential ingredients of true religion has done, therefore, much towards verifying the compass and bringing the society nearer to a solution of the grave enigma than it has been long before. For a time the progress of science blinded the views completely. Some sciences made gigantic strides, others were lifted out of the cradle and marched in quick succession through the stages of infancy, and childhood, and youth, until they grew, apparently at least, into a massive, firm manhood. Witnessing an almost phenomenal advance in these departments, the human mind forgot that there is a precocious manhood in contradistinction from real manhood, and running wild with fanaticism

of success, it overlooked the partly paralyzed condition of the giant. The new ideas insinuated, flattered, suggested, captivated, but provided no material to build with a firm edifice; nor did they furnish well-drawn maps of the structure of the future. They led to Utopian schemes and to little else. The much-extolled freedom of the human intellect was lost out of sight. Now that treasure is being recovered again. For where is the liberty of the human mind, if prejudice cannot be laid aside for the short space of an impartial disquisition? Where is it, if reform is excluded from the programme, which liberal ideas engraft upon men? Where are the broad, comprehensive, lofty views, about which one hears so much, if a slight skimming of the surface of a grave question suffices, nay, if thoroughness and fulness of investigation are prohibited? Skepticism and humanism pilot the age again into those channels which are alone safe for intellectual navigation. They show the insufficiency of much that science in too great a haste had declared all-sufficient, and demonstrate the helplessness of any religion short of the one delivered by the Godman himself. A scientific religion can never be more than a soap-bubble. It may show brilliant hues indeed, but it is surrounded by a "*noli me tangere*." At the touch of a bold hand, brilliancy and soap-bubble disappear alike.

Nor can a co-ordination of two things, which stand in the relation of subordination, be fraught with success. Fecundity by an inviolable law of nature is vouchsafed only to unions which do not violate the fundamental principles which underlie propagation. All unnatural unions are either directly sterile, or indirectly in their offspring. Science attempted to wed religion. It courted her mother at first, but the courtship was rejected with indignation and scorn. It tried to assume a paternal attitude. But this also failed. At last it resorted to violence, and tried to drag the own mother to the altar. But the mother's strength proved too great. Religion willingly and lovingly fosters and nurtures her children, but she never can quit the place which has been assigned to her by a kind Providence. Sociology, therefore, had to succumb in measuring arms with religion. As a new-born infant it was hailed with delight by the world, and with a rapturous "*Ευρηκα*" it was pressed to a beating bosom. But the infant did not remain long an infant. It grew up, its features, its physiognomy were studied, its nature and character marked the pretender in its development. And the miraculous child is being laid back into the cradle from whence its first cries came, to rest and to sleep there in the solitude of the religious Arctic.

THE DECLINE OF PAINTING AS A FINE ART.

————— Art no more
Surprises e'en herself with triumphs new,
Sculptures and paints as in the days of yore,
Alike to nature and to genius true.

E so in qual guisa
L'amante nell'amato si trasforme.—*Petrarca.*

PLINY speaks of a picture by the Theban Aristides. The scene, near the wall of a besieged city, shows a woman in the agonies of death from a wound in her breast, and making an effort to prevent her starving infant from sucking the blood which oozes out of the open wound. The character of mingled love and fear, shown in the mother's affectionate anxiety for her child, together with her own sufferings are so vividly portrayed, that, says the historian, this artist was considered the first who had painted the soul.¹

What conscientious observer passing through the galleries of any of our international or domestic exposition halls of contemporary art, is not impressed with the fact of how very little of real soul there is in our pictures. Life there is in abundance, life indeed so perfectly portrayed as frequently to recall the "birds of Apelles," but pictures with living soul in them are rare enough. And surely it is not encouraging to see that with all our vaunted progress we should not be any further on in this respect than the old pagans were; nay, should moreover have receded, and that very notably, from heights which had since then been reached but were again abandoned, until now we have almost lost sight of them.

When nearly half a century ago Overbeck and Cornelius seemed to have caught anew the noble impulses that long ago had informed the ideals of Angelico and Angelo, and when Turner in England produced effects in landscape which realized the expectations of even those, who, whilst conscious of the object and high aim of fine art were ill satisfied even with the attainments of the old masters; men, who understood and valued the refining influences of true art hailed these manifestations of reawaking intelligence and earnestness as symptoms of an era, which would likely eclipse the golden days of Raphael and Leonardo. And why should it not have been? Had we not all the experience of the past to profit by, together with facilities for reaching technical perfection of which the Umbrian painters could have no conception,

¹ "Quod Græci vocant ψυχή."

and the want of which in their works is the only obstacle to absolute faultlessness? The Pre-Raphaelite movement under Holman Hunt, which soon followed, seemed to conspire with the rest of signs to sustain the lofty expectations of the friends of pure and elevated art. But the holy fire was doomed to die away, and whithersoever we turn to-day, we see the glowing embers being smothered by the cold and heavy atmosphere of modern society. And perhaps no one bears more eloquent witness to the truth of this statement than Mr. Millais, who, twenty years ago, the enthusiastic apostle of Pre-Raphaelitism, is to-day the admired portrait painter of English society. Elsewhere we meet the same phenomena. Italy, which once, when the bright sun of Christianity began to turn its vivifying rays upon it, developed the buds and blossoms of pagan beauty into fairest flowers, reflecting in a thousand ways the new light that shone upon them, has not only forgotten her ancient beauty but has fairly prostituted it in our day. Modern Italian art, at least that art which enjoys the popular favor, has become an empty pretence of power and freedom. It makes upon you, says a recent critic, an impression similar to that produced by the sight of an actor's gaudy robes flung over a dissecting-room table. Will any true lover of art ever forgive the present government their wanton destruction, by a dull and unintelligent restoration, of those matchless frescoes in the Campo Santo at Pisa? With Spanish art it is much the same. In the first place there appears to be no distinct school of the day, and what Madrazo, Cano, Becquer, or Fortuny have done, hardly promises to last *hunc in annum et plures*. As for the so-called German school, the complaint is, that it is deficient in taste as well as grace, though full of power. Whether this latter quality be a fruit of the militarism which pervades every other department of human activity, at least in the German Empire, we would not venture to decide; but the amount of red and Prussian blue on the canvasses of the German art department at our Centennial Exhibition was simply painful to a peacefully disposed citizen to notice. In France things look if possible even worse than in Italy. For several years past the best artists who choose to live at home have refused to exhibit in the annual salons, the standard of competition, it is said, being too low. And Belgium, though still retaining more than might have been expected under the circumstances of the old Flemish spirit, is likely to succumb under the influence of the aggressive French tendency in art. We in America can hardly speak of any pronouncedly national school, though Allston and Vanderlyn seemed at one time to have pointed out a track. As in other things pertaining to higher life we follow in the wake of England. And although even there, as we mentioned before,

little enough can be found to boast of, our English brethren seem to have no great opinion either of our attainments or of our aspirations.¹

Such is on the whole the present outlook in the world of art, and though we could point out many noble exceptions the tendency is, as we have indicated, downward. And so far at least Mr. Spencer's theory of the development of æsthetic pleasure seems at fault with the facts in the history of fine arts. Some, indeed, have strenuously denied that we were ever in a better condition, holding that a biassed and falsely supported tradition had established views about the old masters which would never stand the test of unprejudiced criticism. Thus Mr. Ruskin, probably the most popular if not the most consistent of art critics, tells us that true art has never been practiced, that the era of its birth had only just begun, when, forty years ago, "those bright Turnerian imageries, and those calm Pre-Raphaelite studies," began to form "the first foundation that has ever been laid for true sacred art." But Mr. Ruskin has lived to see what became of the imageries even in Turner's own hands ere he died.

How to account for all this in the face of advanced thought and perfectible matter is a question that has vexed many minds. Much has been and is constantly being written and said on the subject, yet whilst all agree to the presumption that the evil lies in the existing social circumstances, each finds it in a particular phase of modern habits of thought, and thus the causes assigned are as multiform as are the philosophical creeds of teachers in æsthetics. Some base them on artistic, others on purely moral grounds.

The root of the evil, say the former, is the exclusive cultivation of the imitative powers, for simple imitation of nature, however faithful, is insufficient by itself to bring art to its highest perfection. The same is to be said of the exclusive study of the old masters. Artistic genius is essentially a creative, not an imitative faculty, and man's ideals are of the present not of the past; hence it boots nothing to draw upon the past for inspiration. Others again blame the neglect of sufficient study both of nature and of the old master-works. We cannot, these argue, afford to be original in this unchivalrous and mechanical age. A third class of critics tell us that there is in our day too much education. The mind of the young artist is overburdened with a multiplicity of ideas, which, naturally entering into his conceptions, oppose the essential unity and simplicity of high art. Taine says that the old Italian artists had an immense advantage over the men of to-day, by not

¹ A recent number of the *Athenæum*, speaking of the simultaneous failure of several art-publications in this country, remarks: "They addressed a public not possessing sufficient knowledge and sympathy for art to appreciate the value of criticism."

being overburdened with ideas. The counterpart of this theory is vindicated in a recent French work,¹ whose writer sums up the whole matter by pointing out that the true reason lies in the want of sufficient education. And it is but just to add that by education he means the full development of the intellectual, moral, and social qualities of the artist. But besides the fact that painters have always done very well in their art without any particular intellectual or even social training, neither quality seems to be neglected in the education of the artist in our day, and if it were, the schooling of the heart, if taken hold of in the proper way, would necessarily and amply supply both deficiencies, as we shall presently see.

Others, and among them the large aggregate of social reformers, see the cause of deterioration in the materialistic and utilitarian tendency of our age. It was Schiller's constant complaint of Madame de Staël's taste, that she would always ask, "*Quel en est le but ?*" She had no idea, said he, that the Beautiful could be its own end. Utilitarianism is certainly the most decided enemy to true art, for, however much men may differ as to the legitimate scope of the æsthetic theory, all will agree that the distinctive difference between mechanical and fine art lies in this, that the latter proposes to itself to be useful only in proportion as it is beautiful. Perhaps the fallacy by which we consider that which pleases as the beautiful, has much to account for in this connection. If a picture attracts admirers to our halls it matters little to us what the reason be. And yet the pleasure it produces may lie in some ulterior motive, which has no direct connection with the picture itself. That the latter should elevate, lift us into a higher sphere, not merely as the occasion but as the cause, and that a picture which fails to do this has no *raison d'être*, is hardly a requisite for consideration in our critique.

A word remains to be said with regard to those writers who have erred so far from fairness in dealing with facts as to cast the blame of the decadence in high art upon the Catholic Church, who, ever since she begot the heaven-born child, has nourished and guarded it with a solicitude which stands out clear and unmistakable in the annals of entire history. The Roman Church, say they, has persistently refused to keep pace with the progress of the age, and since the artist must be of his time, must, in order to be successful in his realization, speak the language of his day and of his people, she, by the control she has exercised over many otherwise great souls, has hampered their utterance and caused the production of those anachronisms which clothe modern science in the Byzantine garb of ignorance and superstition. We have nothing to say to such

¹ L'éducation de l'artiste. Ernest Chesneau, Paris.

argument beyond the recording of it, for it is no less discreditable to them that make it, from the manifest insincerity with which it ignores facts, than from its absence of sound logic. A writer in a late number of the *Nineteenth Century* produces the following: "She," the Church, "is held accountable for the decadence of art in this way, that she neglects the distinctly Christian principle of human sympathy, and which thus became the sole possession of philosophy. In this way natural religion became antagonistic to revealed religion, which never need have been but for the Church's neglect. This antagonism has had the fatal result of developing a materialistic tendency, which seems to have sapped all chivalry and beauty out of modern social habits."

If by the neglect of the "distinctly Christian principle of human sympathy" is meant her unvarying persistence in allowing men to exercise their free will in seceding from her instead of opening her gates to every wind of doctrine, then the proposition errs in supposing that the seceders had on their side natural religion. Revealed religion is based upon natural religion, and the Church could never have disowned the one without losing the other, nor can both be antagonistic unless the one be false. The fact is, she has retained the one and the other; hence, in her we still find true art as well as true philosophy. And to say that she is responsible for the loss of art in Protestantism, or among the philosophical sects of to-day, is to say something like: The army is responsible for the poverty of its deserters, inasmuch as it insists on strict observance of martial law.

It is plain that in all this theorizing about the decline of the Fine Arts there is much partiality and more confusion between cause and effect. If we were asked, Where, then, lies the true cause? we would make the answer: Simply where lies the cause of all our acknowledged social and moral evils, namely, in the dechristianization of modern society. And our only hope is to be found in a step backward, and so far only as we shall be able to rechristianize modern thought and modern taste. Of this there is among us little hope. Our art, like Wagner's music, may be fitly styled the art of the future; it harmonizes with the sounds of *progress*, but otherwise is transitory in its effects, leaving no impression on either mind or heart. Without Christianity there can be no ideal worthy of man's best powers of aspiration, and without ideal there can be no high art. And is there any religion, outside of the Catholic Church, that as a matter of fact fosters the ideal in man? So long and so far as she has exercised her influence over society, so long we have had true art. And it ceased when and where she was ignored. So true is this that noble souls outside of her fold, who aimed at what is truest and

best in art, have ever found themselves irresistibly drawn to enter her pale, and there in her light they found themselves enabled to reflect that true beauty of soul which constitutes the highest aim of Fine Art, inasmuch as it involves the noblest passions of which man is capable, exerted for interests surpassing all transitory gain by the infinite. This kind of art, first in rank, begins to disappear with the dawn of the religious revolution in the sixteenth century. What there remained of it was partly ignored, because it remained with her, or else was borrowed light, echoes of not wholly forgotten sounds in souls that were meant for truer and greater things.

The relation historically which art bears to religion and precisely to the Catholic Church, is a most interesting study for the æsthetic philosopher. It will show that the decadence of Fine Art is due to no other cause than to the diminution of the influence which the Catholic Church formerly exercised over society.

True, it will be hard for even the fairminded non-Catholic to acknowledge, perhaps to understand it. We are not surprised. Catholic truth and all the effects produced by the charm it exercises upon the intelligent mind may be compared to the beautiful flowers we place at our windows on winter days. Those who from without look at them can hardly judge of their beauty or of the happy atmosphere they create by their fragrance; and why? Because other flowers on the glass dim the sight; they, too, are chaste to look upon, and fair in their delicate tracery, yet as they are begotten in darkness, in the chill atmosphere of night, so they vanish with the first glad ray of the sun; they are at the mercy of an infant's breath. How different the heavenward growth of the hyacinth within! Light is its life and warmth its strength, and the crimson texture grows deeper as the day advances. In the same way, those alien to our holy religion often fail to appreciate its influences, and attribute to other causes what is due to it, simply because they personally have no sympathy with the source whence these influences emanate.

And what has been the effect of this want of candor? It has brought about, as the only alternative left to the non-Catholic philosopher, a revolution in the æsthetic theory. To righten facts they had to reverse their terminology. For, unwilling to admit, as had hitherto been understood, that the good and the true alone could be the legitimate object of Fine Art, and seeing that thereby the greater part of the spurious high art of their time would have to be ruled out by the force of definition, the critics agreed to change the canons of our craft. Whilst at first it was the exclusive domain of art to represent beauty of the highest order, that is, supersensible beauty, they have come to regard as the only necessary requisite of Fine Art that it represent visible beauty, and aim at the

production of pleasure by informing the imagination. Nay, less than this would suffice. "Fine Art," says Sidney Colvin, "is a faculty which man possesses for taking keen and permanent delight in the contemplation and the imagination of many kinds of things, including some not strictly to be called beautiful, such as grotesqueness, comicality, even ugliness itself, when they are presented in typical form." The definition is, it appears, not founded on the essence of the thing, but on what the author seemed to feel the public would condescend to admit as compatible with their mode of action.

The Catholic Church, on the other hand, has ever kept in view the old aim, has always fostered inspiration as she has ever protected true art. She is not of the past, but ever of to-day, living, though unchanged and immutable. And whatever her children may be of their own worth, she offers them the same as eight centuries ago, the highest ideals for aspiration and points to the noblest ends. Nor does this apply exclusively to religious art. As she teaches noble thoughts and actions to all, as she guards the commoner movements of every heart freely subject to her, and raises men from what they are by nature or education to a more elevated position, so the feelings that do not harmonize with the sublime heights of religious and heroic art may be portrayed in charming way in the catching beauties of landscape, or *genre*, or still-life. There are many ways to her mansions, and for them who have not pinions for seraphic flight, she points a way through smiling meadows or gay fields. All things, indeed, to be good or true, must in some way point to and subserve the end for which man is created, must reflect the Creator in the creature. Hence all relative beauty must bear the impress of the eternal Beauty, its source and origin. And in this sense the relation of art to religion is an absolute one. For the legitimate object of Fine Art is the Beautiful alone.

To judge of the perfection of a painting we must keep in mind the two elements, its component parts, namely, the conception and its expression. A beautiful idea in beautiful form. And the pleasure produced by both must not merely affect the senses, but must touch in the soul of the beholder a chord, striking harmony at once, so that he may carry on the strain within. Like the songs that our mother used to sing, which carry us back to childhood's days, and make us feel again her love and our own innocence, feelings far above us now, and which we could not communicate had we the tongue of a Chrysostom, so true art raises us above our normal selves, touches heart-strings and recalls past harmonies, or forebodes celestial music, which, like kind prophecies, warn us of happy days to come.

But to bring about this effect, art necessarily excludes whatever is purely realistic, sensational, or low. Not that these elements may not be skilfully introduced to heighten the effect of what is truly beautiful and noble, but they can never be the object of Fine Art for their own sake. And in painting, as in sculpture, these digressions can never be ventured upon except at the extreme peril of art. The truth that the Beautiful is absolutely free from all low desire in the pleasure it bestows is as old as Aristotle. The proper object of art, as we have said, is the Beautiful, but the Beautiful cannot be but good. The Angelic Doctor tells us that the Good and the Beautiful are in reality the same,—*idem re, differunt ratione*. Indeed, the very name of Art should have been a safeguard against any abuse of the term. The Greeks used *ἀρετή* to signify virtue, beauty, nobility of soul, and goodness of heart.¹

In this way art is to appeal to the finest feelings and to produce the loftiest emotions. This is the test of true art, that it elevate, that it touch the soul as only a soul can do. And this brings us to the artist.

He who wishes to awaken noble feelings must himself possess them. Truth may work powerfully even when it comes from an evil source; not so with real beauty. Like the air that conducts the sunbeam, it is itself the warming element. Reason and imagination combine to conceive an ideal of what is good and true, and frail as we are, to be true unswervingly to both these qualities for any length of time, we must be in love with the conception. This love of the ideal, which we might call enthusiasm, must animate the artist ever whilst he paints, so that we recognize it in the canvas. It was such recognition, together with an intense sympathy with the ideal of Raphael's St. Cecilia, which made Correggio, enraptured at the sight of the picture, cry out: *Anch'io son pittore!* Thus the strokes of his brush reveal the heart of the artist, even as the gentle pressure of the hand betokens a friend.

And the old masters for the most part understood this. We are quite reconciled with Agostino Carracci, when we hear of him on his deathbed shedding tears for having drawn those licentious pictures in the galleries of the Duke of Parma. True, there is a great deal of freedom in the manner in which they imitated classic forms, and it is often adduced as an argument for proving the licentiousness prevailing in the Middle Ages, more especially in Italy. As to this we must remember that, in the first place, the true value of paintings, unless we speak of their technical perfection, cannot be rightly estimated except in the light of the times in which they were painted. We have no idea of what posterity might think about our fashions of dress; we only know that the

¹ Only among the Attic writers do we find it applied to corporal substances.

Pompadour style of a past day, appears to us extremely ridiculous, and the more primitive fashions in the East rather disgusting. The old Florentines were a sturdier race, and did not catch fire as readily as this weakly generation of ours does. Moreover, the faith that inspired the painter with his ideal had preserved in him the same simplicity which made him forget as insignificant what we consider gross and shocking. We can no more argue from these things to the immorality of either artist or the people of his times, than philanthropic English ladies have a right to conclude to a low ebb of morality among the Irish costerwomen in London (whose singular purity of life, together with intense faith, has lately become the perplexing miracle among British statisticians), because they are daily scandalized by the primitive appearance of the little urchins in the narrow alleys of the great metropolis.

As a matter of fact, none of these pictures make upon us the impression as if painted with a purpose of glorifying viler passions. If to the fact of their habits of thought we add the enthusiasm which the newly revived study of pagan art had generated, it will not be difficult to account for the digressions of the old masters. We do not at all approve of their taste in this direction, much less would we encourage its imitation in our day, when it would do so much more harm. We simply wish to justify artists whose works with all such imperfections bear unmistakable marks of having been designed to elevate the soul to nobler heights than are its normal, and in this effect precisely the non-Catholic artists of later times failed. "No Scripture subject by Rubens or Vandyke, or produced in any of the later schools, will stand comparison for purity of style and feeling with the works of the early masters." Who that has ever looked upon a picture, or even a good copy of the Gentle Monk of Fiesole, has not felt the influence of that angelic purity breathing forth from those old frescoed walls like the odor of sweet-scenting lilies? How those pictures speak, in spite of all their technical shortcomings! "As often as I look upon his Coronation of the Blessed Virgin,"¹ says Vasari, who himself was of a very different school, "I am fascinated. It appears to me as if I had never seen it before, and I cannot grow weary of gazing upon that canvas." The translucent purity of soul of the familiar friend of St. Antonine appears in his very coloring. Speaking on this subject in one of his Oxford lectures, Mr. Poynter, after having stated that purity is desirable in all elevated art, says: "When once this notion of purity had taken possession of the mind of the old painters, it was applied to the different elements of the picture, to color among the rest, and that in a very peculiar way."

¹ Now in the Louvre.

Thus all the qualities, all the peculiar manifestation, of the soul, as childlike innocence, noble womanly purity, devotion intensified and illumined by heavenly joy, the manly impulses of the human heart, man's consolation after keenest sorrows, all these were developed in the Church, and under her tutelage found truest expression upon the canvas of saintly men, who painted "not for time, but for eternity." And nature, with its infinite variety of images, proffered fitting support to the lessons of mystical theology by a touching symbolism. Nor was the intellect neglected. The old allegorical paintings frequently embodied ideals that gave scope to the more intellectual bent of the age, when the energy of philosophical speculation was at its height. Painters of history did not purpose simply to copy what was of long ago, to help the memory for the retaining of facts as such, but their aim was to rouse their fellow-men to valiant action by vividly placing before them the deeds of their ancestors. When they attempted landscape—and this is true even of the so-called naturalists in the sixteenth century—it was not mere likeness-taking of nature, in fact, it was not that at all; but it represented a sentiment expressed in the language of natural objects. The meadow, with its quiet cattle reposing in the evening sun, makes upon us the impression of peace and harmony; the dusky autumn scene on the mountain-top that of loneliness or desolation, according as the artist has been successful in throwing his feelings into his work. These latter constitute, as it were, the ideal of his picture. The same may be said of *genre*, still-life, even portrait painting. These can have no claim to the title of Fine Art, unless they are typical of some excellence of character or of form. Otherwise, they may have highest artistic merit, but are of no æsthetic value; they may be good for the promotion of certain industries, but they neither educate nor refine the tastes of men.

From all that we have said thus far, it must be plain that the deterioration of high art has, to put it in another form, its root in the deterioration of the motives of our artists. And as these motives are created and determined by the society that surrounds us, there is very little hope for art unless we can change the moral atmosphere in which we live. Delicacy of feeling is not enough to supplant a healthy morality; boldness might pass for power, if it did not betray itself in the choice of sickly subjects. As it is there are two prevalent and powerful motives to the production of Fine Art, viz., lucre and glory. To dispense both is in the hands of the public, and more particularly in the hands of the fashionable society, which affects to patronize the liberal arts. As that society is much more numerous now than it was in the days of our sires, when the line of demarcation between the noblesse and the bour-

geoisie was by no means as doubtful as with us, the demand for art-pieces is proportionately greater than it has been in the past. This has two principal effects. It increases the rapidity of the current downward by the increased number of laborers and admirers in that direction; but it further, and this is perhaps still more deplorable, prevents the right-minded and highly-gifted artist from gaining that popularity which is necessary to sustain him in pursuing his aim.

As to the first of these effects, we repeat it, there seems little hope of its being reversed even in a slight degree as long as we are powerless to rechristianize society, which means "the world," in which our Lord Himself appeared to have no confidence. Let those that belong to it pursue their course. The artist will find it pay him to flatter the depraved passions or the vanity of his patrons, but in thus bartering his birthright he will not elevate his rank above that of the modiste who disputes with him the title; his art may be called *fine*, but it counts as nothing beside the true old art with soul-beauty in it, and which outlives the whimsical fancy of a day. Mr. Mallock, who deserves at least the credit of understanding his age, says:¹ "As for our painting, that reflects even more clearly than our literature, our hideous and hopeless degradation. The work of the painter becomes essentially vile as soon as it becomes essentially venal. The work of the modern painter is vile from its very beginning, in its conception and execution alike."

In regard, however, to encouraging the Christian artist, who, because out of sympathy with the world and content to let it alone, finds the world hostile and aggressive, something more than is done might be done by those who are interested in the revival, not only of art, but of truth and of virtue. If the spirit of the age has at all times had a decided influence upon the forming of the artist, he in turn has exercised a most powerful reflex influence upon his generation. Recall but to mind the enthusiasm into which a single picture by Duccio, or Giotto, or Gozzoli threw a whole population; how no other cause but the streaming crowds of Florentines eager to see the newly painted Madonna by their fellow-citizen came to give the name of Borgho Allegro, the joyful town, to a part of the fair city. And the artists knew their power and directed it accordingly. Going back to the earlier days of Christian art we find a St. Methodius paint the Last Judgment, that he might convert the Bulgarian King, and with him a large part of the nation. We see a sainted Archbishop Thimo, of Salzburgh, an Anastasius (Bibliothecarius) unite painting with writing, to teach the Christian doctrine, and thus create that singular tendency towards the mystic allegorical expo-

¹ Mr. Herbert in "The New Republic."

sition of holy Scripture which took so effective a hold upon men as to last several centuries.

Nor are we entirely without such men among us. There always were and always will be true artists where the Catholic Church holds sway. Two, whom we mentioned at the beginning of our article, and who have now gone, God grant, to their reward in heaven, are perhaps the closest approach to what the old masters were, in their faith, their purity of life, the grandeur of their conceptions, and in the disinterested love of the art to which they devoted themselves. The one with his pure unruffled soul, the other with the giant strength of Buonarrotti. Whatever may be thought of the former's drawings in point of technique, few will agree with Mr. Ruskin in denying that he did not realize the sublimity of his ideals. If his coloring be less transparent than that of Fra Angelico, whom he made his model, well, there are more painters who have taken it, that spiritual emotions are best expressed by neutral tones; among them is conspicuous Ary Scheffer, who never failed, with their aid, to produce "an intensely poetic charm."

A gentleman, whom we believe alien to our holy faith, yet who seems to have understood the workings of the artist's soul, speaks of Overbeck and his works as follows: "Here is a man, the very type not only of what history tells us the spiritual painter was, but also the personal realization of that which the mind conceives the Christian artist should be. It has been our privilege not unfrequently to visit the studio of this venerable man; to listen to his hushed voice, solemn in earnestness of purpose and touched with the pathetic tones which rise from sympathy; to look upon that head gently bowed upon the shoulders, the face furrowed with thoughts which for eighty years have worn deep channels, the forehead and higher regions of the brain rising to a saint-like crown; and never have we left those rooms where Christian art found purest examples, without feeling towards the artist himself gratitude and affection. The world indeed owes to such a man no ordinary debt. His work was the building up of the ruined structure of Christian art." Of his pictures the same writer says: "Each line is sensitive, each form seems begotten in realms removed from this lower sphere; the figures belong to worlds untainted by sin; in placid concord of sweet forms, in an inward peace, which makes the rugged paths of the world smooth and the current of life to flow in music, the compositions of Overbeck are unsurpassed, save, perhaps, by the designs of Angelico."

And his was a labor of love; for the greatest of his religious works he accepted no remuneration; "*Domine dilexi decorem domus tuæ*," was the secret of his impulses. It is said of him that

¹ "Masterpieces of European Art." Gebbie & Barry, Philadelphia.

he could not paint a Madonna until he had become a Catholic. Would that our Catholic artists realized their advantages! And could not educated Catholics as well as Catholic educators do a great deal more than they do to form and foster correct views and tastes in this direction? If we must decorate our halls and drawing-rooms, why persist in choosing nymphs and heathen deities, or even those doubtful copies of Christian Renaissance which make up the worst part of the "golden period" of art, and have, moreover, a very different meaning in the eyes of our precocious generation than they had in olden times? It may be the fashion or a personal preference, but it is no more good taste than the predilection some persons evince for Egyptian or Chinese decorations. There is in man indeed a strange propensity for worshipping the faults of great or good people, but whilst it betokens a certain narrowness of intellect, it often makes us blind to the real merits of those whom we thus worship. We frequently treat the old painters in this manner. Imitating their extravagances, we neglect their more valuable and permanent qualities, and thus gradually come to underrate these. It is one of the surest signs against us that art criticism within the last thirty years has not shrunk from laying sacrilegious hand upon the laurels which centuries of unbiassed judgment had placed and guarded upon the brow of the old masters.

But there is another thing we would say in this connection, and in truth it has been the main cause if not the object of this paper. We consider that as it is the office of a reviewer to point out the currents and tendencies of contemporary thought and activity, it cannot but be with a view of showing forth remedies as far as they may be practically applied.

Whilst, as we have indicated, there is a deflection from the true standard of criticism, the subject itself of art is constantly increasing in popularity. With special chairs at most of our universities, numbers of academies in every considerable city, frequent expositions, schools of design and free lectures on art, with the technical facilities that have made it possible to introduce painting as a branch of study in nearly every select school of any pretension, an opportunity is given for the development of talent which our ancestors could not have imagined.

Catholics in this country have a not inconsiderable share of the material to this development in their hands. If we have little power in a direct way to create a much greater demand for Christian or noble art than there is at present in society, educators in our superior schools might vastly improve their system in the art classes and make it harmonize with the rest of their teaching. We take all possible care to instil into the mind of our youth the sublime virtues of the Virgin Queen of heaven, purity of life and un-

failing devotion to their duties; we place before them the noble grandeur of the Catholic Church and the high end of our earthly pilgrimage,—yet in the drawing-classes, where sense and heart alike might be engaged to the formation of pure and elevated taste, we find subjects of a most trivial character. Outside of landscape and marine our highest ambition is to copy dogs after Landseer or cattle after Rosa Bonheur. Now considering the amount of love spent in the labor, and which is naturally transferred to the subject, furthermore the deep impression made and the lasting character of such work in the mind of the young, the effect must be a very serious one in as far as it actually tends to unfit the pupil's mind for anything serious. And being powerful, as this influence is, it probably undoes a great deal of our religious teaching and accounts to some extent at least for the frivolity that surprises us in persons who have been reared in the piety-breathing atmosphere of a convent school.

It is given as Mirabeau's thought that men, like rabbits, are most conveniently laid hold of by the ears. We doubt the perfect truth of the comparison. You might get at the soul, or what stands in its place, of a rabbit by way of his ears, but the avenue to man's soul, as well as its mirror, seems to be the eye. Every educator knows how much more readily impressions are made permanent through image and illustration. And this was what the old masters meant to do by their pictures. They wanted to teach, and they succeeded, as far as it went, for good. "Our object," says Giotto's pupil, Buffalmacco, "in painting is to make saints."¹

Moreover we must have in this branch, as in all our education, some further motive than that our pupils should simply imitate. We teach a language, not that our youth may parade a perfect pronunciation, but rather that they may be able to inform their minds more readily in the obtaining and discriminating of truth. So in art. We teach it, not that our scholars may be able to distinguish a straight line from a curve, but that they may discriminate between true and false beauty, and thus attain to purity of taste, helping them in the choice of what is good and true. Faithful imitation is a great help, but it is not all; nor, taken by itself, is it art. In the same way perfect drawing, coloring, perspective, things in which we easily surpass even masters like Guercino, whom the Italians used to call the magician, owing to his mastery in the art of relief, are mere mechanical acquisitions, and hardly worthy as sole aim of a more refined nature.

What we must call attention to, and this even at the very begin-

¹ "Non attendiamo mai ad altro che a far santi e sante per le mura e per le tavole ed a far perciò con dispetto dei demonj gli uomini piu divoti e migliori."—*Vasari*.

ning, as soon as any definite subject is handled by the pupil, is the soul of the picture. Hence the necessity of insisting on noble subjects. Let us call attention to the ideal contained in it. Nor does this involve the necessity of selecting grand subjects. Even a flower has its beautiful meaning in poetry, why not in painting? The child may see in the lily before it an emblem of purity, in the rose disinterested love, and so forth. Thus a group of flowers will speak to the student, and the thought, as we said before, generally affects the execution. And if attention to this portion of our teaching had no further result than to initiate the young in the manner of viewing subjects of art it would be ample success to repay every effort we could make in this direction. There would be consequently less groping in the dark about the decline of Fine Art.

Neither perfection of detail nor the grandeur of the subject by itself, unless it has become our own in feeling as in understanding, are any guarantee to success. A notable example in contemporary art is Mr. Munkacsy's latest picture, "Christ before Pilate," by all accounts one of the most important creations of modern times. The ablest of his critics allow his mastery of detail, "yet the genius of the painter," says one of them, "was unable to raise itself to the lofty character of Christ; it is a noble, elevated being; a courageous defender of the truth, but not the Redeemer divine." The painter brought knowledge and skill to his task, but insufficient sympathy for his principal subject.

Much more might be said on this matter. If we have not over-rated its importance it is likely to find its champions when the time for it comes. Yet we could not help thinking that whilst contemporary literature occupies itself so largely with a question to which we alone have the solution it would not be inopportune to point in the direction of some good, in the hope that others better able for the task will take it up more readily to open the way. Surely Catholic educators, and indeed all loyal children of our holy mother Church, must have at heart the clearing away of so much rubbish which impedes the vision of the stranger whom we would fain call friend, as well as our own progress.

Never was there less reason for deserting a position such as a correct appreciation of the fine arts affords us for making Catholic truth known and loved, than there is to-day, when sense is preferred to reason and to conscience, as a means in the search after truth.

"What boots it at one gate to make defence,
And at another to let in the foe?"

THE DEISTIC REVELATION OF SPIRITISM.

Modern American Spiritualism. A Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits, by Emma Hardinge. New York. 1870.

On Miracles and Modern Spiritualism. Three Essays, by Alfred Russel Wallace. James Burns. London. 1875.

Der Spiritismus und das Christenthum. By Dr. J. Wieser, S. J. Zeitschrift fuer Katholische Theologie. Innsbruck. Felician Rauch. 1880 and 1881.

IN order to facilitate the examination of the Spiritist Revelation it will be well to lay down the philosophy of revelation in general, so as to fix once for all the unalterable canons of reason, according to which every investigation of this kind should be conducted.¹

The word *revelation*, according to the force of its Latin composition, means the removal of a veil, and thus comes to signify the manifestation of something that was hidden. Taking the word in this wide sense, it is evident that a revelation may be made by men, by spirits, or by God.

To begin with the revelation that comes from God, reason tells us that He can make a revelation naturally or supernaturally. He has actually made an enduring natural revelation of Himself and His attributes by means of created nature, that mighty work which bears upon its face the unmistakable vestige of the wisdom, goodness, beauty, and omnipotence of its Maker. But He can also reveal unknown things by means which transcend that created nature, by means that are in no wise due to created nature, and which are therefore supernatural. The truths which God can reveal in this supernatural way, may be either natural or supernatural in themselves. God can reveal, and in point of fact has so revealed for the greater good of mankind, truths which man can naturally get to know, as for instance the commandments revealed from the top of Sinai. But there are other truths of which a created intellect could have no idea, not only as to their nature but even their very existence unless God revealed them. No created, and therefore limited mind, could ever comprehend God's infinite nature; for all eternity there would be truths in that nature wholly unknown to it, infinitely beyond its reach, absolute mysteries, which God alone, as He alone comprehends Himself, can know,

¹ V. Mazzella, *De Religione et Ecclesia*, Disput. i., Art. v. et viii.; *Liberatore*, *Jus Individuale*, C. ii., Art. 3.

and alone can reveal. This is the highest kind of supernatural revelation; it is supernatural not only as to the manner of manifestation, but also as to the very truth manifested. Since God is Almighty it stands to reason that He can make known His revelation to angels or men, by giving them either in person or mediately through an angel or a man; and since He has absolute dominion over His creatures, it is equally incontrovertible that He can make faith in revelation law; and sanction it with His "*qui non crediderit condemnabitur.*"

Passing now from theory to fact, from possible to actual revelation, how can we prove that revelation was actually made? Evidently not by an examination of the revealed truths themselves as Rationalists fancy. In case those truths are divine mysteries, reason can at the worst vainly strive to prove their repugnance, or at the best successfully demonstrate their non-repugnance, but never show from the nature of the mysteries alone that they are existing facts. If the truths are natural in themselves, that fact cannot of itself prove or disprove their divine revelation in a given case. It is evident that Rationalists, with all their fancied unlimited powers of reason, have mistaken the very state of the question. The present inquiry does not at all concern the nature of the truths revealed; it is a question of fact, how, namely, we are to establish the historical fact that a revelation was made. Everybody knows that a historical fact cannot be proved *a priori*, notwithstanding the unscrupulous practice of historians to the contrary. Hence the fact that a revelation was actually made, rests wholly on the knowledge and veracity of the witnesses to the fact; given their knowledge and truthfulness, there can remain no reasonable doubt as to the fact that a revelation of some kind has been made.

But how can we determine whether that revelation comes from God? Evidently again not by the Rationalistic method of scrutinizing the truths revealed. For the reasons above given, the truths themselves could not of themselves justify the conclusion that they descend from God; they might come from a created spirit. The Rationalistic test is at the very best only negative, that is, it may in the case of certain actual revelations overthrow their claims to divine authority, by proving to evidence that the revealed doctrines or mysteries are repugnant to reason,¹ that is to say, *contra-dict* other truths that are indisputable to the human mind. But such a test, well as it may and shall serve our purpose in the examination of revelations other than divine, cannot possibly be applied to the word of God, which, howsoever it transcends our comprehension, cannot but be unchanging truth. But how can it

¹ To be repugnant to reason, it is not enough that revealed doctrines be *beyond* the comprehension of reason; they must be *against* its principles.

be ascertained that it was God who spoke in that given revelation? By examining whether God gave an evident proof that it was He Himself, and not a creature that spoke, and such a proof would be an unmistakable manifestation of his omnipotence or omniscience in a divine miracle or prophecy.¹ The Almighty Creator alone can suspend and set aside the laws of created nature, alone can accomplish a work that transcends the power of all created nature, alone can work a miracle of omnipotence. The omniscient God alone, to whose eternal now the past, present and future are ever present, foreknows the events that depend on His own free will or on that of His creature, alone can with infallible certainty foretell them, alone can be the author of a prophecy of omniscience. An actual revelation, therefore, which comes corroborated by an undoubted divine miracle or prophecy, cannot but have God for its author, must be His infallible word.

The certitude which a divine revelation brings home to a created mind is not directly the effect of the miracle or prophecy that supports it; these directly evince that it is God who has spoken, and it is from His infallible authority that faith springs, stronger in its certitude than the evidence of the senses or of the mind.² For man or angel, therefore, the irrefragable force of divine revelation comes from the unfailing veracity of God, "who can neither deceive nor be deceived." The same infinite veracity can never allow Him to lend this power of miracles or prophecy to a creature, when that creature proposes to use them in order to confirm a falsehood.

To sum up, reason teaches that God can reveal natural or supernatural truths in a supernatural way; that He can prove by divine miracles or prophecies that it is He and no other that speaks; that such a revelation rests on His infinite veracity, and is therefore in value worth the infallible word of God.

These dictates of reason concerning Divine Revelation form the rational basis upon which Christian Revelation stands through the ages, leading captive, with God's grace, the generations of the humble and the great, the ignorant and the wisest of the sons of men. To-day comes a revelation that claims to be its complement and perfection, the Spiritist Revelation, and upon what is it built? Evidently not on God, not on God's word, even remotely; in fact it sets up no such claims. It is the acknowledged and avowed revelation of created spirits, of spirits that pretend to no divine inspiration or commission, but rather deny that they have either, telling us that God takes no heed of the doings of His creatures, much less enters into communication with them. Drawn by the cords of sympathy the spirits come and volunteer what information they can give

¹ V. Mazzellia, *ibid.*, Art. x. et xi.

² V. Liberatore, *Logicæ Pars Altera*, C. I., Art. iii., Prop. 5a.

about earth-life and spirit-life. Their revelation is entirely their own work, and is therefore worth no more than their word. That word is owned on all hands to be fallible, nay, it is so written in the fourth clause of the Spiritist Gospel, "but, as follows from clause second, their (the spiritists) communications will be *fallible*, and must be *judged* and *tested*, just as we do those of our fellow-men." Here then is a revelation made by fallible creatures in order to complete and perfect the revelation of the infallible God. The reasonableness of such an undertaking needs no discussion, no comment, at least for a Christian. Spiritists, however, deny the supposition that God ever made a revelation, and claiming Christian Revelation for the spirits, reduce all revelation ever given to mankind to Spirit Revelation. This is not the place to argue the point with them, and therefore leaving it for fuller treatment later on, our business at present must be to take their revelation of created fallible spirits, and inquire by what philosophy it must be judged.

It is easy to understand the philosophy of revelation which is made by spirits or by men, purely and simply out of their own resources and on their own responsibility. A revelation of this kind, notwithstanding its high-sounding name, amounts to nothing more than the testimony of spirits or men to something hidden or unknown, and the criterion by which its value must be ascertained is the very same that is applied to the depositions of any witness whatsoever. That test, as everybody is aware, is the examination of the *knowledge* and *veracity* of the witnesses, and justly so.¹ As created and consequently finite beings, spirits and men are necessarily limited in their knowledge and truthfulness, and as they are liable to fail in both, the existence of both must be proved before their testimony can challenge belief. How such an examination should be conducted may easily be gathered from the usual practice that obtains in our courts of justice. The testimony of a man of objectionable character is questionable; that of a criminal, and above all of a convicted perjurer, would hardly count for anything; and this, even when truthfulness is as it were forced upon them by the solemnity of an oath. In one word the truthfulness or untruthfulness of a witness is measured by his good or bad character.

Supposing that no objection can be raised against the character of the witness, his knowledge of the facts alleged is put to the crucial test of a cross-examination. If it be proved that he could not possibly get to know the facts, his testimony falls to the ground; if he contradicts himself, now denying what he affirmed before, or *vice versa*, his evidence is again worthless; if his statement is on

¹ V. Hill's Elements of Philosophy, Logic, Part ii., Art. 7; *Litteræ, Logicæ Pars Altera*, c. iii., Art. iii. De Criterio Externo.

the face of it absurd, it is rejected without ceremony. Here again the Rationalistic method of examining the truth of the statements cannot be applied *positively*, for as there is question of unknown facts, reason can only show that they *might* be true, but not that they *are* true. The only effectual application of that principle is *negative*, inasmuch as it may serve to show that the allegations, no matter how or by whom they be made, are in themselves false and untenable. In brief, the law that presides over the examination of witnesses is this: if neither their truthfulness nor their knowledge can be impeached, their testimony is reliable; if either their truthfulness or their knowledge be found wanting, their evidence is worthless.

Were it not for the extraordinary manner of reasoning, or rather not reasoning, in vogue among Spiritists, it would hardly occur to the mind of a sensible man to ask himself whether a created witness can prove the truth of his testimony by a brilliant display of his personal gifts. It is easy to see how God can vindicate His revelation by showing in signs and wonders that it is He who speaks; but neither miracle nor prophecy are given by Him as direct proof of the truth of His word, for that needs no proof. But in the case of a creature we know who it is that speaks; that point needs no proof; we demand proof of its truthfulness, and common sense tells us that the most astounding feats of physical or intellectual strength cannot furnish such proof. How a Milo of Crete could prove his veracity by carrying an ox around the amphitheatre, or how a spirit could do so by dissolving the furniture of a room into invisible atoms, or by reading the shifting panorama of a man's imagination, or in an instant coming across the Atlantic to announce the latest European events, baffles the understanding. Such marvels of created power only prove that their owners exist and are very strong. They cannot prove their veracity; nay, if they could prove anything in the moral order, might prove their mendacity just as well.

To sum up: the revelation of a spirit or a man is nothing else than their testimony to an unknown fact; that testimony rests entirely on their knowledge of the fact and their truthfulness to state it as it is or as they know it; hence their knowledge and veracity must, as they are liable to go astray, be tested by an examination of their character and their statements; in case either be found wanting, the testimony is worthless; if both pass muster, the evidence is reliable. In a word, just as divine revelation is in value worth the infallible word of God, so the revelation of a spirit or a man is worth the fallible word of that spirit or that man.

Such is the philosophy of the revelation made by a fallible creature, and the only one that can be applied to the Spiritist Reve-

lation. Fortunately the application is not difficult. The character and communications of the spirits have been published by Spiritists themselves, and they surely will not object if their own depositions are accepted as perfectly reliable and made the basis of our argument.

The examination must begin with the *character of the spirits*.¹ Spiritist annals depict the spirits as beings more remarkable for their unintelligible and foolish than their clear and reasonable answers, more given to mischievous and troublesome than to kind and charitable conduct, more distinguished for coarse buffoonery and ribald scoffing than dignified gravity and edifying piety, more notorious for wickedness and immorality than virtue and purity, more famous for duplicity and mendacity than frankness and veracity, more devoted to blasphemy than to the worship of God.

This is their moral portrait as taken by their votaries in the séances. In particular their disregard of truth extends to such a degree that Spiritists have laid it down as a law of their nature that they accommodate themselves in their communications entirely to the whims, prejudices, preconceived notions, and errors, whether scientific, religious, or moral, of their earthly devotees. They will reveal Pantheism to the Pantheist, Deism to the Deist, Mahometanism to the Mahometan, recklessly and shamelessly even in one and the same séance. These are very damaging charges, but Spiritists themselves have written them fairly out. Without an attempt at denying the true character of the spirits, without even a serious effort to gloss it over, the leaders of Spiritism have merely offered an explanation of the fact, the mere why and wherefore of the evil dispositions and vices of the spirits. By way of explanation of the low character of the spirits they remind us, and that quite logically, of the third clause of the *Moral Teaching of Spiritism*, that "the knowledge, attainments, and experience of earth-life form the basis of spirit-life," and they bid us remember the vast number of half-witted, foolish, mischievous, wicked, immoral, lying, and ungodly men who have died, and have taken their characteristics with them, for as is written in the second clause, "death effects no change in the spirit, morally or intellectually." Since the majority of men upon earth is made up of incarnate spirits of the same stamp it is easy to understand that the multitudes of visiting spirits are of the same low character, for it is again written in the fourth clause that the spirits "are attracted to those they love or sympathize with." This is the explanation of Spiritists, and, as appears from their fundamental doctrines, it is logical and consistent.

¹ V. Spiritism *versus* Christianity, Part i., in the Quarterly for April.

As it may, however, seem almost incredible to those who have not read much about Spiritism, that Spiritists should make so damaging a confession without wincing, the following utterances of the celebrated German Spiritist, *Reimers*, may serve as an illustration :

"Although the spirits give the most striking proofs of their identity with the departed, the majority of them are nevertheless not honest (*ehrlich*), nay often maliciously lead to error and ruin, especially when the precipitate fanatical assumption *that the spirits must know everything* comes to their assistance. Great wretchedness has already been caused by such folly. Death does not do away with the law (of nature), nature does not allow of abnormal strides, and many spirits appear even more degraded after death, since life had given them only an appearance of education, which crumbles away with the dust of the body. Since the spirits easily enter into private opinions of the members of the circles, the first phases of their manifestations are in their intellectual utterances mostly nothing more than the reflex of the circle, taken individually or collectively. Since on account of materialism all mankind has become degenerate, it is easy to explain the fact, that by opening the sluices of the spirit-world, an impure flood is conjured up. Only private circles, actuated by religiousness free from hypocrisy, lead to such results as harmonize the beauty of the new revelation with the unadulterated essence of Christianity and other religions."

Thus in the great German Spiritist organ, *Licht, Mehr Licht*, 1879, p. 81, one of the chief representatives of Spiritism publishes to the world that "the majority of the spirits are not honest," that "they maliciously lead men into error and to ruin," and that "by opening the sluices of the spirit-world we have conjured up an impure flood." This last utterance could not have been welded into more crushing language by the bitterest opponent of Spiritism; and coming, as it does, frankly and spontaneously from the pen of one of its foremost advocates, it falls like a withering curse upon the multitudes of the spirit authors of the new revelation. Thus Spiritism itself reprobates the character of the majority of the authors of its revelation; what then can that revelation be worth?

The minority of spirits that remains is described by Spiritists to be of a somewhat higher order, but is in reality nothing better than the white crests of the impure flood that has broken loose from the Stygian pool against our fair earth. Spiritists not only tell us that these nobler spirits are often prevented by their wicked companions from approaching their friends on earth, but that those malicious goblins also designedly pass themselves off before men as of the better sort, in order the more effectually to work out

their evil plans. These confessions are alone sufficient to shake all confidence, not only in the communications but in the very character of higher spirits. To make the case still worse Spiritists frankly own that the higher spirits are themselves not free from the sins of the rabble; that they are only of a higher intellectual order, but ignorant, notwithstanding, on many points, subject to error, and given to deceiving others. They too, not less than the lower class, follow the law of accommodating themselves to the vices and errors of their "incarnate" friends without the least regard for virtue or truth; their wickedness and deception are only of a more educated sort, a perfect counterpart of the splendid villainy of high life. The astounding recklessness with which these spirits contradicted one another produced such confusion that the most sanguine Spiritists for a period relinquished all hopes of ever seeing anything like order brought into the chaos of Spiritism. Miss Hardinge, celebrated as an actress and a medium of the highest order, and perhaps the most enthusiastic and extravagant among the historians of Spiritism, was compelled to acknowledge in as many words that Spiritism "has from the beginning resisted every attempt at organization." That organization, however, was accomplished, but only by the heroic labors of human genius. With the single exception of Dixon, who dictated his gospel from personal revelation, all the other evangelists of Spiritism, Kardec, Wallace, Zöllner, had to undergo the herculean labor of examining, comparing, and rejecting volumes upon volumes of spirit contradictions, before they could find coherent elements sufficient for framing the new revelation. And be it remembered that though the spirits found it an easy matter to say the same thing with their friends on the all-important subjects, and thus come to an agreement with the common wishes and thoughts of millions, they still continued, even in the grand revelation, to drive their mad game of puzzling contradictions, and what, with their inveterate habit of suiting themselves to private differences of opinion, what with their inborn or ingrained love of contradiction, they hurled even the revelation into almost hopeless confusion. The fact is too well known to need confirmation that the revelation has all along had its heresies, its heretical spirits, spiritists, tenets, and practices. Famous among these, and strong in its following, was the heresy published by Dr. and Mrs. Spence, to the effect that none would be immortal save those who had survived on earth to the age of seventy.¹ There is hardly a single point of doctrine in the Deistic

¹ Miss Hardinge writes of the effects produced by this heresy of Professor and Mrs. Spence: "Their doctrines were received with profound dismay, and in some instances with agonizing despair . . . in fact, the promulgation of this repulsive theory, . . . coming as it did just when the cherished facts on which the whole spiritual superstructure was founded had to undergo the severe trial which a tide of recantations and

revelation which had not at one time or another been contradicted and decried by the higher spirits, so that the organization of that revelation as given to the world is rather the work of Kardec and his followers than of the spirits themselves. The revelations of the spirits are in themselves nothing more than an endless chaos of contradictions. This fact is confessed on all hands, and has wrung from Spiritists the most disagreeable confessions. Kardec repeatedly gives signs of annoyance and impatience at the endless difficulties that obstruct his path;¹ Zöllner is perfectly happy amid the confusion, as he loves nothing better than the opportunity of showing how he can thrice confound a confusion;² Wallace, with imperturbable serenity, characterizes the communications of the spirits as fallible, and calls upon wise men to test and judge them; but B. C. v. Rappard surpasses them all in the grandeur with which he rises to the very height of the difficulty. In the periodical, *Licht, Mehr Licht*, in the same number in which his colleague, Reimers, wrote his terrible condemnation of Spiritism, Rappard delivers himself of this peculiarly majestic appeal to the German world (p. 11):

"We advise the reflecting reading-world of Germany, from which nothing may or can be concealed, for to it alone belongs the judicial authority *to solve the contradictions in the utterances of the spirits*, to subject them to a careful test, to wit, to the highest criterion,—that of *Logic*."

It is strange that these gentlemen never once call upon wise men in general, or German logicians in particular, to bring the high criterion of Logic to bear upon the very character of the spirits; very strange that they give such bad characters to those spirits, and in the same breath impose it as a duty on all mankind, and on the German nation in particular, to solve their contradictions. How this solving of contradictions can or is to be accomplished we are not instructed; presumably, it is by the old principle of private interpretation, which means, that every man should take what suits him in particular, and let his neighbor look out for himself. A *bona fide* examination of the contradictions of the spirits, even without the further investigation of their other sins,

exposures necessarily put upon it, seemed to fill the cup of feverish doubt and incertitude to the very brim." Modern American Spiritualism, a 'Twenty Years' Record of the Communion between Earth and the World of Spirits, p. 248.

¹ Kardec complains also of the difficulty of obtaining reliable statements from mediums. This admission shows how unreliable the whole revelation is even on its human side. According to the courtesy of debate, however, it is better charitably to suppose, for argument's sake, that the evangelists of Spiritism have taken and given only the reliable depositions of mediums.

² V. Dr. Wieser's remarks on Zöllner's hypothesis of "four-dimensional space," l. c. iv., p. 691.

would inevitably lead to the unmasking of their untruthful character. That alone proves them to be wholly unreliable witnesses, alone overthrows their testimony. Their character needs no further scrutiny; it is before the world; he that will may see it; he that after seeing it will believe, believes wicked, lying, deceiving spirits.

This examination of the character of the spirits, showing as it does the utter worthlessness of their word, is all-sufficient in itself to overthrow their revelation. Everything, and this point cannot be insisted upon too often, everything in that revelation rests on the veracity of the spirits; destroy that, and you with one blow shatter the foundations, dislodge the corner-stones, and knock the keystones out of every arch in the lofty dome of the proud Spiritist temple. This work is done. There is no truth in those spirits, and their revelation has no greater weight in the balance of truth than their word. It matters now very little whether their knowledge is beyond objection or not; no reasonable man can believe those spirits on their mere word, indeed he were a fool if he did.

Spiritists object, that it is impossible to believe that the whole race of spirits should conspire to deceive mankind in matters of such tremendous import; that like all intelligent beings they must have a natural inborn love of truth and truthfulness; that, therefore, to speak the truth would be the rule, to deceive, the exception; that, in fine, their very agreement upon the main points of the revelation argues the unity and strength of truth.

This objection would be unanswerable from the Spiritist standpoint, to wit, their gratuitous assumption that the spirits are *friendly* to "their brethren in the flesh." In that supposition it cannot be denied that a universal conspiracy on the part of those intelligent beings to lead men into error and all its consequences would be impossible, because wholly unnatural. But the friendliness of the spirits is precisely the point that is waiting for proof, and more, it cannot be substantiated by Spiritists. If Spiritists rejoin that a universal hostility is also unnatural, the answer is, certainly, provided there is no reason to account for it. Surely the character of the spirits cannot entitle them to the holy name of friendship; the presumption is altogether against their friendliness. Nay, their very conduct points to a universal hostility; as a body they ply the hellish work of leading men into error and vice, and such agents have always been accounted the greatest enemies of man. It is needless to repeat the dark description Spiritists give of the spirits; one needs but to recall the picture to be forced to exclaim, "These are hostile to man, they are fiends!" With the palpable fact of a universal hostility in the spirits, the whole objection falls to the ground. That fact explains how these

intelligent beings can conspire, one and all, to deceive men, and for that purpose agree upon the main points of a new revelation. Spiritists, however, notwithstanding that the facts are against them, persist in denying the hostility of the spirits, throwing the burden of the proof upon their opponents.

Before furnishing a convincing proof, let it be borne in mind that such proof is only *ad abundantiam*, and for a more complete refutation of the tenets of Spiritism. The authority of the spirits has been conclusively proved to be null and void upon the evidence of Spiritists themselves, and no amount of abstract reasoning can avail to prove its value against fact. This premised, the hostility of the spirits to mankind may be demonstrated, not only from a Christian standpoint, but from the very principles of Spiritism itself.

The Christian argument is simply the revealed truth, that there is a portion of the spirit-world leagued in deadly hostility against man. This proof Spiritists of course reject along with Christian revelation, but if the logic to which they appeal is of any weight with them, they shall have to admit both as logical consequences of their own tenets. They certainly must grant that the revelations given by the higher spirits are of greater value than those of the lower, and should be preferred in reasonable belief. Now it so happens that they claim Christ for Spiritism, maintaining, as they consistently must, that He was the noblest spirit that ever became incarnate, so surpassingly great, indeed, that He needed no medium beyond His own body wherewithal to work His wonders. His revelation, therefore, which is the Christian, is tantamount in value with His greatness, and stands as high above all other revelations as He is exalted above all the spirits that have become known to men. If, then, Spiritists claim belief in the revelations of spirits, and if that belief, according to the dictates of reason, must be given to the better and wiser spirit, Spiritism, if it would be at all logical, should hold fast to the revelation of Christ, until at least His equal appear in the world, either in the flesh or in a séance. And this conclusion is backed by the Spiritist claims upon the prophets of the old law and the saints of the new law, as the most extraordinary mediums the earth has seen. Surely modern Spiritism has not been able to produce mediums like Moses, Isaias, Jeremiah, David, Daniel, the Apostles, the Holy Fathers, the Theresas, and the Xaviers. By the laws of Spiritism, the spirits that ministered to mediums so extraordinary must have been of a much higher order than those that visit the séances to-day. Yet all those *supposed* mediums, without one dissenting voice, without a shadow of contradiction, bore testimony to the truth of the revelation of Jesus Christ, and all their *supposed* magnificent minister-

ing spirits must, in the supposition of Spiritists, have with one accord proclaimed the same truth. Therefore, on Spiritist grounds, there is no higher or more reliable revelation under heaven than that of our Lord Jesus Christ. Who asks, Why, then, do Spiritists not take it? Let him ask them, let him ask their fleshly hearts. Our point is, that in that revelation of Christ there is the doctrine concerning the fallen angels, who have sworn perpetual enmity to every man that is born into the world; this Spiritists are bound to admit at the hands of logic, for logic is inexorable, and must convince the mind, though it cannot persuade a perverse will. What more does that revelation of Christ tell of those wicked spirits? It says that they are enemies of God and of man, rebels that were stricken down by the Almighty, who now in impotent rage wreak their vengeance upon God's image in man, seeking to compass his destruction by means of error and vice, spirits that possess men and make them speak many languages and do other wonderful things, spirits that can work marvels, spirits of untruth, whose great leader is the Father of lies, deceitful and deceiving spirits, that have permission to tempt man to break his allegiance to the Most High, in one word, they are the demons of hell.

Does it not look as if these are the very spirits of Spiritism? They are the same. Christ, the God of the Christian, Christ, *hypothetically* the greatest oracle of Spiritism, has revealed it,—the spirits of Modern Spiritism are the lying demons of hell. That is their character in a nutshell.

The conclusion just arrived at receives still further confirmation from a close inspection of the *statements* of the spirits. This examination will show whether they speak the truth like friends.

In the first place, those spirits claim to be *the blessed souls of the departed*. But think of it! The grand, liberated, proud souls of men are constrained to be the slaves of the nervous excitability, or animal magnetism, or whatever animal stuff they choose to call it, of the cataleptic mediums! If this were one of the torments of damned souls, one could understand it; but we are told that it is a part of man's future happiness. If those poor spirits were obliged to come at the bidding of great genius or heroic virtue, one might possibly be able to imagine such subservience; but we are told that they must obey the animal magnetism of the mediums. If only a few of the departed spirits were doomed to such degradation, one might be satisfied with the hope of escaping their sad lot; but we are assured that all spirits must obey the call of mediums, all without exception. This is part of the natural destiny of man. The souls of all men, of great men, of warriors, conquerors, statesmen, philosophers, and kings, all must obey the mediums, and come—how?—as very ghouls, as most undignified

hobgoblins, that take to moving furniture, to pinching and cuffing the spectators, unbuttoning their coats, and even to playing the inevitable organ-grinder. Hamlet might well recoil from suicide if such be our allotted avocations in the unknown country, and we could weep over the departed glory of Calhoun, if, as Spiritists assure us, his colossal spirit was constrained to revisit the city of Washington, the very arena of his ancient triumphs, there with his iron hand to play upon a guitar.¹ Our whole being revolts against such a belief; man's soul, godlike even amid the ruins of insanity, scorns such degradation, spurns such a destiny. If such be the eternity that awaits us, then, Reason cries out with all its might, let men be lunatics, and ween themselves angels or gods, that so they may play at least a dignified rôle with childish, senseless, but everlasting satisfaction. This were man's highest wisdom, this his loftiest aspiration and greatest good fortune, to be a glory-dreaming lunatic,—if the revelation of Spiritism were the truth, and not its libel.

Thus speaks reason. The revelation of Christ, which Spiritists must admit as Spiritist evidence, says something more. It does not deny the possibility of departed souls returning to visit their friends on earth, but admitting it, enables man to judge whether those souls come from heaven or hell.² Faultless perfection is the halo that invariably must surround the spirits of the blessed adopted sons of God; moral and intellectual depravity, on the contrary, are inseparable from the souls that are enemies of God and man. Wicked, lying, blaspheming, destroying spirits, as are those of Spiritism, if they are at all departed souls, which cannot be proved, must be lost souls, the *fili diaboli*, as Christ calls them, and, therefore, can only do the devil's work. Christians as a rule do not believe that the poor lost souls are detailed for that work; however, they will not quarrel with Spiritists on that score, for to their minds to prefer the sons of devils to the devils themselves is only a matter of choice, the disastrous consequences still remaining the same.

The cynical mockery with which the spirits endeavor to drag down the godlike soul of man to the condition of an ignoble slave,

¹ This actually occurred in 1853. Governor Tallmadge, of Wisconsin, records that Calhoun was cited by name. The first phenomena were certainly in keeping with the character of the man whom Miss Martineau described as "the cast-iron man, who looks as if he had never been born, and could never die," for they were exceedingly stormy and tumultuous. But then the phenomena changed. Bells and a guitar played soft music, and these words were rapped out: "It was my hand that touched you [Tallmadge] and the guitar.—CALHOUN."

² Most Catholic philosophers and theologians hold that the souls of the dead cannot in a *natural manner* get to know what is happening upon earth, or exercise any active influence over material substances. In this they follow St. Thomas, who bases the doctrine on the properties of the soul itself. V. S. Th., I, p. q. 89, a. 8, et I, p. q. 117, a. 4.

cannot be palliated by their doctrine of *constant progressive evolution*, saying (clause 3): "*Progressive evolution of the intellectual and moral nature is the destiny of individuals; the knowledge, attainments, and experiences of earth-life forming the basis of spirit-life.*"¹ This principle rests, as the whole revelation does, solely on the authority of the lying spirits; in truth, it is at first sight a falsehood. If the spirit-world be graded into higher and yet higher classes, according to the intellectual and moral perfections of its denizens, if those inhabitants are dead men's ghosts, and if, as is taught in clause 3, "death effects no change in the spirit," to which class do intellectual monsters, high-bred villains, the learned wicked men of ancient and modern times, belong? Presumably to two at the same time, haply by bilocation, intellectually on the fifth floor of the spirit-house, morally in the cellar. Again, how comes it to pass that the higher spirits are not a whit less wicked and treacherous than the lower castes, nay seem to be villains of a deeper dye, Pecksniffs, Varneys, Iagos, Fausts, or more ignoble than these? According to all accounts there is no such difference in intellectual and moral depravity among the spirits of the séances as would warrant the assumption of distinct classes; yet, mankind is expected to accept the gratuitous assertion of a constant *post-mortem* evolution as an article of faith on the word of those monsters. But the theory of constant evolution is completely overthrown by facts. The progress of the spirits must be accomplished by means of repeated "incarnations," earth-life being the school of perfection in which they must work their way upward from class to class unto the highest. Constant progressive evolution is, therefore, the inexorable law that must have governed the human race from the beginning; the spirit-world and the human-world must have been rising unceasingly together towards the acme of perfection. This is nothing but the wild theory of Progressionists, to which history gives the lie. The rise, progress, culmination, and falling away of nations show that no human progress is constant. However, there is no call for historical argument against the Spiritist theory of perpetual progress; Spiritists themselves contradict it. They account for the "impure flood that has been conjured up" from the spirit-world, by the fact that mankind has *degenerated* by falling into Materialism. This admission is suicidal. If constant progressive evolution is an inexorable law of earth-life, how can it

¹ It will be remembered that Mr. Koons, of Ohio, found a full spirit-revelation in his locked up spirit-room. "Ceaseless progression, by which every living soul becomes a participant in the divine glory," is the spiritual destiny of man. In the plan of the grades of heaven that was drawn by a member of Koon's family in a state of clairvoyance, its centre is described as "the ancient pit or hell, the place of second death, the lowest and darkest sphere of probation, but by no means a final state."

come to pass that the "incarnate spirits" should degenerate at all, let alone sink into the mire of Materialism? Evidently Spiritists themselves destroy the whole law of evolution; they assert it in theory and deny it in fact.

The revelation of Christ, which Spiritists must accept as more reliable than their own, denies their constant progressive evolution theory pointblank. Heaven and hell are the immovable goals where man's spirit, after the brief span of a single earth-life, must come to a full stop forever. To advance in perfection is man's allotted task during life, a law, but one that he is free to set at defiance under the forfeit of eternal happiness. Beyond the grave there is no such thing as an evolution from iniquity to virtue, from damnation to salvation; *there is no redemption out of hell.*

To prop up their scientific theory of constant progressive evolution, the malevolent spirits with shrewd cunning flatter the Buddhist tendencies of their votaries, by revealing the old pagan error of the *Transmigration of souls*, under the innocent names of *Incar-nation* or *Pure carnation*. . . . This doctrine embraces the tenets of the *pre-existence of souls*, the *duality of man*, and the *successive incar-nation of one and the same soul*, all of them exploded theories of pagan philosophy.

Man is instructed, in the first clause of the *Moral Teaching of Spiritism*, that he "is a duality, consisting of an *organized spiritual form*, evolved coincidently with and permeating the physical body, and having corresponding *organs* and development." This astounding absurdity is a revelation indeed. A spiritual form, organized and having organs, is a contradiction in terms, organs necessarily requiring matter and material organization.¹ But what wonder! Contradictions must be perfectly natural to spirits of contradiction, and as for men, it is not their reason, but their disorderly passions that must be humored and pandered to. Therefore, in the onward march of constant progress the Christian is invited to step back into the disconsolate sensuous earth-life of ancient Paganism, and the refined European is politely requested to learn civilization from the semi-barbarous Buddhist of the Orient. The enlightened man of the nineteenth century is informed that his body and soul do not constitute one nature and person, as his common-sense persists in telling him, but that they are two complete substances, one im-

¹ The ethereal body, or *peri-spirit*, as German Spiritists have called it, with which the spirits are said to be united, and which is called the real body of the spirits, is the cause of the unheard of manner in which not only Spiritists, but the spirits themselves, use the terms *spirit* and *spiritual*. Not only the ideas of things, but the very words used to express them, are thus distorted into monstrous obscurities. In argument, the *peri-spirit hypothesis* is as gratuitous and worthless as Leibnitz's dream of the little corpuscles in which souls are created, and by means of which they are united to the body. V. Liberatore, *Psychologia*, C. iii., Art. iv.

prisoned within the other, making of him a duality. The consciousness of his individual unity is set aside without ceremony; he knows nothing about it; he is not one, but two. The hourly recurring fact that the undeveloped soul is united with a body to be its principle of life and being, and to be developed together with it, is completely ignored; and instead, man is told *to live by faith*, to believe the lying spirits that it is the veteran century-old spirit which ever and anon is thrust into the human animal to re-enact the serio-comic tragedy of life. Poor spirit! Ever and ever again must it drag that loathsome animal through the vicissitudes of life, ever and ever again drag its own weary self through the helplessness of childhood, the follies of youth, the bitter disappointments of manhood, the misery of old age, and the horrors of death, and why? It is in order to do penance for unknown crimes, to atone for sins it cannot remember. The poor wretch has lost all recollections of former existences, all consciousness of the sins committed erewhile in a spirit-land, and so completely that neither its imagination, nor its memory, nor its reason, can reach the first link of memory's chain that has fallen from its grasp into the gulf of oblivion. To its past history the spirit is buried in the gross body as under a sea; no murmur from the upper world penetrates to the depths where it lies pinioned down by the nightmare of life. What then is man? An idiot tortured for crimes he wots not of. What is mankind? Millions and billions of such idiots. And why do they not rid themselves of such degradation, why do they cling to such a life, and not hunt after death, day and night, for death must be sweet as sleep is to the weary to such wretches? Monstrous compounds of misery, the only foul stains upon God's fair creation, why do men not call upon their Creator to exterminate them from the face of the earth? Is it because they are cowards, or idiots, or because their reason tells them, with the voice of experience, that all this is a lie?¹ Yet this is the new gospel, the glad tidings of salvation, that promises to deliver the unchristian world from the demon of despair that is possessing it to-day. This is what the pre-existence and transmigration of souls, and the duality of man signify; they mean *raving Buddhism*.

¹ V. Liberatore, *Psychologia*, *ibid.* He argues: Hypothesis illa (præviæ animarum existentæ) omnino gratis et arbitrarie asseritur. . . . Deinde unitatem humani compositi, contra experientiam et rationem, omnino pessumdat. . . . Præterea, in ea hypothesi non compositum quoddam naturale sed violentum et præposterum oriretur. . . . Tertio, si illa opinatio vera esset, homo mortem non horreret vi naturæ, sed appeteret potius. . . . Quarto, ridicula prorsus est illa oblivio, quæ fingitur, omnium anteactarum idearum et mutationum, quas anima sentiit; nec quomodo ideæ illæ oblitterentur et sepeliantur, intelligi congruenter potest. . . . Denique illud etiam absurdum est, pœnas sceleris emendatrices dari ob crimen, quod quale fuerit nec ratione nec revelatione sciatur. . . . De Leibnitii opinione nil addimus, quia mera fabella est, nullo probabili fundamento firmata.

These pagan doctrines the revelation of Christ denies point-blank. It teaches that souls are *created*, even as was that of Adam, when God unites them to the body; that the soul is the informing principle, the *form* of the body, and constitutes together with it, one nature, one person, the unit—man; that “it is ordained for all men to die *once, semel*, and after death judgment,” and then eternal life in heaven or in hell. There shall be only one reincarnation, when on the last day every man shall rise again in his own flesh, to meet his judge.¹ Thus man comes from the hand of God, innocent of personal faults, though tainted in his nature with the original sin of his first parent. He is a free, responsible being, destined for eternal glory in the beatific vision, the end he must reach by the help of God, or be forever damned. The grace of God is always ready at his call; if he fails, if he makes shipwreck of his soul, it is his own fault. In the next world, the day is past, and the night is come wherein no man can work. Then a great change comes over the souls of men. In heaven, the souls enter into the ocean of the beatific vision of God, are deified, are made like God, *quia*, as St. John touchingly says, *videbimus cum sicuti est*. The lost souls in hell are stricken in every faculty, and forever. Such is Christ’s revelation concerning the present and future life of man’s soul.

Thus far we have reviewed the Spiritist Revelation in as far as it touches upon the origin, nature, and destiny of man and spirits. Before examining the little it has to say about God, it will be profitable to cast a glance backward at the hideous character and statements of the spirits. Out of both rises the naked reality of the terrible fact that those spirits are arch-enemies, that they labor to dethrone not only the faith but also the reason of man; that they undermine not only the moral but even the physical nobility of man; that, in one word, their revelation is made for the revolt of the worst passions, and not for the peace and quiet of unsettled reason. After this, one can measure the folly that must have dictated the *fourth clause* of the Moral Teaching, in which the *kindness, charity, and friendliness* of the spirits are held up to universal admiration. Were they ever so kind, ever so servile to man’s least wish, their character and their revelations make friendship an impossibility to a sane man, whose reason must cry out all the while against their objectionable proffered friendship, *magis amica veritas*. Nor can the provision of the fourth clause, “that their fallible communications must be tested by man,” save them from this condemnation. The real meaning of that proviso is, that the grand jury of men are to find the revelations true, not false; a request which would be harmless and ridiculous were it not so cunning

¹ For a full treatment of these points see the respective articles in Father Mazzella’s *De Deo Creante*.

and arrogant. Nobody will deny, indeed it has been taken for granted all through this argument, that man's reason is fully able to analyze the character and communications of the spirits so as to demonstrate that both are false and utterly worthless. But it is quite another matter to ask man to corroborate the assurances of the sprits. In the Spiritist hypothesis such an undertaking is impossible. The theory of common origin, nature and destiny for spirits and men, hurls men down into the same slough of fraud and mendacity in which the spirits are at home; and in that common debasement it would be intolerable arrogance and stupid pride on the part of men to constitute themselves judges of spirits that are their equals, if not their betters. However, even allowing men the honor of judging, the difficulty which they are called in to obviate only returns in another way. They, too, are fallible; their decision, also, is impeachable; and who is to come in next to adjudge its merits in turn? Spiritists cannot possibly extricate themselves from this vicious circle of their own creation. To make matters worse, reason denies their supposition, viz., that man could ever demonstrate those revelations to be true. Some of them are repugnant to reason; the rest lie beyond the reach of reason and experience, and must be taken on faith. No amount of reasoning can vindicate the doctrines concerning the duality of man and the transmigration of souls, for they are false. The pre-existence of souls, the grades of spirit-land, the constant progress of the spirits, and the first article of the Spiritist creed, that the spirits of the séances are dead men's ghosts, man cannot verify by actual experience, by memory, or by argument. Above all as a Spiritist would he be an utterly incompetent judge. What does he know, what can he know, of those alleged facts? His spirit can have no recollection of them; the memories of ages of spirit-life are shut out by the human skull, and the man is all his life as innocent of the past as a new-born babe. Reason cannot come to his assistance. The reality of the facts depends entirely on the veracity of the spirits, and that veracity his reason cannot, at its utter need, prove; rather must, if rightly used, disprove, and instead prove their mendacity. It will not be amiss to call attention once more to the unreasonableness of appealing to the Rationalistic criterion of revelation in order to save Spiritism from the anathemas of merciless logic. That criterion, as applied to the revelations made by creatures, is one-sided. The examination of the hidden things may well serve to show that their assertion is absurd; and, in this wise, it makes sad havoc of the revelations of the spirits. But, when reason cannot brand a falsehood in the statements, it yet cannot substantiate the facts stated, for they are *hidden* from it, and must be taken on the word of the creature that reveals them.

Proceeding now to review the revelations of the spirits concerning the Godhead, one remembers at the very outset the significant fact that those guilty beings could not be brought near this subject without manifesting an aversion bordering on abhorrence, and that in their utterances they preserved a studied ambiguity and reserve, indicative of a better knowledge than they chose to communicate. Their dread of the topic evidently shows that they know far more about God than is comfortable for them; the sudden cessation of their interminable loquacity, and the short, impatient, but guarded answers that are given, as though under compulsion, betray that they know much more than they care to reveal, very much that they are determined never to reveal. Thus, from the very start, the revelations of the spirits concerning God are testimony wrung from witnesses who evidently know the truth, but are determined not to tell it,—testimony, therefore, which, so far forth, must be rejected as wholly unreliable. And with this we might bring the examination of the Spiritist Revelation to a close; but the prime importance of the matter under consideration demands a full investigation; here, if anywhere, the spirits must be unmasked. Their behavior is so unreasonably inconsistent as to be at first sight unaccountable. After striking judgment, heaven, and hell from the tablets of conscience, after making God perfectly harmless to guilty souls, there is no reason why they should not tell the whole truth about Him. If their revelations as to the nature and destiny of intelligent responsible creatures have any truth in them, there should be no contradictions in their doctrines about God; there can no longer be any excuse for such contradiction, no longer any reason, save that of hatred, and in that event the examination of their revelation must end with an anathema,—a curse upon them,—as the arch-enemies of God and of man. And this is, in fact, “the be all and end all” of those spirits. Their consummate wickedness and mendacity culminate in their revelations concerning God. At one time they protest that they know nothing about God; at another, they acknowledge that they do know something, but not a whit more than those who ask them. However, as they are further importuned and challenged by more stubborn men, they reveal that God created the world out of nothing, and left it to shift for itself, and thus they perfectly satisfy the Deist; but, as Pantheists look sour, they reveal for their special delectation that God is the “Absolute Being,” the *eo ego purum*, the only existing substance, evolved and spread out into what men call the universe.

After these portentous contradictions the advocates of the spirits can adopt, in the last resort, no other line of defence than that of a lost cause, the desperate plea of insanity. That course, how-

ever, no Spiritist can or will adopt, and if he still persists in believing those spirits, his neighbors can only shrug their shoulders and say, in their politest way, "*magna est fides tua.*"

Since the spirits are certainly not insane (and how could they be, having no material brain to cloud the mind?); since they knowingly and intentionally reveal contradictory doctrines about God, and thus lead men into error in a matter that involves the eternal lot of their souls; since they thus set at naught the highest rights of God and of the creature, without assigning any reason, nay, without any assignable excuse, for they have none, what remains but that they act through malice aforethought, but that they are actuated by no other motive than hatred, and have sworn an undying enmity against both God and man? Guilty of the deepest treachery against their fellow-creatures, branded with high treason against their God, the anathema of man and of God must be upon them forever. If, then, these smiling fiends go on in their revelations about God, denying that he has anything to do with his creatures, or they with Him, denying that He in his justice will reward or punish in heaven or in hell responsible intelligent creatures, if they deny every Christian dogma, it is the word of the arch-enemies of man and of God, and whoso believes it in his heart shall be made like unto them.

Spiritists need not be told how the Christian Revelation, which they are bound to accept as the highest authority even on Spiritist grounds, contradicts every statement made by the spirits about God, with the single exception of the dogma of creation. They know it; or if some of them are so lamentably ignorant of Christianity as their views upon it would lead one to suspect, they can get the much-to-be-desired information from their Catholic neighbors.

The condemnation which reason pronounces upon the spirits for their revelations with regard to God, must, without more ado, for the same reasons, be extended to their teachings concerning the God-man. With what show of reason Spiritists claim Christ for themselves will appear in the next review of their claims and promises; at present justice spurns all claims of the spirit-villains to brotherhood with the Son of God. And so closes the trial of their character and of their revelation with the sentence that they are vile impostors.

Looking back, and surveying the ground we have passed over, it is clear that the study of the Spiritist Revelation, according to purely rational principles, appealing not to the ultimate authority of Divine Revelation but to the logic of common-sense, has, at every step, forced upon the mind the evident conclusion that the spirits are sworn enemies of God and of man, revealing doctrines that are not only false, but all of them ruinous to man, and many

of them blasphemous against God, thus making the revelation a wholesale diabolical mockery of God and of man, worthy of him who, for claiming to be equal to the Most High, had his pride brought down even unto hell, and is doomed to be forever the *simia Dei*, the ape of God.

Alas for Spiritists! If such spirits come to them, drawn by the cords of sympathy to fellowship and friendship, if such spirits befriend them because they are like to themselves, what is the world to think of Spiritists themselves?

Nothing abashed Spiritists only cry the louder, "If you will not believe their words, believe their works, for they give testimony of them." Vain challenge! They give testimony of what? It must be of their mendacity, their false doctrines, their blasphemies, which are undoubtedly theirs; these are corroborated by their marvels, if marvels can corroborate any such thing, for in reality the marvellous works of the fiends prove nothing but their dangerous strength, and from that we pray the Lord to deliver us.

The ultimate conclusion of our examination is that the spirits, their revelations and their marvels, are the most extensive and revolting manifestation of the powers of darkness that the world has ever beheld. Yet it is upon such foundations that Spiritists, not in the least daunted by the horrid pandemonium in their midst, have built up their magnificent claims and promises, in order to lure men more effectually into the demon-worship of Spiritism. But here they found Christianity standing in their way. They dare not lay violent hands upon the beautiful spouse of Christ; an open attack upon the beloved Mother of Christian peoples could only end in certain and disgraceful defeat. Hence the smiling mask of friendship must continue to hide the false face of treachery, and the great confidence-game must be played to the end upon a world that wants to be gulled. Therefore the word went out from the séances, the antechambers of hell: "Go forth, and lay your hand upon the shoulder of the meek spouse of Christ, and say, *You belong to us*. Good Christians will be scandalized, but do not take heed of them; the world, which admires 'brass' only a little less than gold, will applaud your daring. Then open your lips, and preach to the world that Christianity has been nothing but the past growth of Spiritism, of which modern Spiritism is the bud, blossom, and ripe fruit. The world will be willing enough to believe it; but as reason is the Cerberus that warns men against the entrance to hell, you must throw it a bone. Therefore solemnly announce to reason that the miracles of Christ and of the saints are nothing but Spiritist marvels, and it will be dazed; show it the miracles and marvels side by side, and it will be puzzled; prove the perfect parallelism as far as sophistry and rhetoric can prove it,

and reason will begin to doubt the old creed, and from doubt pass to unbelief, and from unbelief to denial, until it admits that Christianity has been a form of Spiritism, and that Spiritism is the only rational religion in the world. Do this, and all the rest will follow without more trouble than the waiting until causes work out their effects." The order of the pandemonium was obeyed. During the last few years Spiritists have indefatigably urged their grand claims to Christ and Christianity, and it is, therefore, an imperative duty for every Christian to arm himself against their rhetoric and sophistry by fully realizing the falsehoods and injustice that characterized both. For this purpose it is necessary to examine how Spiritism is the complement and perfection of Christianity.

With the picture of its revelation fresh before our minds, it is evident at first sight that Spiritism cannot be the complement of Christianity, as the direct *development or outgrowth* of Christian Revelation. Everybody knows, or at least should know, that the treasure of Christian Revelation was delivered over to the Church entire and complete by Christ and the Apostles, that it cannot admit of a change or an innovation, of addition or subtraction, its only progress consisting in the more effective exposition and defence of its dogmas by the definitions of the Church.

To that immutability of revealed truth, which all who believe in the divinity of Christ are bound to defend, the Spiritist Revelation stands opposed not only as an innovation and an essential change, but as an open enemy. So true is this, that the wiser sort of Spiritists have abandoned the claim that Spiritism is the outgrowth of Christianity, and fallen back to a higher and stronger position, maintaining that Spiritism furnishes the complement of Christianity by at last giving it a correct and satisfactory explanation.

Spiritism furnishes *no explanation* of Christian Revelation. As was shown in the discussion of the Spiritist Revelation, a greater or more irreconcilable opposition could not be imagined than that which actually obtains between it and the Christian Revelation. It would be difficult to present this opposition more briefly and forcibly than in the splendid summing up of Dr. Wieser (l. c., p. 89).

"Christianity has its starting-point and its end in God, whilst Spiritism begins and ends with man; we can characterize the former with the modern qualification, theocentric; the latter, anthropocentric. Christianity comes to meet man as the revelation of God, the gift of His grace, and the manifestation of His will, and demands of man, faith, obedience, and self-conquest, promising him salvation and beatitude,—all this with entire subordination to the absolutely highest and last objective end, the honor and glory of God; Spiritism, on the contrary, is an overflow of man's self-love, an attempt at helping himself out of his own resources; it

aims in a direct line at self-gratification, is therefore essentially eudaimonistic, and determines its end according to the promptings of its own inclinations. Christianity seeks to elevate man to God; Spiritism conversely draws down the godlike to man. Spiritism knows only of a beginningless and an endless development, which in a natural way runs through ever higher phases, and furnishes neither a finishing of universal human history upon earth, nor a last end of the career of the individual hereafter. How entirely different the Christian order of the world presents itself to our view,—the creation in time with a fixed end; the elevation of the natural beyond its, to itself, insurmountable confines to the supernatural (nature and grace); the unified drama of man's history, with its two turning-points of salvation and judgment, with the struggles and triumphs of the Kingdom of God, with its first and second Adam! In short, we can say in general that just as the formal principle of Spiritism is totally different from that of Christianity, in that it adopts the principle of modern positivism in place of faith in revelation, so also the entire view of the world is not only more or less different, but diametrically opposite to that taken by Christianity."

Spiritism cannot, therefore, be in any sense of the word the complement of Christianity in point of revealed doctrines. Fully alive to this fact, Spiritists concentrate their arguments against the miracles of Christianity, and endeavor to prove that they are marvels of Spiritism. The dangerous nature of this attack calls for separate and careful examination.

MICHAEL DAVITT'S SCHEME FOR "NATIONALIZING THE LAND."

GREAT popular movements sometimes resemble the beating of the surf upon the ocean's shore. A billow forms at sea and rushes towards the beach, but, as it nears it, breaks into foam, recedes, and some minutes elapse before another billow can gather volume and sweep forward. What occupies only a few moments of time in the motion of the sea often requires decades of years, and sometimes centuries in the movements of human history.

It has become a question whether the present movement in Ireland for relief from the effects of seven centuries of misrule and oppression shall resemble the futile dashing of the surf, or shall be as a mighty current which with continuing onward flow will carry the Irish nation out of desolation and misery into the contentment and peace of a prosperous and free people.

Excepting the removal of political disabilities on account of their religion from the Catholics of Ireland, no movement more fraught with important consequences, direct and indirect, has ever enlisted the energies of the Irish people than that which aims at the abrogation of the present system of Irish land-tenure, and is now known by the name of the Land League movement. It has gathered strength as it has advanced, strength due both to increased clearness and correctness of ideas, and to enlarged support, moral and material, given to it in America and Australia, as well as in Ireland itself. It has won for itself converts even in England. It has compelled the British Crown and Parliament to give it reluctant yet serious consideration. It has enlisted on its side the public opinion of the civilized world. The change in this respect is wonderful and almost incredible. It can scarcely be realized, even by those who have watched it most closely, except by contrasting the quite recent past with the immediate present. Even three years ago it was difficult to obtain a patient hearing, much less serious consideration of what, for the sake of brevity, we may call the Irish question. Public opinion seemed wedded, without possibility of separation, to the idea that the miseries of the people of Ireland, their poverty, approaching to absolute destitution of what is necessary to a decent livelihood, their recurring famines, their rags and wretched cabins, were all their own fault, due to inherent defects in their own character, or else due to their bigoted adherence to the Catholic religion, to which three hundred years of persecution had only bound them more closely, and which

tended to foster ignorance, to repress energy and enterprise, and oppose progress, industrial and intellectual. Even in 1879 and 1880, when the first accounts of the impending Irish famine reached our shores, they were received with indifference, and it was difficult to turn public attention to the subject, though, after it was so directed, generous contributions were swiftly sent to relieve the famine-stricken sufferers.

All this has been changed, and immensely, wonderfully changed. How, and why, and by what means, we shall not stop to describe. No one now denies that right and justice are on the side of the Irish people. The Irish question is now referred to and discussed by almost every influential newspaper, not only in America and Australia, where persons of Irish birth or descent form a large if not the largest part of the population, but in England itself, in France, and Germany, and Italy. It is regarded, too, as an admitted truth, and is assumed as a starting-point, an undeniable premise, in almost every discussion of the condition of Ireland, that the Land Question, in the order of time, if not of logic, is the first that must be solved.

In all this the movement of the people of Ireland has gained an immense advantage, a real moral victory. But it is now a question whether the fruits of this victory shall be gathered in by an advance upon predetermined well-considered lines of action, or be lost by an abandonment of those lines, by total changes of plan, by what will be equivalent to retrocession, by hesitation and delay at a critical moment, and by differences of opinion and diversity of action on the part of the leaders of the movement and their respective followers.

Just here a serious danger threatens the success of the Irish cause. "In union there is strength," "United we stand, divided we fall," are homely maxims, but not the less true on that account, nor the less important to be remembered. Disunion, differences of opinion as to immediate plans of action, even though union of sentiment as to the ultimate object might continue, would be ruinous to the success of the Irish cause for many a year to come, as it often has been to other causes equally just.

The danger has showed itself in most serious form in the ideas and change of plan now proposed by Mr. Michael Davitt under the phrase, "Nationalizing the Land." Rumors of differences of opinion, and fears of serious dissensions among the leaders of the Land League movement were recently telegraphed to this country from England, and created equally serious apprehensions here among those who are aiding the movement. Mr. Davitt came to this country for the declared primary purpose of allaying these

fears, but his visit has had the effect of deepening them, contrary to his own expressed desire and intention.

Mr. Davitt personally we hold in high esteem. No one can read the sad and instructive history of his life, shut out in childhood and youth from all opportunities of education, conquering the disadvantages of his circumstances and position by the power of indomitable resolution; a self-made, self-educated man; imprisoned as a felon, after an unfair trial, and subjected to almost indescribable cruelty while imprisoned; hating injustice and oppression, as well he might, yet cherishing no bitterness of spirit nor desire for vengeance against his oppressors,—no one can read his history without a feeling of admiration, and a conviction that he is a man of exceptional force of character and honest adherence to his convictions of right. Yet all this increases the danger. Self-education develops self-reliance and strength of character, but fails to deepen and widen intellectual perceptions. It rather tends to narrow them. It tends to intensify personal convictions and to develop a tenacity of purpose, which easily runs into obstinacy and disregard of the opinions of others equally or more competent to form a correct judgment. In considering a subject, "self-educated" persons seldom take in the whole field of view. They may grasp a principle or idea firmly and bring to its advocacy great eloquence and intellectual vigor, but, confining their attention to it, they rarely give due importance to other collateral ideas, inseparably connected with what they hold.

Thus, we fear, it is with Mr. Davitt. His sincerity we do not question. All his intentions, doubtless, are well meant. But however sincere an individual may be in motive and intention, his course of action may be erroneous and productive of mischievous consequences. Mr. Davitt declares his willingness to follow Mr. Parnell in the line of action marked out two years ago in the Land League Convention in Dublin, and since then and up to this time strictly adhered to by Mr. Parnell and the other leaders of the Land League, yet Mr. Davitt's plan though irreconcilably opposed to that of the Land League and to the chief immediate purpose and object of the Land League movement,—peasant proprietorship,—is winning adherents and supporters. If this continues one of two results will inevitably follow: either the Land League, and all who are enlisted in its support, must radically change their purposes, aims, and matured plans, must give up the ground which has been won, must retrace their steps as having moved in the wrong direction, and take up with Mr. Davitt's scheme,¹ or else the strength of the Irish

¹ Mr. Parnell plainly foresees these consequences. In an interview with the London correspondent of the *New York Herald* he is reported to have said: "The conversion of any tenant into an owner is, according to the views of the Nationalization-

people and the support they are receiving from others will be divided between two antagonistic plans and parties.

With this belief we propose to criticise, not Mr. Davitt, but his scheme.

As first proposed, Mr. Davitt's scheme for solving the Irish land question seemingly involved no gross violations of natural right and justice. It simply proposed that the existing (English) government¹ should purchase the landlords' interest in the land of Ireland, and instead of allowing the tenants to become owners of it by making certain annual payments for a term of years, they should continue tenants, not of the landlords, but of the government, subject to a perpetual annual rent-charge, sufficient not only to pay the annual interest on the money required to buy out the landlords, but also to pay all the expenses (general and local) of governing Ireland, and promoting the public interests of the people (general and local), such as the "county-cess," police and court expenses, road taxes, improvement of rivers and harbors, poor-rates, etc.

The scheme in this form is chiefly objectionable on account of its impolicy, its unadaptedness to the circumstances and needs of the people of Ireland, and, we may add, of any civilized country,

of-the-land party, a step in the wrong direction,—a step which will have to be retraced hereafter. If their views are to obtain, we should incur the imputation of not knowing our own minds; if, after two years of successful agitation toward an occupying proprietary, we start an entirely different theory, I recognize to the fullest extent the right of anybody to formulate his own views and to influence the people to follow him in the direction of those opinions; but, having regard to all the circumstances of the case, the great risk of a division in America, and the serious evils which have always attended a division in the ranks of our people, "*I cannot view the step lately taken in formulating this new plan as one likely to be justified by successful results.*" In answer to the inquiry of the correspondent: "Then I may take it that *you intend to adhere strictly to the original programme of the Land League and recommend no alteration?*" Mr. Parnell replied, "*Most certainly.*"

Mr. Healy has also expressed himself with regard to Mr. Davitt's scheme, and the bad effects of his presenting it to the public. Apart from many grave objections he makes to the scheme itself, he says: "The raising of any new issue at present would be most impolitic. By operating on the old lines of the Land League the neck of Irish landlordism has been nearly broken, and to embark on any new scheme, which must undoubtedly create divergence of opinion among men who are at present agreed, might wreck the whole movement." He then says, referring to the tenant farmers of Ireland: "I do not believe any one of them would lift a finger to advance it (the scheme)."

Justin McCarthy, among other things, says: "The effect on Ireland of sudden changes in our political and commercial programme could not be anything but hurtful just now, and I, for myself, trust that Irishmen, as a rule, . . . will keep firmly to the actual business of those great domestic reforms, to which so many of us have pledged ourselves."

¹ As regards this, Mr. Davitt has changed his scheme, and now proposes that it shall only be carried into effect after an Irish national government shall be established in Ireland. This would leave the land tenures unchanged, and the tenants subject to the mercy of their landlords for an unknown undeterminable period.

and its virtual impracticability. So far as natural right is concerned and authority of government, it is an admitted truth that government possesses paramount authority over the property of its citizens, whether that property consists of land or of movable goods. For the sake of the common good government may tax that property to such extent as the common good requires; and, when the public good requires it, may deprive individuals of property, paying them a just compensation.

Government may, and does, limit individual ownership of property to such uses and modes of enjoyment as will not interfere with the rights of other individuals, nor with public interests. As regards land, the government is the acknowledged paramount landlord; or, in other words, has the "right of eminent domain;" the individual's ownership, possession, and use of land being subordinate to and limited by this right and authority of government.

Therefore, *if* the public interests, the common good, required that the present occupiers or tenants of land in Ireland, instead of becoming owners of the land in *fee-simple*, should become tenants of the government, paying a perpetual rent-charge to the government, instead of remaining tenants of individual landlords, there would be nothing contrary to established social order in the arrangement, and, provided the landlords were compensated according to the demands of justice in each case, nothing contrary to natural right and justice.

But when the scheme is looked at from the points of expediency, policy, and practicability, it is open to grave objections.

I. The attempt, even, to win over the people of Ireland to the support of this scheme would divide them into two opposite camps arrayed against each other in irreconcilable antagonism. It would require them to retrace all the steps they have taken, and give up all the advantages they have gained in their advance toward peasant proprietorship. It is not reasonable to suppose they would generally do this. Indeed it is as plain as anything well can be that they would not universally or generally do this. Mr. Parnell has already declared this in unmistakable language, and also declared that he is resolved to adhere to the original plan of the Land League, which aims at an immediate reduction of rents and opening the way for the tenants of the land becoming its proprietors. The result, therefore, of attempting to carry Mr. Davitt's scheme into practical operation would inevitably be to produce division and antagonism of sentiment and of action among the people of Ireland, should he succeed in winning over any considerable number to his views. Of the disastrous consequences of this we need not speak. They are self-evident.

II. Strategically and in its relation to the conflict in which the

Irish people are now engaged with the English government, it would be a fatal blunder. It would lay them open to the charge that they "did not know their own mind;" that after having for years demanded individual ownership of land for the occupants, they now desired an entirely opposite system. They would, moreover, cut themselves off from the sympathy and support, material and moral, of the Irish people who have emigrated to other countries, and of those of other races who now sympathize with them. It cannot be expected that the Irish people of America or Australia, whose ambition it is to be owners of land, would warmly support a scheme which would leave their relatives in Ireland mere tenants of land. And as for public opinion, generally, in all countries, the scheme is directly opposed to it. As regards the English government the wildest imagination could not expect it to adopt such a scheme, until compelled by a total revolution of English opinion as regards proprietary rights in land. Therefore Mr. Davitt could not expect his plan to go into practical operation. It would be necessary to revolutionize English and Scotch sentiment, as well as that of Ireland. It would virtually relegate to the distant future the land question of Ireland. It would place greater difficulties in the way of overcoming the reluctance of the English government to granting self-government to Ireland.

III. When the *practical results*, supposing it were practicable, are studied, it will be found open to objection on every side.

1. Instead of relieving the now overburdened Irish tenants, it would impose heavier burdens upon them. The tenants would not only be loaded down with interest on the money required to buy out the landlords, but with the whole amount of annual taxation. For, Mr. Davitt's scheme being based on the idea that every individual in Ireland, whether a tenant of land or not, shall receive a direct benefit from the land, he proposes to compensate all who are not tenants by relieving them from the burdens of taxation and by placing those burdens entirely upon the tenants. This would subject them to a heavier load than they now are compelled to carry.

2. Moreover, it would be unjust. For, as government is for the protection of all, and the promotion of the general welfare, taxation should be so distributed as to press as lightly as possible upon the people, and so that those persons and pursuits which are best able to bear the burden should be most heavily taxed. But all these principles are reversed in Mr. Davitt's plan. It is precisely that pursuit which is least remunerative and least able to bear heavy burdens, that of tilling the land, which he proposes to load with the weight of taxation, while other pursuits much more

remunerative, and much abler to bear the larger part of the burden, are to be entirely relieved from it.

The lawyers, the doctors, the bankers and money-lenders, the brewers and distillers, the merchants and shopkeepers, and every class of persons except tenants of land, are to go scot-free of taxes. It would be just of this class of persons—of non-taxpayers—that the Irish legislature would consist. For, in representative governments, the legislators and officers of government generally do not, as a rule, consist of farmers, but of lawyers and persons who make politics a business or profession. This is the case in the United States, in France, and in every country where elective legislative bodies exist. It would be the case all the more certainly in Ireland, because the farms, being usually of small extent and tilled chiefly by the personal labor of the occupiers, the energies of the tenants would be absorbed in the cultivation of their land, and it would be impossible for them to give the time and attention to politics which office-seekers and office-holders must give. The consequence would be that a legislature, largely composed of non-taxpayers, would determine the amount of annual taxation that should be imposed upon the tenants, who are to be the sole and only taxpayers.

Plainly, a more injudicious, ill-advised scheme than this, and one more certain to crush instead of relieve the occupiers and tillers of land in Ireland has never been devised. It stands, too, in direct opposition to the experience of all civilized peoples, which teaches that as nations advance in industrial pursuits, and as those pursuits become more numerous and more various, the land should, if possible, be released from taxation, and the burden of paying taxes placed on those who are engaged in other occupations than those of agriculture. It is only among the rudest peoples, and where industrial pursuits are few in number and precarious as to their profits, that the land or its immediate products constitute the sole or even the chief basis of taxation.

3. Mr. Davitt, in further advocacy of his scheme, estimates that the agricultural products of Ireland will probably double in value through the more careful and thorough cultivation which his plan, if adopted, would induce. But instead of having that effect it would have just the opposite. By confining the possession of land to mere tenancies, it would take away the stimulus to improvement of the land and thorough cultivation which a sense of individual ownership inspires. This is not a mere theoretical assertion, but a statement of the universal experience of nations, and we need go no further than our own country for proof. The whole system of copyholds, manorial rights, perpetual rent-charges, leaseholds, and irredeemable ground-rents, has been swept away as interfer-

ing with and detrimental to the general public welfare, and also as placing serious obstacles to the improvement of land by individual occupants. Moreover, by handicapping the tenants of Ireland at the very outset with the whole load of government taxation (local and general), all hope of bettering their condition will be crushed out, and they will be placed in a far worse condition than they now are.¹

IV. We have said that Mr. Davitt's scheme is *impracticable*. It is so because of reasons which are external to it, and also because of others which are inherent. Mr. Davitt, like other well-intentioned theorists, has sketched out the general features of a plan which he *thinks* would solve all the difficulties of the Irish land question, but like mere theorists generally, he has omitted giving details, without which, the scheme remains a mere speculative idea. On what principle is the land to be divided among present or prospective occupants? Are the present occupants or tenants to continue tenants of the government for precisely the same extent of land as they now occupy? Are the lessees of one hundred or two hundred acres to continue to hold them, and the lessees of one, two, or five acres to be confined to their little patches of land? If yes, then the underlying idea of Mr. Davitt's scheme is violated by the scheme itself. If no, how will the quantity of land be determined which each individual desiring to have land, shall be allowed to occupy? These questions Mr. Davitt has not as yet even referred to in any of his addresses, so far as we have noticed. Perhaps he has not thought of them, but if so, his plan lacks completeness, and should not have been presented to the public. If he has thought of them, why is the public left in the dark as to how he will answer them?

Some of Mr. Davitt's communistic friends, with whom he closely fraternizes, and whom he has eulogized, undertake to answer these questions, by laying down the principle, that each family shall have as much and no more land than it can cultivate without hired labor. But by whom and how shall this be ascertained? One head of a family, robust, systematic, and prompt to plan out his work and execute it, may claim and be able to cultivate a certain number of acres, and another one, equally ambitious and self-confident of his abilities, but slow, procrastinating, and unsystematic, may claim the same amount, and yet be unable to cultivate advantageously one half of it. Again, a slovenly farmer may be able to "skim over, and skin" double the quantity of land which a careful one could thoroughly cultivate. Again, it is by "tithing" the annual

¹ Mr. Davitt says the tenants would be "in better, very much better condition." But this is merely a theoretical opinion. All the *facts* bearing on the case lead to an opposite conclusion.

products of the land, that the national revenues and all the local and general taxes are to be obtained. The general public will thus have a direct interest in making each farm or tenancy productive to the highest extent of its capability, and the government, as representing and charged with the guardianship of the public interest, will be in duty bound to see that the land of each tenant is properly managed, and made to produce all it can produce. This will require rules and restrictions, and limitations as to how each piece of land shall be worked, and an army of government inspectors and supervisors to see that each tenant faithfully observes the rules, and fulfils the conditions of his tenant-right.

Government agents and inspectors will have to see that tenants do not impair the fertility of the land by injudicious cropping, or by failure to manure it; that they do not "waste" their tenancies; that they do not strip them of wood; that they properly maintain the drains, the fences, and ditches, in good condition; that they keep only a certain proportion of the land in pasture, and maintain a certain rotation of crops. The irritation of tenants at the restrictions in their present leases, as regards these matters, and because of the constant interference with their free actions by energetic, sharp-sighted or arbitrary agents of landlords, is well known. At present a tenant in Ireland cannot pull down and rebuild a fence, or change its location; cannot subdivide a field or throw two fields into one; cannot cut down a tree, or pull a stick from a hedge; cannot dig turf or encroach on a bog or fence in waste land, except by the land-agent's permission.

The government rules to protect the public interest, under Mr. Davitt's scheme, would have to be equally stringent; and in their practical operation would necessarily be even more exasperating and oppressive than under the system of landlord tenancy. Individual landlords may, and often do, from regard to special circumstances, relax their rules, or suspend, for a time, their enforcement, and usually also authorize their agents to do this. Exceptions are frequently made to meet special cases and exigencies. But government rules will, necessarily, have to be universal in their operation, nor can the government officials be allowed to relax them or to suspend their operation at discretion.

Then, too, the question arises, in what form and shape shall the "tithes" be collected by government tithe-proctors? Shall they be collected "in kind," that is, shall a part of everything the tenant raises on his land, a part of his flax and rye, his oats, his hay, and potatoes, his chickens and eggs, his milk and butter, his cows, and sheep, and pigs, be taken; or shall their market value be estimated, and the tithes collected in money? This question is left unanswered by Mr. Davitt. Under either plan a system of government

supervision, practically amounting to espionage of each tenant's management of his farm, and of what he produces from it, would have to be maintained. It is needless to say, it would be irritating beyond endurance. For all this, too, the tenant would have to pay. The cost of the army of government land-agents, supervisors, tithe-collectors, etc., which the system would require, would have to come out of the tenants' pockets.

It is notorious also, that in many instances, land-agents in Ireland are in receipt of large actual revenues, made up of "presents" and "gifts" from tenants to gain their favor, and obtain relaxations of the stringent conditions of their leases. Is it not evident that agents appointed by government would be open to a like system of corruption? that favoritism would be exercised towards those who made gifts to the agents, and harshness towards those who withheld them?

Thus, if the scheme is examined, as to its inevitable practical operation, supposing it could or would be adopted, it is plain that it would be much more objectionable, onerous, and odious, than is the present system of Irish landlordism.

Can any one, in his sober senses, suppose that such a system as this scheme requires to give it practical effect, is what the people of Ireland need or desire? Does any one believe that they will accept it as a satisfactory solution of the land question? Or that if accepted, it would promote agricultural improvement and the general interests of the Irish people?

We have thus far criticised Mr. Davitt's scheme in the simplest and justest aspect it can be made to wear, and in that in which he first brought it before the public. Since then, in almost every address he has made, he has changed his scheme materially, and changed, too, the hypothetical figures upon which he bases it. At first, he plainly proposed to compensate the present Irish landlords, and also proposed that the British government should initiate the scheme, and carry it into effect. Now he proposes that an Irish Parliament shall carry out the plan, and under the pressure, urged upon him by his communistic friends, by whom he says he will not be "run," but with whom he closely fraternizes, compensation of individual owners of land has found fainter expression in his later addresses and almost disappears.

We propose now to examine the scheme in its later forms, and with relation to the general ideas and principles upon which it is based.

The scheme connects itself with a popular cry: "The Land for the People!"

The phrase, properly understood, expresses an important truth, but, like other general statements, and also like texts of Sacred

Scripture, it is capable of being construed in different ways, and of having different meanings attached to it. No one, at least no one in civilized countries, denies the general principle, that land should be owned, occupied, and managed in such way as will best promote the general interests of the people. But the answers to the question, "How shall this be accomplished?" are as numerous and as widely divergent, as are the answers to other questions of national, industrial, or, as it is usually called, political economy.

The maxim, "The Land for the People!" is based by those who have adopted it as a popular cry upon natural right, and also upon the words of sacred Scripture: "He (God) has given the earth to the children of men." They also quote, in support of their ideas, the comment of Rt. Rev. Dr. Nulty, Bishop of Meath, upon this passage of Scripture: "The people of a country, in their public corporate capacity, are, and always must be, the real owners of the land of that country, holding an indisputable title to it, in the fact that they received it as a free gift from its Creator, and as a necessary means for preserving and enjoying the life he has bestowed upon them."¹

But, with regard to all these maxims and declarations, the advocates of the so-styled "nationalization of land" theory are guilty of the sophistical trick of stating as their seeming premises general propositions which no one denies, and then drawing inferences from the special meaning which they themselves attach to the propositions. The real dispute is, not whether those declarations are *true*, but what they *mean*. Here the "nationalization of the land" theorists beg the question at the very outset of their argument. They *assume* that individual ownership of land works injury to the people in their corporate capacity, and is an unjust appropriation by the individual of what God has given to all "the children of men." But the injury and injustice, here *assumed* to be committed, are the real points in dispute.

Moreover, the sense attempted to be put upon the words of Scripture quoted by them, if correct, would destroy their doctrine of "nationalization of land." It would not only exclude individual ownership, but also national ownership. For, if God has given land to mankind in general in such way and manner as prohibits any limited exclusive use and enjoyment of it, then the limitation of it to any particular nation, and the exercise, by that nation, of ownership, in its corporate capacity, are in principle just as much a violation of the divine conditions of the gift as individual ownership is. To

¹ An attempt has been made to interpret these words of Bishop Nulty in a communistic sense. He has publicly protested against being so understood. Interpreted in their proper sense, and in connection with their context as he wrote, they are opposed to the communistic idea.

be consistent, therefore, the advocates of this theory of landownership must go further. They must ignore even the broad limitations of peoples and countries, and must insist on land everywhere on earth being owned in common by the entire human race, and used and managed for their common benefit, without distinction of race or country. Their method of interpretation and argument, therefore, drives them to an impossible conclusion. In the special case of Irish land, it would compel them, if consistent, to maintain that the land of Ireland should be owned and managed and controlled, not by any national government (English or Irish), or by any one nation or people, but by all mankind, and for the benefit of all mankind,—English, French, Chinese, and Hottentots, as well as for the people of Ireland.

Again, it is argued, that because land is not a creation of human industry, but, like air and sunlight, is the free gift of GOD, it should, therefore, be open to the common use and enjoyment of all. But this proposition is full of fallacies. First, men cannot limit and divide among themselves the air and the sunlight as they can the earth. Secondly, the enjoyment of sunlight and air requires no skill or toil, as does that of the land. That the land may produce to the full extent of its capacity those things which are most essential to human sustenance and comfort requires care and forethought, skill and labor; and its productiveness depends more on the skill and labor employed than on the land's inherent qualities. Long-continued skill and industry may convert barren sands and bogs into gardens, and unskilfulness and neglect will turn gardens into wildernesses of noxious weeds or barren wastes. The value of land, therefore, to men is derived rather from what they put into it and on it than from the land itself.

Just here one of the mischievous results of the theory that the land belongs to the people, in such sense as to exclude individual ownership, comes plainly to view. To hold and use the land absolutely in common is an impracticability. Even where it has been held approximately so, as among barbarous or pastoral peoples, no thorough tillage has ever been practiced. Where individual ownership is not allowed, there the skill and forethought, the careful and intelligent, as well as persevering labor which the sense of ownership and the hope of individual profit inspire, are absent, and careless tillage and decreased productiveness mark their absence.¹

¹ There is one exception to the universal truth of this rule. It is that of land held in common, and cultivated by members of Catholic Religious Orders. Yet, strictly speaking, even this is not an exception, but is a fact that is outside of the operation of the rule. For the labor of members of the religious orders results from and is stimulated, not by human, natural motives, but by those which belong to the supernatural order, and which are maintained in action by the grace of a Divine vocation.

On these and other grounds, not necessary here to mention, natural law and divine revelation concur in allowing, and not only allowing, but encouraging individual ownership of land. The question of individual ownership of property in general, and of land in particular, is not a new one, nor are the ideas of the "nationalization of the land" theorists at all novel. The grounds, on which ownership is and may be justly acquired in land and in other property, have long ago been clearly stated, and irrefutably proved. They will be found in numerous treatises on natural law, and are plainly laid down by every Catholic theologian, who treats of the subjects, "*De Legibus*" and "*De Justia et Jure*." It is too late for communists now to attempt to reopen these questions.

If "socialists" and "communists," therefore, instead of despising as folly the accumulated experience of all ages and nations, and the conclusions deduced by as mighty intellects as theirs from the law divinely written in the hearts of men, and more clearly revealed in the sacred Scriptures and sacred tradition, would study those sources of knowledge, they would learn that, to remove the evils they denounce, it is not necessary to destroy the structure of society to its foundations and to deny the principles upon which that structure is based. They would discover that those evils grow up through the wrong action of governments, by whose very form and structure, in some instances, the principles of justice and social order are violated, and, in more numerous instances, by governments which are well framed in intention, but which are derelict as regards the faithful fulfilment of well-known and acknowledged duties and functions. They would discover, too, that the people themselves are at fault in allowing governments to become and continue thus derelict. If, therefore, they would concentrate their efforts upon the arousing and directing of public attention and the public conscience to these derelictions, and to holding secular rulers to a strict account, they would engage in a greatly better and nobler work, and act more wisely, than by preaching a "gospel" of wholesale destruction of established principles and institutions, in place of which, if destroyed, they are prepared to offer nothing but their own speculative theories.

The universal conviction of civilized nations is, "that the land belongs to the people," yet, not in such sense as to exclude individual ownership, but so as to permit it, subject to the general interests of the people in their "public corporate capacity, and that government is the guardian of those interests."

This brings us to another fallacy of the "nationalization of the land" theorists. They argue against individual ownership of land as though it implied *absolute* ownership by the individual, unlimited by any conditions or restrictions. But in no civilized country, no

country on earth, indeed, civilized or uncivilized, is such an idea maintained or such an ownership. God, and God alone, is the absolute owner and Lord of all things, land included; and under God, in the sphere of purely human relations, the state—as representing the people collectively, and charged with the guardianship and promotion of their interests in their public corporate capacity—is ever a supreme or paramount landlord. Individual ownership of land is everywhere qualified and limited by this superior right of the State, or, in other words, of the people in their corporate or public capacity. No individual “landowner” claims or even dreams of claiming ownership in the sense of an absolute, unqualified right to possess and use the land as he pleases. It is universally admitted that he has no right to so use or enjoy his land as to cause injury to others, individually or collectively. He may not so employ it that it will become detrimental to the health of others, or that it will interfere with the general welfare of the public. If he does so employ it he may be stopped by law and punished for the injury he has caused. He may not even continue to hold his land when public interests require him to part with it. If he refuses to give it up it may be taken from him in spite of his refusal. Compensation is allowed him by law for parting with his land, but give it up he must when public interests require it.

Nearly all the fallacies connected with the theories of holding land in common, or dividing it or its products and benefits equally among the people, are thus concealed under general truisms, which no one denies, but to which false and mischievous meanings are attached. These meanings are seldom explained clearly and explicitly. Indeed, they are very often purposely left vague in order to evade the exposure which would swiftly follow clear definitions of the plans which the theories based upon them involve.

If public interests sometimes do suffer and the general good of the people sometimes is not promoted under the ownership of land by individuals, subject to the right of the state as paramount landowner, it is because of defects in the framing or administration of laws, and common-sense tells those who exercise it that the proper way to remove the injury and promote the public interest is to amend the laws, to purify and improve their administration, but not to attempt to lead people back to a semi-savage condition in which, like among our American Indians or among the roving tribes of Tartary, land can be held and employed as common property.

Mr. Davitt speaks of his scheme as a new and untried experiment, but one which possesses such self-evident advantages as make it worthy of trial. It is neither new nor untried. It has been tried often in past times, and is now in actual operation, under different forms and with differences of administration, in Russia,

Egypt, Turkey (especially Asiatic Turkey), Persia, India,¹ and China. His scheme is a going back to the system of land-tenure and taxation adapted to and only possible among rude and semi-civilized peoples, or those held in thralldom by despotic governments. It would produce in Ireland, as it has done and does wherever else it obtains, a condition of things even more intolerable than the present system of Irish landlordism.

We have thus, at some length, criticised the "land nationalization" scheme, not because of fear that its promulgation would do extensive harm in Ireland. It will win no favor or support from the tenants who are striving to become owners of the land they till. But in this country it is doing harm to the cause of the people of Ireland, and will continue to have that effect, unless it is withdrawn from public attention.

Never has the prospect of Ireland's success, in her struggle for industrial and civil freedom, been brighter. Clouds still overhang her, but they are broken and scattered. Nothing is wanting to make that success certain but persistence of effort and union, not merely of sentiment but of action, on the same lines, and those lines the ones which have been already agreed upon and determined—union, not merely among the people of Ireland (our fears are not in that direction), but union, too, among the supporters, in this country, of the cause of Ireland.

The progress which has been made—made in the face of seemingly invincible opposition—during the last two years, is almost incredible. It is only by closely comparing the state of things two years ago with that now existing, that the immense gain can be realized. Then, the condition of Ireland could scarcely obtain a hearing in this country, and much less in England, inside of Parliament, or outside. Now, it is the subject of subjects, occupying the time of Parliament for months, compelling the deferring of other subjects of vital interest to the people of Great Britain, and challenging the consideration, not only of the English public, but

¹ It is reported that Mr. Davitt was recently informed that the system of land tenure and taxation in India was similar in its essential features to that which he proposes for Ireland, and that he replied that he was not aware of it. It is very evident that he is not familiar with the history of land tenures, and their actual results and consequences, as shown in the progress or decadence of different nations. It could scarcely be expected that Mr. Davitt should possess this knowledge. Deprived of educational opportunities during all his youth and early manhood, immured in a prison-cell without books for one-third of his life, it was impossible for him to gather knowledge from books, or learn the lessons taught by history. His ideas necessarily have had (as he himself declares) to be worked out while breaking stone or sitting in his cell, and even during the periods of his release from prison his life has been too active to permit him by study to avail himself of the stores of knowledge comprised in the experiences of other peoples and times with regard to the questions he is attempting to solve.

of public opinion the world over, wherever Irishmen have migrated. To-day, Whigs and Tories, Conservatives and Liberals, acknowledge that something must be done, and something which involves a radical change, to meet the demands of the people of Ireland. This admission forms the starting-point of every argument. Writers of every English party, persons who, by birth, by their relations to the landed gentry and nobility of England, might be supposed to be blinded by prejudice, are now no longer defending or apologizing for landlordism in Ireland, but adopt, as the basis of their discussions, as an admitted fact, that landlordism must be abolished, and, along with that, that concessions of enlarged political rights must be made to the people of Ireland.

The only danger which imperils the success of the cause of Ireland, is that which has so often heretofore blighted her prospects and wrecked her fortunes when they seemed most promising,—that of dissension, disunion.

It should not, it must not, occur now. Yet it will occur—as surely as the established principles of human society and human government, the established principles of right and justice, of real progress both individual and national, are eternal and unchangeable,—if ideas which are opposed to those principles should unhappily obtain credence, not with the people of Ireland (of them, we have little fear), but with their supporters in this country.

CORRESPONDENCE.

RELIGIOUS DISSENSIONS IN ENGLAND—ANGLICANISM—RITUALISM—
SCEPTICISM.

LONDON, June 20th, 1882.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE A. C. Q. REVIEW.

VERY REVEREND AND DEAR SIR: The phenomena of English Protestantism are like the phenomena of the English climate, all four seasons jumbled together in one week. A French writer has said that "an English summer consists of three fine days and a thunderstorm;" at least, then, we have the three fine days, but in stormy Anglicanism we have never three fine days, because three-fourths of the establishments hate the other fourth. As a rule, the more they hate the more they affect to be amiable; and the more they indulge in the pretensions of being in earnest. There was not long since a Church Congress held at Newcastle—one of those pompous yearly meetings which look earnest; but the sole result is to make everybody laugh at "the mountain in labor with a mouse." "How to limit the aberrations of the New Ritualism," "how to apply the principles of the Reformation to such new principles," and "how to increase the spirit of Anglican unity and fellowship," were three of the mightiest subjects which were discussed. Seeing that the Ritualists have no intention of being "limited," and care no more for the Anglican bishops than for the Privy Council, the first subject of discussion was quite futile. As to applying the principles of the Reformation to New Ritualism, you might as well try to apply the principles of the "Salvation Army" to the philosophy of St. Thomas Aquinas. The Ritualists simply abhor the Reformation, and disown its paternity or even ancestry. And as to unity or fellowship among Anglicans, the four winds, all blowing together from the four quarters, would constitute a symbol of such harmony.

This is a true picture of the doctrinal muddle of the Establishment, so far as its congeries of opposing sects is always visible. But, of course, in each of these sects there is a vast amount of personal earnestness, and especially in the new sect of the Ritualists. Indeed the Ritualists are at this time the only *dogmatic* Anglican sect, the only sect which shows a front and which makes war. The Evangelical party in the Establishment has died out. Its theology is so thin, its combativeness is so weak, its "organs" and its chief men are so unintellectual, that it has no hold on the mind of the English gentry, nor even on the mind of the humbler classes. Evangelicalism fought a battle with "Puseyism," and was worsted and fatally bruised in the encounter. The new giants of the "Oxford movement" were too strong for it. And when Puseyism developed into Ritualism—which was a quasi-logical, or at least natural development—Evangelicalism could only plead a Christian *sentiment* of pity against the dogmatism and historic claim of Anglo-

Catholicism." Education, and learning, and antiquarianism seemed on the side of the Anglo-Catholic controversialists ; whereas gentleness of sentiment, and a certain softness of Christian temperament, seemed to be all that the Evangelicals could show. The new spring, too, of the Catholic Church in England—begun by the restoration of the Catholic hierarchy—set all men thinking on the subject of authority, and threw mere sentiment and softness into the shade. Unhappily the Catholic authority was not accepted by the nation, but only by a few thousand of individuals, and in its place was set up that abortive sham Catholicity, called "Ritualism," or "Catholicism within Protestantism." This, too, has now proved itself impracticable.

The absurdity of a few clergymen, within the bosom of the establishment, pretending to say Mass and to hear confessions, while yet they disobey their own Bishops, and admit no other authority than themselves, is now palpable to every Englishman, who is capable of thinking, or who does not shut his eyes to common sense. These Ritualists remain in corporate communion with Broad Churchmen, Town Churchmen, and No Churchmen, and even villify the Catholic Church, while they mock their own bishops, and repudiate all connection with Protestantism ! So that the last effort of Decaying Anglicanism has been *fiasco*. And thus Anglicanism being developed into a bundle of contradictories, of which the extremes are further apart than the poles (Broad Churchism, which is mere Rationalism being at one extremity, and "Sham Popery," which is dogmatic Protestantism, being at the other), the general impression on the English mind is that there can be only two logical positions : Catholicism and personal free-thinking. Again, unhappily, this *intellectual* appreciation does not beget corresponding earnestness of will. You hear men of education and of manly character confess to the sole authority of the Catholic Church, but the habit of free-thinking has so seized hold on the English mind, that it is accepted as a sort of necessity of the times. It is not apologetic, but it is maintained on the ground that the varieties of religion render it obligatory. "My dear sir," said an Oxford graduate to me, the other day, "if the greatest thinkers of our time are divided upon every question, what follows but that the *duty* of free-thinking is as dear as is its absolute necessity?" "But you, yourself, admit," I replied to him, "that in the Catholic Church alone is the solution of all the difficulties of free thought ; why, then, do you not become a Catholic?" "Because," he replied, "the Catholic Church takes it for granted that free thought is not permissible in religion, whereas I take it for granted that every religious conviction should be sanctified by conscientious free-thinking." It was easy to reply that the theory of infallibility was twin theory with that of the Church's divinity ; in other words, that, granted a divine religion, you grant the divinity of its authority. But no such reasoning will be accepted by the modern Englishman, who thinks as "freely" about God, as about the Sacraments. The disease of free thought has so permeated the English system, that even the heaven of heavens is not sacred from it. And hence we have a growing-up generation, of young men and young women, boys and girls, who have no more mainstay or anchor-

age, in the shape of positive faith, than the clouds which pass over their heads.

Now the question is, what is to be the issue of this imbroglio of all the English religions? It appears to me—speaking from some thirty years of observation—that all the Anglican developments are now used up; and that the time has at last come, when the grand sham being worked out, scepticism or rationalism has taken its place. When I was an undergraduate—during the height of the Puseyite movement—the characteristic of that movement was earnestness; and, even for many years afterwards, *to search and to find out* were the sole objects of the Puseyite activity. The whole nation for a time appeared in earnest. But when once the nation saw that Puseyism was but hypothesis, that it led only to theories *minus* practice, to aspiration *minus* actual possession, to contention and to disobedience *minus* any sort of unity or any sort of healing of the old schism, the nation cried “Delusion,” and took up in its despair with a mild incredulity and with resignation. This is now the pervading tone of the national mind. Anglicanism, pure and simple, has gone. Protestantism, pure and simple, is exploded. High Churchism has become decorous indifference, and Broad Churchism downright German Rationalism, while Ritualism, having the advantage of being a “State martyr,” is alone able to present an earnest front. If you subtract the really pious simple poor and the enthusiastic young ladies and young gentlemen, who admire the *mise en scène* of the new Ritualism, you have very little left in what was once the Church of England but a throng of easy, speculative nothingarians. I am not presuming to express an opinion of individuals, but of the general pervading tone of English thought. Personal goodness and Church loyalty are different things. Undoubtedly when we enter St. Paul’s Cathedral and listen to the extremely pretty choral music and watch the gestures of the clergy—now markedly Ritualistic, and so decorous as to impress us with *their* earnestness—we recognize that the Church of England has been whitewashed, and that she is anxious to appear most respectable. But all this is simply *mise en scène*, a homage to the “æsthetic” tone of the age; an expressed desire to *look* extremely Catholic, without *possessing* either Sacraments or authority. Inside St. Paul’s Cathedral, and in many an Anglican church, there is all the sentiment of the old Anglican traditions; but *outside* such churches the conversation is either sceptical or a mixture of pious wishes and of despair.

This, then, is the issue of the long imbroglio. It is a last despairing effort to compound for mortal sickness by putting on a robe of lively hue. No thinking, perceptive person is deceived by it. We all see through the trick of the pretty toilet. The end of Church of Englandism has really come. And though the Bishops still have their splendid palaces, and the preachers still preach their clever opinions, and the congregations still enjoy the choral services, the simple truth of the whole matter is that Anglicanism is finished, but the sentiment of religious need still remains.

Your obedient servant,

AN OXFORD GRADUATE.

BOOK NOTICES.

A HISTORY OF ENGLAND IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. By *William Edward Hartpole Lecky*. Volumes III. and IV. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1882.

The period of time comprised in these volumes commences with the accession to the throne of Great Britain and Ireland of George III., in 1760, and extends to the close of the century. It was a period of constant political agitation and turmoil in England, involving changes in the relative power of the Crown and Parliament, which, despite the constant opposition of one of the most obstinate sovereigns who ever sat on the throne, reduced the actual power of the Crown to a shadow, and made it simply the representative of authority which, in reality, was exercised by Parliament. It was a period of almost incessant wars between England and foreign powers, during which, notwithstanding distress at home and misfortunes abroad, the power and prestige of Great Britain immensely increased, and perhaps reached the culmination of their greatness; a period of almost indescribable political corruption, yet of almost constant political progress. It witnessed the complete subjugation of India by the combined power of British intrigues and arms, and the consolidation of England's dominion over that vast and populous region. It saw the commencement and the close of the struggle of the thirteen colonies in America for national independence; the formation of an Irish militia for defence against apprehended foreign invasion; the organization of the Irish volunteers; the meeting of their delegates at Dungannon, and their memorable resolutions claiming legislative independence for Ireland; the unanimous adoption by the Irish House of Commons of Grattan's motion declaring that Ireland was a separate kingdom from Great Britain, that her King, Lords, and Commons, alone, had a right to bind her, and the reluctant acknowledgment of that right by the British Crown and Parliament. The careful study of a period such as this, when movements and changes of deepest importance in the industrial and political condition of Great Britain and Ireland, and of their relations to other countries, were constantly going on, a period, too, during which men of exceptional ability and genius as orators, statesmen, and generals, took a leading part in public affairs, cannot but be highly instructive.

To the description of this period in England's history Mr. Lecky has brought a reflective mind, a careful and laborious examination of original authorities and sources of history, the private and official correspondence of men who were at the head of public affairs, official documents and records, diplomatic correspondence, acts of Parliament, the memoirs and biographies of prominent men and their public and private letters. The result is a picture of England during the last forty years of the Eighteenth Century which for clearness of delineation, judicious arrangement of subjects, and of subordinate details, it would be difficult to surpass.

Nearly one-third of Volume III., and one-half of Volume IV. are taken up with subjects closely connected with the condition of the Thirteen Colonies, their growth and progress, and their intellectual and moral, social and political condition previous to the war for independence, and with the history of that war.

On these subjects Mr. Lecky throws a new light, and brings out many important facts which American historians, confining themselves to the

point of view from which Americans naturally regard that struggle, omit to state, or, at least, fail to bring prominently to notice.

The natural tendency of every people is to glorify its past, and deify its great men. The people of the United States are largely under the influence of this tendency. National vanity is a predominant trait of our character as a people, and our historical writers, though aiming to exhibit a spirit of calm, impartial judgment, have taken pains to avoid offending this feeling. Hence a belief has grown up among us, and acquired the force of a tradition whose truth is indisputable, that a clear perception of the questions involved in our controversy with the British Crown and Parliament, and, along with that perception, a firm conviction, that separation from Great Britain was a necessary condition to gaining and maintaining those rights, were clearly in the minds of the people of the thirteen colonies, even in the preliminary stages of that controversy; and also that throughout the war which followed we were firmly united and resolved upon obtaining a complete separation from Great Britain, and national independence. The actual facts of history furnish no foundation for this popular belief, as is well known by those who have read with care the public and private letters of the leading men of that period, and other documents, showing the real feelings and ideas that then prevailed. These facts our more thorough historians do not fail to state, but they do not give them the prominence they deserve in order that a true and not a romantic estimate may be made of the actual sentiments of the people of the thirteen colonies during those times. Mr. Lecky brings out the real facts as regards this point, and places them in a different light from that in which they are usually exhibited. He shows that preceding the war for independence there was irritation of feeling in some of the colonies against the British Government, but no desire for separation, and that this irritation was caused rather by restrictions interfering with the trade of the colonies and their commercial development, than by the political supremacy claimed and exercised by the British Crown and Parliament.

On several other points intimately connected with the war for independence, Mr. Lecky's statements are exceptionally instructive to persons who are interested in tracing the contest through its successive stages and changes. He brings to view much more fully than is done by American testimony generally, the underlying causes of the protraction of the struggle for eight years, and of the uncertainties as to its final result, which characterized it during all its stages up to its closing period; the general dilatoriness of movement which was displayed on both sides, defeats resulting in no discomfiture to the defeated, and victories, the fruits of which were lost, through failure promptly to follow them up. The indecision and inaction at critical moments of the commanders of the British armies, and the results in giving the Colonial forces breathing-time and opportunity to recruit their enfeebled strength, are clearly shown, and also like inaction on the American side, wearing the appearance of undue hesitation and irresolution on the part of our generals, but which was caused by want of arms, ammunition, provisions, and the frequent disbanding of bodies of Continental troops owing to the expiration of their short terms of enlistment.

To thoughtful Americans, concerned in studying our contest for independence of England, in its broader aspects, the most interesting part of Mr. Lecky's account of it will be those chapters in which he dwells upon the relations of different European countries to the struggle, and the support, direct and indirect, which those countries, particularly France, but also Spain, gave to it. It is entirely clear, from the facts

narrated by Mr. Lecky, and supported by proofs which it is impossible to deny or call into question, that the wars of France and Spain with England, and the military necessities of England growing out of those wars, prevented her from employing her whole strength or even a considerable part of it in maintaining her supremacy over the Colonies. He shows, too, that the aid given by France to the Colonies, after their resources had been practically exhausted, and when dissensions were fast doing their fatal work, and despondency was assailing the firmness of the most resolute of the American leaders, alone prevented a collapse of further efforts for effective resistance; and that it was owing to that aid, coming at the gloomiest and seemingly entirely hopeless period of the contest, which secured the final triumph of the American cause.

Scarcely less interesting than these chapters are Mr. Lecky's accounts of the struggles and debates in the British Parliament on the subject of the war, and the questions of civil authority and civil rights, which were fiercely yet exhaustively discussed. The pith of the speeches then made by the master minds of England, the positions taken and the opinions expressed by Pitt, and Fox, and Burke, and other leading statesmen and politicians of England, is carefully stated, and forms, in itself, a treasure of information to those who are interested in those subjects.

The present condition of Ireland, and the questions which that condition has given rise to, are new in the minds of all intelligent Americans, and engross the attention of almost every person of Irish birth or descent among us. The last two chapters, comprising nearly three hundred pages of Volume IV., are occupied with a statement and discussion of these subjects as they were in the latter part of the eighteenth century. His account of them projects upon them a brilliant light, as they now challenge the consideration of the English public on the one hand, and of the friends and sympathizers with the people of Ireland in this and other countries.

The deplorable condition of the Irish tenantry, from 1760 to 1800, the oppression of Irish landlordism, the "abject poverty and misery," and wretchedness which "it was impossible to exceed," the origin of the "Whiteboy" movement, and of the "Oakboys" and "Steelboys;" the futile attempts to repress outrages by means of laws which themselves outraged right and justice; the mockery of justice in judicial proceedings and trials by packed juries; the total denial to Catholics of civil, political, and religious rights, the various changes and struggles during the successive Vice-royalties of Townshend, Harcourt, Buckingham, and Carlisle; the rise and organization of the Irish volunteers; the support given by contributions from Catholics, who themselves were prohibited from bearing arms; the demand for free trade and legislative independence; the volunteer meeting at Dungannon; the adoption by the Irish House of Commons of Grattan's Declaration of Independence; the subsequent concession of the demand by British Crown and Parliament, are described with great clearness.

Interspersed with Mr. Lecky's account of the events he narrates are vividly drawn word portraits of the leading men of the period, their personal characteristics and habits, and also his own reflections and disquisitions on the various political movements of the period comprised in these volumes, and on the principles with which those movements were connected.

Opinions will differ as to the historical accuracy in detail of some of Mr. Lecky's delineations of events and movements, and of the soundness of his speculative ideas, but there is no room for questioning the very great value of his work as an aid to a better understanding of the period embraced in these volumes.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE. By *W. Stuart Trench*. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

This volume is made up of a number of separate sketches descriptive of Ireland and Irish life, as seen from a landlord's agent's point of view. They were written fourteen and fifteen years ago, and are intended to describe scenes and incidents occurring between 1843 and 1868. The author abstains from expressing any opinions on the grievances of the Irish people. He says that he does this intentionally, in order that Englishmen, for whom he especially writes and who complain of a want of facts respecting Ireland, may draw their own inferences from the facts he states, unbiassed by the sentiments he himself entertains.

Yet while left in ignorance of the measures in detail by which he thinks the condition of things in Ireland might be improved,—and he thinks there is great room for improvement—the manner in which he groups and states his facts and the relative light and shade he throws around them, leave the reader in no uncertainty whatever as to the general conclusion he has reached, and that with regard to the question between the landlords of Ireland and the people, his sympathies are with the landlords. It is quite natural that this should be the case. The writer was a nephew of the late Lord Ashtown; his father and his older brother were wealthy landlords; he himself from early years had set his heart “upon the profession of an agent,” as being “the most suitable in its higher branches, for his capacities, and as likely to afford the greatest opportunity for being useful in his generation.” Accordingly he “lost no opportunity,” while passing through his course of study in Dublin University, and afterwards at his father's place in the country, “of acquiring information which would qualify him for the office” of landlord's agent.

Mr. Trench's youthful aspirations were speedily realized. In 1843 he was appointed agent of the Shirley estate in County Monahan, and from that time up to 1868, with which year his book closes, he was actively employed as agent of that estate, and successively of the estates of Lord Lansdowne in County Kerry, Lord Digby in Kings County, and Lord Bath in County Monahan. For the space of two years also he was Superintendent of the Board of Public Works for organizing and carrying out in different parts of Ireland works for the drainage and reclamation of waste lands.

Mr. Trench therefore had ample opportunities for observing and studying the workings of the land system from a landlord's and land agent's point of view. From that point of view his sketches are evidently written. They describe Ribbonism and its secret tribunals, its bloody code of assassination, and his own experience in combating it; the general unwillingness of the tenantry to pay their rents, and their hostility to himself, not account of personal motives but as the administrative agent and representative of a system which they irreconcilably opposed. Mr. Trench then describes the methods he pursued, and according to his own accounts very successfully. They were persistent resort to the processes of law, seizure and impounding of cattle, constraining tenants who were in arrears to give up their holdings and consent to emigrate to America at the landlord's expense, and the consolidation of the small holdings into large tenancies or leaseholds, the pulling down of the wretched cabins of the evicted and expatriated tenants, the removal of the fences and hedges and throwing small fields into large ones, and then, after cropping the ground and cleansing and pulverizing the land, and getting it into good heart by heavily manuring it, laying it down to grass, which was fed off with sheep.

In this way Mr. Trench tells us that land in Gopsill Manor, which had been previously difficult to rent at 4 shillings per Irish acre, was made readily to bring from 25 shillings to 30 shillings. He describes at length his visiting Lord Lansdowne, and submitting to him a statement showing that the paupers chargeable against his estate in Kerry would entail a poor-rate to support them of £15,000, while to provide them all with free passages to America would not cost more than £13,000 or £14,000, and submitted to him a plan to rid himself of this mass of pauperism by transportation. Lord Lansdowne approved the plan, and advanced the money necessary to carry it into effect. Mr. Trench organized his system of exportation, and putting the tenants he selected, at the rate of two hundred a week, on shipboard, transported four thousand six hundred of them to this country or Canada from Cork and Liverpool. He represents them as having gone freely, without the slightest pressure having been applied to them, in 1851 and 1852, and congratulates himself on the fact that none of the vessels on which they were embarked was wrecked or foundered at sea.

This is the story from a landlord's agent's point of view. But though it may be true that he did not resort to actual eviction in any instance, as he says he did not, many of these tenants had been already driven by poverty resulting from a system of rack-rents into the workhouses, and the others had plainly before them the fact that they must pay up impossible arrearages or give up their holdings, and then either go to the workhouse or to America. Entire reticence is maintained, too, as to the sufferings and death from ship-fever of the tenants crowded on these transports. If we are not mistaken, it was by tenants exported from this very estate of Lord Lansdowne in Kerry, that one of the islands in the St. Lawrence River was literally covered with graves of the fever-stricken sufferers, who died after they were placed there in hastily constructed huts or hospitals.

The story of the sufferings, and of the oppressions imposed on the tenants by the system which Mr. Trench vigorously carried out, as told by themselves, would present a very different picture. Yet even from Mr. Trench's own account enough may be inferred to force the conclusion on every candid thoughtful mind, that the system of land-tenure and landlordism in Ireland is one under which a decent livelihood, and even a moderate recompense for their toil, are impossible to the tenants and their families.

LIFE OF THE GOOD THIEF. From the French of *Monseigneur Gaume*, Protonotary Apostolic. Done into English by *M. De Lisle*. London: Burns & Oates, 1882.

THE penitence, confession, and prayer of the Good Thief, and our Saviour's gracious declaration to him, have a close and intimate connection with the history of the crucifixion. Most important truths and spiritual lessons are comprehended in that memorable transaction. Yet the reference in Sacred Scripture to it is brief and without details or comment. Nothing is said of the antecedents of the Good Thief; his name is not even given, nor any explanation of the doctrine which unquestionably is wrapped up in the narrative of the holy Evangelist. This, however, is not at all singular or strange. The Evangelist St. John expressly tells us that only a small part of what our Saviour did and said is recorded in the Gospels. On many subjects which form component and essential parts of the Christian religion they are entirely silent. The substitution of Sunday for the Jewish Sabbath is an instance. The validity of baptism by infusion or immersion is another. In like manner,

the Scriptures are entirely silent respecting the close and intimate relation of St. Joseph to our Saviour during His youth and up to the time of St. Joseph's death. Indeed, not a word is said about St. Joseph, his life or death, after our Saviour was found, when twelve years of age, in the temple at Jerusalem. In like manner, the references to the Blessed Virgin are at rare intervals and exceedingly brief. But in this brevity or reticence and these omissions the holy Evangelists were undoubtedly guided by divine wisdom. Sacred tradition, so far as is necessary, supplies what otherwise would seem to be wanting in their narratives. The full and perfect knowledge through the Holy Ghost abiding with them, of all things taught and enjoined by our Saviour, and by them handed down to and ever preserved by their successors in office, have kept unimpaired and intact all that the Christian faith comprehends, and discloses to those who preserve the obedience of faith all that it is necessary for them to believe and know.

In accordance with this, the learned writer of the work before us, has endeavored, by gathering together and digesting the early traditions respecting the Good Thief, the references to him in the early Church Father, and also by sifting the wheat from the chaff in the Apocryphal "Gospels," to throw light, in the first part of his work, upon the history of the Good Thief, and, along with it, upon many other subjects unmentioned in the Sacred Scriptures, but which may form subjects not only of interest, but of profitable meditation to devout Christians, such as the flight from Bethlehem into Egypt and kindred topics.

Referring to the Apocryphal "Gospels" and other like works—many of which have perished forever, but fragments of which have been preserved in the writings of the early ages of the Church—M. De Lisle attaches to them a higher historical value than is usual in this age of skepticism and false criticism, which, in its indiscriminate doubt, rejects what is probable and true and confirmed by other known facts, along with what is false or simply open to question. He says:

"Many of these, it must be confessed, were written with more piety than wisdom. Others, again, were composed by heretics, who tainted them with an admixture of their own special errors. None of them were really composed by those whose names they bear. Hence the Church, in her unerring wisdom, has not suffered them to be incorporated into her sacred canon."

"Yet, although declaring these writings apocryphal, the Church has never pronounced them to be altogether false. Much good grain is there, though not unmixed with chaff. There is one test by which they are easily sifted,—the question whether or not they are in conformity with the authorized versions." When the details they suggest are not contrary to the teachings of the Church, to Faith, or to sound reason, but rather appear probable, from their being in keeping with ancient usages and customs, they may be safely considered as a sort of supplementary tradition, which neither has been nor can be condemned.

Whether, in every instance in which the learned author has had recourse to these apocryphal writings, he has exercised sufficient prudence and discrimination, we will not undertake to assert, but he has unquestionably made, with laborious research, a collection of historical references, more or less reliable, to the Good Thief, which, properly employed, will be highly useful to those who devoutly meditate upon the mystery of his conversion. Incidentally too the author has interwoven into his work a large amount of valuable information respecting the manner and nature of the ignominy, tortures, and crucifixion to which our Divine Lord submitted and the sufferings he endured.

The latter half of the work consists of discussions, or rather meditations, upon "The conversion of the Good Thief; his Faith; his Hope; his Charity; his Prudence and Justice; his Fortitude and Temperance; his Claim to Martyrdom; his Reward; his Glory;" and concludes with a chapter on "Devotion to the Good Thief." They are highly instructive, are pervaded by a spirit of profound devotion, and are replete with edifying thoughts.

LECTURES AND DISCOURSES. By the *Rt. Rev. J. L. Spalding, D.D.* New York: Catholic Publication Society. 1882.

Although the *Lectures and Discourses* go over a wide range of thought and subjects, they have a certain unity which gives the book a remarkable force and coherence of argument. The opening discourse on "Religious Indifference" finds the explanation of that delusion mainly to consist in the idea that "the intellect is the organ of faith, and that the question between religion and indifference is one on which the mental faculties alone are competent to pronounce." Having shown that in religion *as in science*, "what we believe is infinitely more than what we know," the author, in the succeeding discourse, "Religious Faith and Physical Science," has no difficulty in showing that "science is no more certain than faith," and that as our confessed "inability to form a satisfactory theory of the universe has no tendency to make us doubt of its existence, neither should the mental difficulties which inhere in our ideas of God and the soul make us skeptical of their existence." The Right Reverend author treats the question of the relation of physical science to religion, from a strictly intellectual point of view, inasmuch, as he well argues, mind must be the ultimate judge of the value of physical evidence.

The major part of the lectures is taken up with the statement and enforcement of Catholic truth. The thesis is that Christianity is an historical development, and that the Church is Christianity in its objective, organic form. The demonstration is simple yet masterful, and is clothed in language which at times rises to high eloquence, particularly in the treatment of the subject of Catholic worship (p. 184). The sermon on the Virgin Mother is particularly beautiful and felicitously worded. The impression which the book makes upon a thoughtful mind, at all conversant with the current of contemporary thinking is, that its author is fully aware of the difficulties of modern minds on grave questions to which Protestantism gives no response. The concluding lectures carry the historical demonstration full against Protestantism, which is shown to have sought to destroy the organic unity essential to the Church of Christ.

The lecture which will probably attract most attention is that on the "Christian Priesthood." In this, Bishop Spalding makes a plea for the highest intellectual education of the clergy. He says:

"Is it not manifest that it is most desirable that the brightest minds and the healthiest characters among the young theologians who each year are ordained from our seminaries should be directed, not at once to the distracting labors of the ministry, but to some one institution in which a few men of profound thought, of deep research and of liberal cultivation of mind might lift them up to higher and wider views of all things, and at the same time awaken in them a deeper passion for knowledge and a loftier conception of the divine work which the priest is appointed to do? . . . The institution of which I am thinking might be called a high school of philosophy and theology. To it would be sent the best students, who in other respects should be found worthy, at the end of their seminary course, and they would be expected to remain in the col-

lege of philosophical and theological culture from two to six years. . . Why should not a project such as that of which I speak be feasible? Five hundred thousand dollars would be sufficient to secure the buildings and endow chairs enough, at least for a beginning. This is a paltry sum in a country in which a single individual will not unfrequently give a million or several million dollars to establish a centre of education. I make no doubt that if an appeal were made to the six thousand priests now laboring on the missions in the United States, the good of religion and the honor of their order would, in spite of their poverty, suggest to them a way to raise the necessary funds."

BERNADETTE, SISTER MARIE BERNARDE. From the French of M. Henri Lassere. By P. P. S., Graduate of St. Joseph's, Emmitsburg. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. 1882.

The Catholic public are generally well acquainted with the history of the apparition of the Immaculate, Ever-Blessed Virgin at Lourdes, and with the countless succession of miraculous cures of maladies of every kind that afflict humanity, that have been wrought by employment of the water from the miraculous fountain which issues forth from the hollow scooped by the hand of Bernadette in obedience to the direction of Our Lady in the Grotto of Massabielle. M. Lassere's admirable account of the apparitions, of the efforts of skeptics to throw doubt upon and deny the reality of those apparitions, and of the miracles which immediately followed, and of the manner in which these efforts defeated themselves, has been translated into almost every European language, and has made those who read that account familiar with the wonderful occurrences at Lourdes. The subsequent history of Bernadette, however, is not so well known to the public. After performing the part supernaturally assigned to her in connection with the apparitions, she remained for a time in the quiet discharge of her filial duties to her poor parents, and then, entering a Religious Order, disappeared from public view. Yet a curiosity, which may be regarded not only as pardonable, but as devout, creates the desire to know more about one who was so signally favored as to have been permitted to behold and converse with the Holy Mother of God, and who, a poor, obscure, uneducated peasant girl, in an out-of-the-way region of France, was made instrumental in starting a succession of events which have stamped the seal of truth upon the sublime doctrine of the Immaculate Conception, and strengthened the faith of thousands in the divine origin and constitution of Christianity.

This last work of M. Lassere furnishes the desired information. It recapitulates, with fewer details than in his previous book, the history of the apparitions at the Grotto of Massabielle, and of the occurrences connected with them, briefly traces the events which followed in Bernadette's quiet life in her humble home, and follows with an account of Bernadette's (who had become in religion sister Marie Bernarde) life and character as a religious, during the twelve years in which she lived and labored as one of the Sisters of Charity and Christian Instruction in the Mother House of the Order of Nevers. The work closes with an account of her last illness, death and burial.

M. Lassere has done his work well. He has spared no pains or care to arrive at the exact facts and to narrate them with scrupulous accuracy. The result is a clear and distinct portrait of the subject of his biography, free from the slightest taint or tinge of exaggeration and sensationalism. The book thus supplements his previous volume on Our

Lady of Lourdes, and is both valuable and interesting as showing how God dealt with, and employed in an humble and obscure way, yet entirely consistent with his own methods and for His greater glory, the little child who had been divinely selected as His instrument for proclaiming more loudly the dogma of the Immaculate Conception of His Holy Mother, furnishing additional evidences of its truth and inciting multitudes more devoutly to honor her.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE SAINTS AND SERVANTS OF GOD. Including Biographical Notes and many Translations. By *Charles Kenny*. With a Preface by the Very Rev. W. T. Gordon, Provost of the Oratory, London. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

The title of this work, as we learn from an introductory notice, was suggested by that of another book on secular subjects, recently published; the contents were suggested by a perusal of Father Houdry's *La Bibliothèque des Predicateurs*, but the arrangement is entirely different. Instead of the subject-matter of each half-hour being placed in alphabetical order, the contents are arranged and classified according to the topics treated. The author thinks, and in our opinion correctly, that in this way the work has been made more interesting and better adapted for spiritual reading.

Upon the importance of spiritual reading to those who wish to lead a devout life it is hardly necessary to dwell, it is so generally recognized. The increase, however, of periodical literature forms an additional reason for being faithful in frequently resorting to such reading. The variety of subjects brought before readers, the absence of deep thoughts and of real principles concealed by a brilliant style of writing, dissipate the mind and tend to destroy the habit and even the power of serious reflection. It is all the more important, therefore, in these times of much reading and little thinking to spend some portion of the day in reversing this process, with the aid of some book which we read slowly, though but for a short time, and from which we gain matter for after-meditation.

There are now many books available for spiritual reading, and their number is increasing, but the variety, capacity, tastes, etc., and the amount of leisure at command, of different readers, justifies their multiplication. The work before us, too, has some special advantages and merits. The selections are from writings of the most distinguished saints and scholars, and are their best thoughts on an immense variety of subjects, yet all having an immediate practical bearing upon duty to be performed, or sin or approximate occasions of sin to be abstained from or avoided, or on some other subject closely connected with a Christian life. The authors quoted from belong to every age, from that immediately following that of the Apostles to the present time, and many of them are from works which are beyond the reach of all except a very few persons. The selections are brief, so as to be available to persons whose time is so occupied that they can only snatch a few minutes each day for reading them, and are so classified and arranged under general divisions and subdivisions with appropriate titles as to be easily referred to. The editor has added a short account of the life of each saint or servant of God, to the extracts from his writings. This adds to the value and interest of the work, and may also serve as incitement to readers to obtain fuller knowledge of the writers from other sources.

ANTHROPOLOGY: An Introduction to the Study of Man and Civilization. By *Edward B. Tylor, D.C.L., F.R.S.* With illustrations. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1881.

As a résumé of facts relating to man, his place among other living beings, his condition, habits, etc., in the various stages of savage and of civilized life, his progress in industrial pursuits, development of art, science, and literature, social relations and institutions, history, traditions, mythology, and religions, this work is an interesting one. It embodies the results of wide research and careful study, and presents them in lucid form. Additional clearness is given to its explanations and statements by seventy-eight well-executed illustrations.

The author is not a believer in the Darwinian hypothesis of man's descent from inferior animals, but he holds to the idea that primitive man was a savage of the stone-age type, of filthy and brutish habits, and of the lowest order of intellectual development. His facts are all arranged to illustrate and support this theory. He explains away the facts of history and tradition which oppose this by the suggestion that the period of time comprehended by history and tradition is too short to have any bearing on the argument. Thus he freely admits that the inhabitants of ancient Egypt, India, and parts of Central Asia, were of a high order of intellect; but thinks that the time which has elapsed since then, is not long enough in comparison with prehistoric ages, for man to take even a single step forward and upward in the process of development from savage to civilized life. He points out how weapons and instruments of war, and hunting, and agriculture, and art, have been changed and improved from implements of rudest forms into others that are comparatively perfect and complete. He shows how like changes and progress have been made in language, art, science, and literature. But he passes over without notice or comment the significant fact that this change, improvement, progress, is confined to certain races and nations, of confessedly higher intellectual type, and has never occurred among savages; they having continued, for thousands of years, according to indisputable evidence, to employ the same rude instruments, and having made no advance whatever.

THE RELIGIOUS: A Treatise on the Vows and Virtues of the Religious State. Translated from the French of Rev. J. B. Saint Jure, S.J. By *a Sister of Mercy*. In two volumes. New York: P. O'Shea. 1882.

Father Saint-Jure's writings stamp him as a great master of the spiritual life. The laity are well acquainted with his *Treatise on the Knowledge and Love of Jesus Christ*, a work which almost rivalled Rodriguez's masterpiece on *Christian Perfection*. While *The Religious*, as the title indicates, is peculiarly designed for religious communities, no one can read it without being edified by the height of perfection which the Church holds up to devoted souls, and which so many souls have attained. It was said of Bourdaloue, that his holy life was the best refutation of Pascal's carping *Provincial Letters*, and Cardinal Newman has left on record that his first decided impulse toward Catholicity, was his reading St Alphonsus's Sermons to his congregation, plain, lay Catholic men and women. The Cardinal was struck with the earnestness and confidence with which the Saint appealed to the faith and Christian ideal of holiness, which he took to exist in the minds of his hearers, as a matter of course, and not as a theory to be vindicated. We think that were non-Catholics to read Saint-Jure's *Religious*, their ideas of monasticism would undergo a change. They would perceive that the vows of poverty,

chastity, and obedience are accepted as living realities, and that the endeavor after spiritual perfection, is no mere dream of enthusiasts or fanatics, but an orderly process, guided primarily by the spirit of God in certain definite ways, which twenty centuries of experience have shown to be the best ways. The late Charles Kingsley wrote a book on the ancient Hermits, and treated the subject with a certain poetic sympathy ; but if any one wishes to know what the true religious is, and aims to be, he should get Saint-Jure's work. As he treats the subject on the grounds common to all religious communities, all can profit by his book. The translation is elegant and energetic, and the publisher has not been lacking on his part.

THE FAITH OF THE WORLD. St. Giles's Lectures. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

This work consists of a number of lectures on Brahminism, Buddhism, Confucianism, Zoroaster, and the Zend-Avesta ; on the religions of Ancient Egypt, Ancient Greece, and Ancient Rome, on the Teutonic and Scandinavian Religion ; the Ancient Religions of Central America ; Judaism, Mahometanism, and Christianity in Relation to other Religions.

The lectures, while thus connected by a certain kindredship of subjects, were delivered by twelve distinguished Protestant Ministers and Professors of Scotland. They describe the leading ideas and characteristics of the religions brought under consideration, and thus enable the reader to form a general idea of each of them.

The work contains much information respecting the various religions of the world, but being in the form of independent lectures by speakers who evidently were of different and opposite opinions on some points, there is a want of unity in the views presented.

The statements made in the lectures seem to indicate that the lecturers generally regarded the different religions they discuss as having reached their final shape and form through a process of development or evolution of ideas. If they had characterized the process of change as one of degradation and corruption they would have described it more correctly. In the cases of Brahminism, Buddhism, and the religions of ancient Egypt, Persia, Greece and Rome, this process of departure from the truth, and of increasing darkness, confusion and corruption of ideas, is clearly shown by all the known facts connected with the history of those religions.

AN ETYMOLOGICAL DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE. By *Walter W. Skeat, M.A.*, Elsington and Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon, in the University of Cambridge. Oxford: Printed at the Clarendon Press for Macmillan & Co., New York, 1882.

This work was undertaken by its learned composer, with the intention of furnishing students with materials for a more scientific study of English etymology than is commonly found in previous works upon the subject. To the fulfilment of this intention Professor Skeats has brought the results of long and careful research and reflection, and of a critical examination of the labors of others in the same field of knowledge. The result is a work of great value, and one which, if not accepted as the highest authority on its special subjects, yet occupies a very high position among such authorities.

The general plan of the work is as follows: Each article begins with a word, the etymology of which is to be sought. Where there are

more words than one with the same spelling, a number is added to each to facilitate reference. This is a great convenience, when such words are cited in the "List of Aryan Roots" contained in the volume, and in the various indexes at its end. After the word comes a brief definition as a mark to identify the word. Then follows an exact statement of the actual or probable language from which the word has been taken. After an exact statement of the source, a few quotations follow, which are intended to indicate the period at which the word was borrowed.

The thoroughness of the work and the excellence of the plan adopted by its compiler, make it almost invaluable for reference and study to those who are interested in tracing out the derivation of words, and their changes, both of form and meaning.

ESSAYS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS, CHIEFLY ROMAN. By *Mgr. Seton, D.D.* New York: The Catholic Publication Society. 1882.

Mgr. Seton is a very instructive and entertaining writer, and these essays betoken elegant scholarship and a love of the byways of literature and art, which are so dear to cultivated minds, even when these are obliged to give frequently unwilling attention to the "questions of the day," for what may be their practical, but what is certainly their prosaic, importance. The author in his preface deprecates the judgment that people will object that his essays are "old-fashioned and pedantic." But such a judgment will be impossible after reading a few essays in which the spirit of our own age is philosophically contrasted with that of which the author treats. The two historical studies of "Scanderbeg" and "Vittoria Colonna" are genuine masterpieces. We have never read a better sketch of Vittoria Colonna than the one under review. Mgr. Seton's style is remarkable for its lucidity and ease, and he can make the dry historical details as interesting as a story. "The First Jubilee" is not without a touch of pleasant humor; and indeed there are none of the essays without this refreshing quality.

To the ecclesiastical student the series of essays on the "Palatine Prelates of Rome," the "Cardinalate," and "Papal Elections," will prove of real value, as the author has brought together, in a most readable and compact shape, all that is necessary to be known concerning these points. We commend the book in particular to old Roman students, who will relish the renewal of glimpses of the Eternal City, her charities, her traditions, and, alas! her afflictions.

MOLINOS THE QUIETIST. By *John Bigelow.* New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1882.

The poison of this book, which is an apology for a thorough-going hypocrite, happily carries its antidote with it. With singular fatuity Mr. Bigelow prints the list of Molinos's condemned propositions, which alone would prove him to have been a very dangerous man to the Christian religion as well as to society. Molinos taught that the highest spiritual perfection consisted in a sort of Buddhistic passivity, in which the actions of the body ceased to have any moral relevancy. It was the soul alone that could sin; the body not being in any sense a co-operating agent. It is clear that such teaching would open the way to the grossest licentiousness, as in fact it did.

The author ludicrously ascribes the prosecution of Molinos to a fierce envy upon the part of the Jesuits. The theory of Molinos, known as Quietism, was the error of certain obscure heretical sects in the first

ages of Christianity, one thousand five hundred years before the Jesuits. It is a form of Manicheism, which ascribed the human body and its actions to the devil as the creator of matter. But, as we have intimated, Mr. Bigelow's book refutes itself, for any pure-minded or thoughtful man reading the list of Molinos's propositions will rapidly reach the conclusion of the inquisitors, that such a system of "spiritual perfection" could not be too quickly condemned and suppressed.

S. ALPHONSI M. DI LIGOURI, Episcopi Confessoris, et Ecclesiæ Doctoris Liber de Cœremoniis Missæ, ex Italico Idiomate Latine redditus, opportunis notis ac novissimis S. R. C., decretis illustratus, necnon appendicibus auctus, opera *Georgii Schober, C.SS.R.* Ratisbonæ, Neo Eb., et Cincin., Pustet, MDCCCLXXXII.

The chief excellence of this manual of the ceremonies of the Holy Mass is its summation of the most recent replies and decisions of the Sacred Congregation of Rites touching certain difficulties and problems relating to the rubrical exactness with which the Adorable Sacrifice should be celebrated. Whilst Rome vehemently desires complete uniformity in this, the most sacred rite of Religion, she acknowledges the difficulties which at times attend the missionary; and it is for this reason that we recommend Father Schober's amplification of St. Alphonus's Ceremonial to the study of our missionary priests, who will find all their difficulties here solved by the appointed authority of the Church. We have been also much struck with the admirable powers of condensation possessed by the Reverend editor in presenting the pith of the voluminous rubrical writings of Merati, Martinucci, Gavanti, and De Herdt. The book has been highly approved by Ecclesiastical authorities. It is written in simple and elegant Latin, and it has the crowning excellence, which all such works should have, of being thoroughly indexed.

STEPHANIE. By Louis Veuillot. Translated from the French by Mrs. Josephine Black, Dublin. M. H. Gill & Son, 1881.

Louis Veuillot is most widely known as a vigorous Catholic French journalist, who wields a most trenchant pen, and calls at will to his aid in controversy the keenest wit and sarcasm, as well as the resources of learning and logic. But, besides this, he occupies a high place in the literary world, and even his bitterest enemies concede that his style is characterized by a freshness and piquancy which make all his productions enjoyable reading. He is the author, too, of a number of Catholic tales, all of which are popular and interesting, and pervaded by a pure and intensely Christian spirit. One of these is *Stephanie*, which has gone through many editions. It is a love-story, but the love-story of a pure Christian maiden, whose feelings and affection are ever kept in subordination to duty and to the supreme will of God. After enduring long-continued suspense and uncertainty her wishes were at last attained by a happy union with the worthy object of her affections. It is a delightful story, told in the form of letters, from Stephanie herself, and incidentally gives clear and graphic sketches of certain phases of French society.

CATECHISM MADE EASY: Being a Familiar Explanation of the Catechism of Christian Doctrine. By the *Rev. Henry Gibson*, late Catholic Chaplain to the Kirkdale Gaol and Kirkdale Industrial Schools. Second edition. Two volumes. London: Burns & Oates, 1882.

This work consists of fifty-eight chapters, of plain, clear, and pointed instructions on the Creation and End of Man; Faith; the Articles of the Apostles' Creed; Good Works; Hope, its Objects and Motives;

Grace; Prayer; the Lord's Prayer; the Hail Mary; Charity; the Ten Commandments; the Commandments of the Church; the Theological Virtues; the Cardinal Virtues; the Gifts and Fruits of the Holy Ghost; the Two Precepts of Charity; the Seven Capital Sins and the Contrary Virtues; the Nine Ways of Participating in the Sins of Others; the Eminent Good Works; the Evangelical Counsel; the Four Last Things to be Remembered; the Christian's Rule of Life; the Christian's Enemies; the Christian's Daily Exercise. The explanations and instructions are clear, plain, and edifying. They are elucidated by references to historical events and instances of heroic virtue in the lives of holy men and women.

POEMS. By *John B. Tabb*.

This is a handsome little volume, printed for private circulation amongst the author's friends, and dedicated to Cardinal Newman. The subjects of Mr. Tabb's song, for the most part, are not ambitious. But, true poet as he is, and filled with the Divine *afflatus*, he refines, spiritualizes, and surrounds with new grace and dignity those things of daily life that we, common mortals, gaze upon with dull, unimpassioned, uninspired eyes.

The author's high poetical talent appears to the best advantage in his exquisite handling of the sonnet. This fair flower of Southern Europe cannot thrive on English soil, unless tended by a most skilful hand. Mr. Tabb is a master of the art. In proof of this we should like to quote a specimen or two, did our space allow it, such as his "Shakespeare's Mourners," or what would still better please our Catholic readers, the "Paschal Moon," "Columbus," or one of the two beautiful sonnets, addressed to Cardinal Newman.

AUNT OLIVE AND HER HIDDEN PAST. A Tale. By *Miss M. I. Hoffman*. New York: P. O'Shea. 1882.

The reputation of Miss Hoffman as a pleasing novelist is well established, and her last story will surely increase it. The reviewer, of course, should not explain the plot of the romance under consideration, so we confine ourselves to the statement that it is at once original, striking, and well carried out. There is a thread of controversy running through the story, but it blends harmoniously with the entire web. Such stories as Miss Hoffman gives us effectually dispose of the objection that we have no Catholic tales that can vie in interest with the flashy modern sensational literature. All that our Catholic tale writers need do is rigidly to keep to the main law of romance,—that is, the story first, and the moral afterwards. The reversal of this canon always results in failure. It is evident that Miss Hoffman has the novelist's secret.

NAMES THAT LIVE IN CATHOLIC HEARTS: Memoirs of Cardinal Ximenes, Michael Angelo, Samuel de Champlain, Archbishop Plunkett, Charles Carroll, Henri de Laroche Jacquin, Simon de Montfort. By *Anne T. Sadlier*. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis. 1882.

This volume comprises a number of well-written and interesting biographical sketches of the above-mentioned persons. It is to be followed by one or two other volumes, of uniform size with this, comprising biographies of other eminent personages. The sketches are necessarily brief, but the writer has made good use of the space at her command, and has succeeded in narrating the chief events in the lives and deline-

ating the distinctive characters of the subjects of her sketches in a very clear, and distinct, attractive manner. Such works as this will serve to make the general Catholic public better acquainted with the personal histories and characters of distinguished Catholics of other ages, and also will furnish a good substitute for the miserable sensational reading to which they are constantly tempted to have recourse.

THE DICTIONARY OF EDUCATION AND INSTRUCTION: A Reference Book and Manual on the Theory and Practice of Teaching, for the Use of Parents, Teachers, and Others; based upon "The Cyclopædia of Education." By Henry Kiddle and A. J. Schem. New York: E. Steiger & Co., 1881.

This book, the preface states, is a condensation of a larger and more comprehensive work, entitled *The Cyclopædia of Education*. Its purpose is to supply teachers with information on subjects that daily come up in the practical work of the school-room, and to serve as a convenient manual for study and reference. The book contains some valuable articles, and teachers not thoroughly trained and educated will find in it information of value, some of which they would otherwise be at a loss where to search for, and could not obtain except in works which they are probably unacquainted with, and which probably, too, are beyond their reach.

THE GIRL'S BOOK OF PIETY AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME. By the author of "Golden Sands." Approved by Pius IX. Translated from the Forty-fifth Edition by Josephine M. Black. Dublin: M. A. Gill & Son, 1881.

This is an admirable book, and, although addressed especially to girls, it may yet be read with profit and edification by "children of a larger growth." Beside giving a full exposition of Christian doctrine, and an explanation of the rites and ceremonies of the Church, it contains the prayers of the Mass, Vespers, the Litanies, preparation for the Sacraments, etc., and a meditation for every day in the year. This is really one of the most instructive and devotional books yet issued from the press, and we hope the demand for it will be proportionate to its great merits. It has already had an immense sale, the edition from which the translation before us was made being the forty-fifth.

IDOLS; or, the Secret of the Rue Chaussée d'Antin. Translated from the French of Raoul de Navery, by Miss Anna T. Sadlier. New York: Benziger Bros., 1882.

This little novel, French, and sensational though it be, is thoroughly Catholic, and will edify young readers, in spite of the scenes of modern Parisian guilt which enter into the story. The main interest of the plot lies in the priest's faithful maintenance of the inviolable secret of the confessional. One of Banim's novels, if we remember correctly, is based on this same Catholic Teaching. Miss Sadlier, as translator, has done her part admirably.

STORIES OF CHRISTIAN SCHOOLS. By Elizabeth M. Steward, authoress of *Lord Dacre of Golsland*, *Cloister Legends*, *The King and the Cloister*, *The People's Martyr*, etc., etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co.

This is a volume of short, attractive stories, suitable for young persons. The scenes and incidents related are laid in France, England, and Ireland. The underlying purpose of the stories is to illustrate the power and salutary influence of Christian education, and the experiences and labors of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

A COMPENDIOUS DICTIONARY OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE (French-English—English-French). Adopted from the Dictionaries of Professor Alfred Elwall. Followed by a List of the Principal Diverging Variations. By *Gustave Masson*. New York: Macmillan & Co., 1882.

This work is well suited for use, both as a school dictionary, and also as a convenient book of reference for adults. It combines several important advantages, and preserves a happy medium between extreme conciseness and over-abundance of detail. The "List of Diverging Derivations" and the chronological, historical, and literary tables also add to the value of the work.

SAINTS OF 1881, or Sketches of the Lives of St. Clare of Montefalco, St. Laurence of Brindisi, St. Benedict Joseph Lafre, and St. John Baptist de Rossi. By *Rev. William Lloyd*. London: Burns & Oates. 1882.

These are the saints whom the present Sovereign Pontiff canonized last year. They furnish proof of the perpetual holiness of the Church, the sole mother of saints. The story of their lives is simply and clearly written, and the author has been at evident great pains to verify all his dates and facts. There is something peculiarly inspiring in reading the lives of these saints, who, with the exception of St. Clare, were almost our contemporaries. The book is neatly printed and bound.

THE SPIRITUALITY AND IMMORTALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL. A Reply to the Materialists. By *Rev. Henry A. Brown, D.D.*, author of "The Age of Unreason," "Truth and Error," "Curious Questions," etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Company, 1882.

This is a concise, close, and philosophical demonstration of the existence, spirituality, and immortality of the soul. On the basis of pure reason, it proves them by a chain of argument which is invincible. Could skeptics be gotten to seriously and thoughtfully read it, it would convince them of their folly.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR PARTICULAR STATES AND CONDITIONS OF LIFE. By the *Rev. John Gother*. Edited by Rev. M. Comerford. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1882.

This is an excellent little work, full of solid and practical instruction. The rules and explanations and counsels are plain, concise, discriminating, and sound. It cannot fail, if carefully perused, to be of great value to the persons for whom it is intended. The eighteen classes of persons to whom its instructions are addressed, include Christians of almost every character, and exposed to almost every form of temptation.

CONFESSION. By *Monseigneur de Ségur*. Translated from the French by *Marguerite Martin*. London: Burns & Oates, 1882.

The remarkable excellence of this little work is so well known that it is needless for us to commend it. In the plainest, simplest, and most direct manner it explains the nature and the necessity of Confession, and the spiritual benefits derived from it; and exposes the emptiness of the various excuses and objections which those who neglect it frame to palliate or justify their sin.

THE SOLDIER'S COMPANION TO THE SPIRITUAL EXERCISES. Compiled by the *Rev. J. Redman, D.D.* Second edition. London: Burns & Oates, 1882.

This is an excellent little work, containing judicious practical instructions and exhortations to Catholic soldiers; a number of well-selected hymns, prayers, and spiritual exercises; several of the Litanies of the Church; and an explanation of and manual for assisting at the Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

LIFE OF ST. FREDERICK, BISHOP AND MARTYR. By *Frederick G. Maples*, Missionary Apostolic. London: Burns & Oates, 1881.

This is a short account of the life, labors, and martyrdom of a saint of whose history but few details are known, but those few constitute a history, almost forgotten, radiant with the light of a perfect and heroic life, which, as an old chronicler says, "breathed the nectar of the holiness of Boniface."

THE HOLY EXERCISE OF THE PRESENCE OF GOD. In three parts. Translated from the French by *T. F. Vaubert, S. J.* St. Louis: P. Fox, 1881.

An admirable little book, designed to impress upon the reader the fact of the constant presence of God at all times, and under all circumstances, and suggestive of the thoughts and feelings which this great fact should always inspire.

A SAINT AMONG SAINTS. A Sketch of the Life of St. Emmelia, Mother of St. Basil the Great. By *S. M.* Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 1881.

THE ORDER OF THE SCIENCES. An Essay on the Philosophical Classification of Human Knowledge. By *Professor Charles W. Shields*, of Princeton College. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1882.

ESSAYS ON THE FLOATING MATTER OF THE AIR, IN RELATION TO PUTREFACTION AND INFECTION. New York: D. Appleton & Co., 1882.

PSYCHOLOGY OF THE SALEM WITCHCRAFT EXCITEMENT OF 1692, AND ITS PRACTICAL APPLICATION TO OUR OWN TIME. By *Dr. George M. Beard*. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882.

THE CREATION AND THE SCRIPTURE—THE REVELATION OF GOD. By *Gilbert Chester Monell, M.D.* New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons, 1882.

